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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE KING AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI TORONTO, MAY, 1903 No. 1

A SHANGHAI SEASON

WITH AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

By Helen F. M. Lewis

THE great charm of Shanghai lies in the constant sudden transition from Europe to China and back again. From the narrow, picturesque shopping streets, with curious signs and carvings of quaint device, and their men and women in costumes of varied hue, it is but a step or two and you are in England, France or America, as the case may be. Each has her Colony, and in each the customs of the country are distinctly apparent. England and things English, however, have the predominance.

My first impressions of Shanghai were obtained, as those of most people, from the comfortable seat of a locally built carriage.

The hire of a smart victoria, a rubber-tired brougham, two ponies—to allow of frequent changing—two "mafoos" in flowing gaily-trimmed gowns and capes, red-tasselled headgear and streaming pigtails, amounts to only thirty dollars per month. The natural consequence is that Europeans seldom walk.

Driving on Bubbling Well Road in the afternoon, especially on Hunt days, and seeing the great number of well-dressed women, handsome men and fine horses, it is difficult to believe oneself out of England.

The connecting link, about a mile long, between the fashionable Bubbling Well Road and the Bund or river front, is Nankin Road, or, as it is generally called, the "Maloo." This is lined most of the distance with native shops which gradually give place to some very handsome European ones, ending at Shanghai's greatest glory, her Bund. Handsome clubs, banks, hongs and residences embellish one side, whilst between it and the river lies a beautiful stretch of green sward and shade trees.

SHANGHAI—THE AUTHOR AS SHE APPEARED AT THE POUDRÉ BALL IN HONOUR OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

SHANGHAI—THE ARISTOCRATIC CHINESE SHOPPING STREET

Every newly arrived English man or woman stops before entering the Public Gardens to examine reverently the plain stone monument to "Chinese Gordon and his Ever-victorious Army." Near it is the memorial to "*Iltis*," the German warship which went down in the China seas with the crew mustered singing "Mein Vaterland." The Gardens are beautifully kept. It is here during the summer that the band—all Filipinos—play every afternoon, whilst the citizens in airiest of costumes seek relief from the heat of the city amidst the semi-tropical foliage, plashing fountains and possible zephyrs from the river Whangpoo flowing sluggishly by. The river life is always attractive. There is such a strange medley of stately white warships, gaily painted, flag-bedecked native houseboats (from which float sounds of falsetto singing to one-stringed violins), and numbers of quick-moving little steam launches, everlastingly tooting to the scores of "slipper" sampans or unwieldy junks to keep clear.

Of Chinese festivals, with their accompanying strange processions to interest the visitor, there is no lack. The one of all others is, however, the spring procession preceded by the Great Dragon, with its very appalling head and body several hundred feet long.

The Sikhs and Chinese police maintain splendid order, and, when not too busy, punish immediately any offence against the rules of the road. The offender, instead of endeavouring to get away, stops and awaits his punishment rather than be summoned to the police court.

Outside the Chinese Assembly Hall and Gardens, on the Bubbling Well Road, during a fine afternoon, hundreds of carriages may be seen. A

SHANGHAI—CHINESE GILDED YOUTH UP-TO-DATE

palanquin is now an event, the brougham and victoria having completely taken its place. Many a sleek-looking old Chinaman lolling back amongst the cushions of as fine a barouche as one might see in the Bois de Boulogne, complacently smoking a huge Manila cigar, is known only as the "comprador" or go-between of some English firm. The records of the Consular office show, however, that he is really the owner, the English hong or business name being a protection to him from the "squeezing" of the local mandarins, as well as assistance otherwise. Formerly the younger men rode shaggy native ponies with gorgeous trappings. The same class, gaily dressed as ever, if not driving a dog-cart now ride bicycles, pigtail in pocket, at a rapid rate and with perfect ease.

There is much to interest one in the Shanghai daily life. The first sound to be heard on the Bund in the early morning, is the quacking and squawking of ducks and geese loaded on flat baskets hung on the end of a pole, and the grunting of pigs tied on wheelbarrows, on their way from the river boats to the market-place. A little after eight o'clock, the scores of sallow, dwarfish Eurasian clerks go by in their 'rickshas. Next follows Sir Robert Hart's army, the officers of the Imperial Chinese Customs, on bicycles and in carriages, and the other foreigners who do not reside within the sacred and would-be-select neighbourhood of the Bubbling Well Road.

SHANGHAI PUBLIC GARDENS—IN FOREGROUND BRONZE MONUMENT TO GERMAN WARSHIP ILTIS. IN DISTANCE TO LEFT, MONUMENT TO CHINESE GORDON

As one walks back towards the heart of the town, the last business signs are being hung out, oblong black boards with gold lettering, the hong name in Chinese. This may not sound at all like the English name, being made up from some peculiarity of the firm's business with a "good luck" character or so added. Permanent signs are not "proper fashion."

RACE COURSE AND BUBBLING WELL ROAD

and other conveyances.

The Club entrance, its hallway and adjoining room, with its fifty-foot bar, resemble a miniature Liverpool Exchange. By 12.30 they have all dispersed. Between 12 and 2 o'clock no self-respecting clerk is to be found in any office; the most ignorant of the Chinese help being left in charge, as a lesson to any visitor not to call again at tiffin time.

About three, the first carriages, containing ladies, begin to drive up to the banks to call for the husbands, until by 4 o'clock there is a continuous stream going and returning, and by about 4.30 the offices are emptied of all but Eurasians, who, cigarette in mouth, soon also step into their 'rickshas and are off.

About ten o'clock, twenty to forty carriages may be seen in front of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. A few minutes after, the owners (all brokers) rush out with the Exchange rate and London quotations, step into their low-built victorias which are off before they are all well seated, and dash away in every direction. Until 11.30 they are driven their rounds of the different offices at what strangers would call a furious rate, and between that hour and 12 o'clock they all converge towards the Shanghai Club, to be followed by most of the merchants and scores of young clerks, who don't know just why they do go, beyond the fact that the others do so. The Bund for a hundred yards, although very wide, is almost blockaded with carriages of all kinds, jinrickshas,

SHANGHAI—CHINESE GENTLEMEN IN THEIR CLUB PARK

Social life in Shanghai, like almost everywhere else, is divided into

SHANGHAI—SIKH POLICEMAN

SHANGHAI—THE RACE CLUB

sets. There is the German set and the French set. Then there is the large Customs society, which includes the greater number of dwellers at Hong Kew (over the river), where also reside a great number of Americans. Par excellence, there is the English society, its members being chiefly residents of Bubbling Well Road and vicinity. Only a few times a year, at some specially large entertainment, do these diferent coteries come into contact.

There is yet another—and not by any means the least interesting circle—and that is the Missionary society, which comprises many most charming people.

Entertaining, as it is done on Bubbling Well Road, is on a rather extravagant scale. The Chinese make splendid cooks, and as the Shanghai market is unrivalled anywhere for variety, the menus at luncheons and dinners are remarkably varied and elaborate. At both, a great deal of wine is consumed. The menus for suppers are hardly as good, as sweets are certainly not the strong point of the Chinese cook, nor of the English hostess herself, for that matter.

There are a great many luncheons (or tiffins) given, to all of which men are invited. Indeed, at both tiffins and dinners the sterner sex are usually in the majority. The hour for tiffin is twelve or half-past, for tea four and for dinner eight o'clock. Theatrical performances and concerts do not com-

SHANGHAI—THE ASTOR HOUSE

SHANGHAI—DURING RACE WEEK, BUBBLING WELL ROAD NEAR THE RACE TRACK IS LINED WITH HUNDREDS OF WELL-APPOINTED BROUGHAMS AND VICTORIAS

mence until nine or after. Matinees are at 5 p.m. and evening service at the cathedral at 5.30.

The first ball we attended in Shanghai was one of the prettiest I have ever been to. It was given by the "Mih-Ho-Loongs"—the Hook-and-Ladder Company of the Shanghai Volunteer Fire Brigade. "Say the word and down comes your house" is their motto, and at their annual ball they dance in their uniforms of scarlet and black, girt with leather. It is always considered one of the best balls of the season and usually takes place at the Shanghai Club. This year, however, it was at the Astor Assembly Hall, the whole of the old Astor House being thrown open and transformed for the occasion. The "Mih-Ho-Loongs" certainly spared no trouble or expense in the decorations and the ball-room presented a most brilliant appearance, its walls profusely ornamented with lances, trophies of arms, colours and foliage. The gardens and verandahs were transformed into tropical sitting-out rooms.

At nine o'clock the string of carriages reached all the way from the Astor House across the Garden Bridge and up the Bund for over a quarter of a mile.

As each lady emerged from the dressing-room, she was greeted by a Mih-Ho-Loong and by him escorted up the long corridor—lined on either side with volunteers and firemen—to the ball-room, where he handed her over to her husband or chaperon. More than three-quarters of the men present were in uniforms, which added not a little to the brilliancy of the scene. There was an old Russian General with his staff, the Light Horse Infantry in Guards colours, scarlet-coated volunteers and Mih-Ho-Loongs, and blue-coated naval officers. The women were, as a rule, smartly dressed and many of them very pretty. There were several other Canadians present; one of the most popular women, the wife of an equally popular officer, hails from Hamilton.

Another dance, well worthy of a short description, was given at the Country Club. This Club is one of Shanghai's pleasantest features. It is a large square building of yellow cement with white facings and pillared portico, and stands in the midst of extensive grounds just off the Bubbling Well Road. The membership, which is

SHANGHAI—CHINESE LADIES WATCHING THE RACES

not large, includes women as well as men, and it makes a delightful place, to drive to for tiffin or tea. In winter the reading rooms are much frequented. In summer they are deserted for the adjoining tennis and croquet lawns and golf links. The Club gives a series of winter dances, each member having the privilege of inviting one other person. The ballroom is large and pretty, the floors splendid, and there are numerous cosy sitting-out rooms. At the dance I speak of the officers and middies of H.M.S. *Bonaventure* and other warships then in the harbour, were present in large numbers.

In April occurred the most notable event of the whole season, the fête given at the Club Concordia—the headquarters of the Germans in Shanghai—in honour of Prince Henry of Prussia and the Princess Irene. Everyone went in fancy costume or poudré. The three largest rooms were arranged by means of decorations and painted scenery to represent Germany, Switzerland and Italy. The music, refreshments, dancing and the costumes of those in attendance all being in keeping with the country it was desired to portray. The whole fête, the Princess remarked, was one of the most charmingly conceived and successful she had ever witnessed.

There is a great deal of both musical and dramatic talent. The Dramatic Club is specially noted for the best amateur performances east of the Suez Canal. In January they had several entertainments. One commenced with Jerome K. Jerome's "Sunset," and concluded with Balfe's operetta of the "Sleeping Queen;" followed a few days afterwards by a parody entitled the "Sweeping Clean." Then came a French comedy entitled "La Fille a Cacolet," and last, the greatest success of all, "David Garrick," the title role being taken by a very versatile and popular Canadian.

The greatest social event of the whole year is the Spring Races, taking place about the first of May. They mark the close of the winter and the approach of the much-dreaded summer. Several months before the event every morning from five-thirty to seven-thirty the race course is the meeting-place

of the owners of ponies—including almost as many women as men—and their friends. There is accommodation adjoining the course for several hundred ponies, as besides those locally owned there are some from all the outports between Hong Kong and Tien Tsin. Nine-tenths of the ponies raced are bred north of Pekin, and are known as "Griffins" until after their first race. It would be as difficult to find anyone who is not interested in some way in the events as it would be to find a bank clerk who did not own, if not all, at least a quarter share in one of the uncertain tempered, tough little shaggy Tartar-bred racers.

The end of April sees every incoming coast steamer crowded with visitors from all parts of China, coming to spend their yearly holiday amidst the whirl of the pleasures and excitement of Shanghai Race Week. Right royally are they welcomed, having free admittance not only to the racecourse but to the fine Club House, and the numerous private tents at which luncheons and afternoon teas are served. All races are ridden by amateurs, and it is the privilege of the wife, or possibly the future one, to lead the winner up to the judge and past the cheering of the grand stand.

No Chinamen, excepting grooms, are admitted within the grounds. So great, however, is the interest taken in the events, that thousands of the well-to-do come to the city to avail themselves of the privilege open to all, of looking over the low open fence which surrounds the course.

For two, perhaps three days, the Shanghai leaders of fashion have dazzled their outport sisters with their London and Paris millinery, and so, having created enough heart-burning, are free before the last days of the races to go on board their comfortable house-boats, ready provisioned and awaiting them. It was a beautiful moonlight evening that the *Kathleen*, on whose deck we were seated, took her place amongst half-a-dozen others in the tow of a little puffing tug bound up the Soochow Creek to the shooting to be had amongst the hills and lakes at its source.

Long after the sounds of laughter, songs and banjo had died away, we sat and talked of the Shanghai season just over, conversing as those who have said good-bye to a friend about whom fond memories linger, and whom one hardly hopes to see ever again.

TWILIGHT DREAMS

LO, when Orion slowly sinks to rest
On the horizon's distant crimson crest;
When stately shades in silence softly spread
Above the earth; when elves and goblins tread
Their mystic measures in a weird light;
When Luna rises guard upon the night,
The sacred shadow of departed love,
In tragic sweetness wafted from above,
With joy again transports a weary soul,
That naught of earth can ever more make whole.
Once more comes Life's unmeasurable bliss,
The plighted faith; again that virgin kiss.
A height, a depth of rapture never told
The hazy hours at eventide unfold.

P. Johnson

TREE-PLANTING ON THE PLAINS

By James Johnson

TREE-PLANTING on the plains of Western Canada was systematically undertaken in 1901 under a plan worked out by Mr. E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry. Forty-four settlers with suitable soil on their farms, prepared the ground and planted 58,800 trees. In 1902, greater preparations having been made, 415 settlers were furnished with 468,000 trees. This spring there will be nearly double the number of settlers furnished with seedlings and double the number of trees to be planted. Over 75 per cent. of the trees planted so far are doing well, and there is every indication that the West may some day be supplied with forests of a protective character, perhaps with an income-producing value.

These trees are secured from the Experimental Farms at Brandon and Indian Head. For the spring planting of 1903, Brandon has supplied:—

Manitoba maples	382,000
Green ash	40,000
American elm	7,000
	429,000

Those supplied by Indian Head are as follows:—

Manitoba maples	300,000
Green ash	100,000
American elm	40,000
	440,000

In addition there will be distributed this year about 150,000 maples and Russian poplars, grown at Virden, Man. Thus there will be planted during 1903, nearly one million trees.

Before a farmer is supplied with trees, his ground must be examined by an expert to see if it be suitable. He must also agree to keep it properly cultivated. The distribution is not confined to one locality or district. The farms chosen are in all parts of the plains region frm the Red River to the foothills of the Rockies. As the Superintendent says, "The plantations being thus distributed, object lessons will be afforded to the settlers throughout the whole country, and one of the main objects aimed at, namely, the education of the people of the West in forest cultivation, will be attained."

The Superintendent gives the following estimate of the trees left growing at the Experimental Farms which, though too small for 1903, will be available for distribution next year:—

Manitoba maple	180,000
Green ash	395,000
American elm	45,000
Scotch pine, one year old	25,000
European larch, one year old	18,000
White spruce, one year old	5,000
Native birch, one year old	500
Total	668,500

This good enterprise is directed from Ottawa, but there are three Government agents who devote their whole time to the work, including Norman M. Ross, Assistant Superintendent of Forestry. Some quotations from the latter's report of his portion of the work during 1902, throw more light on the methods pursued:—

"This spring 91 applicants (in my district) were supplied with trees from Indian Head, the total number of seedlings and cuttings sent out being 106,000, consisting of 33,256 maples, 53,648 cottonwoods, 2,000 elm and 17,096 willow cuttings. Together with 318 pounds of maple and 200 pounds of ash seed this amount of stock would be sufficient to plant up about 45 acres of land. The season has been an especially favourable one for tree-plant-

AVENUE OF COTTONWOODS, EIGHT YEARS OLD, ON EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT INDIAN HEAD, ASSA.

ing, and I may safely say that at least 99 per cent. of the total number of seedlings set out are living and have made good growth up to the present time. Most of those receiving trees were at the same time supplied with a few pounds of maple and ash seed, which in most cases have been well sown, resulting in good crops of seedlings which will be used for filling up blanks in the plantations, and also for further planting.

"Without exception all seedlings set out this spring have been well planted and cared for so far as I have at present had an opportunity of inspecting them. In a very few cases planting has not been carried out according to plans furnished, with the result that the trees have been mixed in such a manner that the plantations will not grow to best advantage, although this may not be at present apparent to those who are not acquainted with the habits of growth of the various trees. On the whole, however, instructions have been followed out as closely as circumstances permitted, and the results of the first season's work are certainly very encouraging.

"The maple and elm seedlings used in distribution were all raised on the Indian Head farm, and the willow cuttings were also taken from stock growing there. The Dakota cottonwoods were obtained from Bismarck, in North Dakota, near which place they grow in immense numbers in the sand bars along the Missouri River. These seedlings were pulled and delivered at Brandon and Indian Head late in the fall and were immediately buried. This tree will evidently stand a great amount of rough usage, as those delivered at Indian Head arrived exactly one month from date of shipment. There was practically no packing amongst them, and the bundles were frozen solid, and at the time they were buried the temperature was below zero. However, they did not seem to be at all affected by these conditions. Several hundred were planted in the nursery here this spring, and at least 95 per cent. grew."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLIII.—CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS is a part of the American invasion. An old railway man said to me the other day, in talking of the remarkable fact that Australia had come to Canada for a manager for its national system of railways:—"American railroading is the best railroading in the world. Ours, of course, is American railroading. Out in Australia they have the English system; but they wanted a man who knew the American. They could not go to the States for one very well, being a British Government; so they came to Canada." And, by the way, they are carrying away one of our best in the person of Mr. Tait.

Now the Grand Trunk Railway was not an entirely American railway until Charles M. Hays took his place in the General Manager's office. The rolling stock was American enough, but there was an English flavour about the management. Undoubtedly, there are things to be said in favour of the English method of doing business, especially when the business in question is to be done by Englishmen for Englishmen in England. It costs far less in vital force than the American method. It means longer life and wider interests. But, according to the relentless

PLANTATION SET OUT ON FARM OF G. AND B. SPRING-RICE, PENSE, ASSA.
Under co-operative system in Spring of 1901. Photo taken August, 1902. The trees are Dakota Cottonwood and Manitoba Maple

law of compensation, it probably produces less of the business in hand. This handicap—so far as results went—was aggravated in the case of the Grand Trunk by the partial effort that was made to manage a Canadian railway from London. English methods were thus at a marked disadvantage. They appeared in direct competition with American methods—methods that care nothing about the man and all about the railway—with a plant in one hemisphere and a part of the management in another, and with a pioneer road that cost pioneer prices to build.

The advent of Mr. Hays removed much of this handicap. He brought to the road "home rule" and American management. Railway circles in Montreal were at the time very full of stories illustrating the personal effects of the change. Until the arrival of Mr. Hays what the Englishman calls "order" and the American "red tape," governed the approaches of the subordinates to their chiefs. If a man in the "offices" desired to see one of the "heads" on business, he had usually to write him a letter stating his desire and his business, when an appointment would be made for a definite hour. But the American Mr. Hays changed all that. If a man wanted to see him on business, all he had to do was to walk down and see him—provided no one had got ahead of him. There was less dignity and more "doing."

A story which has reached me—which may or may not be true—and I will pass on here as a piece of gossip. Mr. Hays was always early at the office, needing a long day for his work; and one day, soon after his arrival in Montreal, he wanted to see one of his subordinates, and dropped into his office as he came into the building. But the subordinate was not there yet. So Mr. Hays went up to his own office, but presently dropped down again; yet the subordinate was still absent, and Mr. Hays gathered from enquiry that it was rather early to expect him. So he left word that he be sent up to Mr. Hay's office when he did come, and went back there. The business was important, however, and presently he went impatiently down again. While he was there the man came in and found Mr. Hays looking over the pile of letters on his desk.

"Don't you find it necessary to get down earlier than this?" asked Mr. Hays.

"Oh, no," replied the official. "I can get through with my work after this all right."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Hays, as if grateful for the information. "Then I think we might safely dispense with the office altogether." And he did. If this story is not true in fact it probably is in spirit; for it was just such a "full speed ahead" order that passed from the new commander all along the line.

One of the first effects of the Hays management that the general public noticed was that it was no longer safe to calculate on a Grand Trunk train being late. To come in late with a train ceased to be regarded by the chiefs as one of those unavoidable occurrences which the lawyers put down to "the act of God or the King's enemies;" and every time a train was late the officials in charge had to give a full and satisfactory explanation. The consequence was that trains began to run on schedule time; and one of the most familiar characteristics of the Grand Trunk service disappeared. More than that, Mr. Hays set right at work improving the track, and then he gradually increased the speed required of the trains—and they made it. An Ontario man does not have to be very old to remember how astonished he would have been if he had been told that a train could leave Montreal after a late breakfast and arrive at Toronto in time for a six o'clock dinner. To-day this is a Grand Trunk commonplace.

But the ways are countless in which Mr. Hays equipped the road to take advantage of its opportunities. He knew before he came here that it was a wonderfully well-placed highway running through a fat country, and tapping at Chicago the limitless re-

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

servoir of central North America. But it had been letting its opportunities escape it on all sides. It had more of the manner of a monopoly than of a competitor in a fiercely contested field; and a monopoly is never so much a failure as when it does not monopolize. But Mr. Hays set himself to chase opportunities. For instance, he found that the road could not compete for theatrical business because it had no cars long enough to hold a "sixty-foot drop." So Mr. Hays had some cars built to meet this demand, and they were busy as soon as ready. Then he put on fast stock trains between Chicago and Portland, and immediately secured all that profitable business he could well handle. The rolling stock was improved and tourist traffic sought and catered for, with the result that to-day the Grand Trunk

holiday advertisements have very much to do with the annual rush to Muskoka and other Canadian summer resorts.

The effect of all this upon the earning power of the railway is now history. The Grand Trunk shareholders, dubious enough at first, were won over by the golden eloquence of dividends. When Mr. Hays left the Grand Trunk at the close of 1900 to take the Presidency of the Southern Pacific Railway, it was estimated that the capital stock of the Grand Trunk had an enhanced value of some eighty millions of dollars over its position in 1895, before he took hold of the line. This was, of course, due to the largely increased payment of dividends to the English stockholders; and to the fact that a deficit of $4,856,000 in interest on the perpetual debenture stock, which existed at the close of 1895, had been earned and paid off. Then, too, the company had added the Central Vermont Railway to its system on very favourable terms. But perhaps the most illuminating fact, so far as the worth of his first five years of service to the Grand Trunk is concerned, was the eagerness with which the Grand Trunk directors brought him back to the post of General Manager of the road after he had been away from it for less than a year.

And this was all the work of a very young man. Mr. Hays will be on the 16th of this month exactly forty-seven years old. He was born at Rock Island, Ill., in 1856, and began his railway career when seventeen years old as a clerk in the passenger department of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway in St. Louis. From there he was moved to the auditor's office, and then to that of the general superintendent; but in 1877 he left this road and became secretary to the General Manager of the Missouri Pacific. Here he was on the Gould system, which must have been an admirable school in the art of making a railway "go."

In 1884 Mr. Hays made another change, and joined the forces of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railway as secretary to the General Manager. Two years later—Mr. Hays' promotions came quickly—he was made assistant general manager of the road, which post he exchanged in a year for that of General Manager of the Wabash Western. Later he took a similar position over the whole consolidated Wabash system; and in 1894 we find him its Vice-President as well as its General Manager. This was rapid progress for the man who had begun railroading as a lad just seventeen years before.

He occupied now, of course, one of the conspicuous places in the American railway world. He was where good work told effectively in the eyes of the men who own and operate railways. Shortly after this time, the English owners of the Grand Trunk Railway began to think that it might be advisable to try the effect of putting their line under "American management," and thus establish it more on the same basis as the roads with which it was supposed to be in competition. It is said that their eyes first fell upon a Canadian who had risen to eminence in American railwaydom—Mr. Callaway. "Cy Warman" is authority for the following account of the episode:—

"Someone suggested 'Sam' Callaway. He was a Canadian—used to be a station agent at London, Ontario, but was then general manager of the Nickel Plate. He was Yankee enough to satisfy those with new ideas, and British enough for the conservative element. They offered Callaway the job. To get him away from the Vanderbilts, they offered him a good salary.

"'No,' said Callaway: 'I haven't the nerve. I used to work with a lot of those old chaps over there, and—really, I haven't the nerve to upset their old traditions.'"

At all events, the choice finally fell upon "Hays of the Wabash," and he came to Montreal as General Manager on January 1st, 1896, at, it is said, a salary of $25,000 a year. For five years he made his way steadily into the good opinion of the Canadian people and the British owners of the road.

The reverse of a showy man, he was seen at once to be a worker and not a "poser"—a railroader whose close and capable attention to his business must have rejoiced the heart of every earnest workman on the line. It was evident that his business in Canada was to make a success of the Grand Trunk Railway; and that, outside of this task, nothing else much mattered. People who wanted to see Mr. Hays found him "railroading"—not dining out or making public appearances. To borrow a simile from the sea, he was a captain who spent his time on "the bridge," and not in the "ladies' cabin."

Then came the astonishing news that the Grand Trunk, after five years of unparalleled prosperity, was to "drop its pilot." Mr. Hays who had so improved the line that all the old witticisms at its expense had become obsolete, was to leave it and to take the Presidency of the Southern Pacific Railway. This was a splendid promotion, even for the Manager of the old Grand Trunk; for the great Collis P. Huntington had held this position until his death. His salary for this post, I find, put at various figures from $55,000 to $60,000 a year—a pretty nice sum for a man of forty-four. When Mr. Hays went to California to take over his new charge, he travelled over the line to San Francisco, and expressed himself there as greatly pleased with the road, and then added naively that he had been in San Francisco once, in October, 1881, for three weeks —on his wedding tour.

But San Francisco was not to keep him. Before the year was out, it was known that he was to come back to the Grand Trunk again, this time as Second Vice-President as well as General Manager. No mere expression of confidence couched in words could parallel in emphasis this simple act. The Grand Trunk had reluctantly let him go, and, within the year, they had brought him back. We are now about a year and a half from the date of that return, but even within that time Mr. Hays has come with a new prominence before the Canadian people. It is impossible, of course, that a man should hold with success the post of Manager of one of our great railways without bulking largely in the public eye; but the new project for carrying the Grand Trunk system across the continent has induced the busy man, who spent his first five years largely behind the scenes, to make more frequent and formal appearances before the public. Thus a wider circle has come to know that mild face which impresses one with a sense of power, in abeyance for the moment rather than in reserve, and that firm-nerved, alert manner of the business man.

But, after all, the man who makes is best known by the thing made. One could talk to us forever of the personal characteristics of Alma Tadema; but if he did not show us his pictures, we would know nothing of him. Robert Louis Stevenson is not revealed to us by his biography, or even by the envious kick Henley bestowed on his grave, but by his vivid stories and the poetry that shone from him, whether in crystal prose or flower-like verse. So these master-builders of the new time—the men who cast up the highways upon which modern life flows with its quicksilver flash—they are to be known by the work they do. It may seem at first thought a far cry from art and poetry to "railroading," but as each is the best work of men who are in some sense the best product of their times, there is a kinship between them. The railway captain is a very modern development, but it is doubtful whether we have developed anything more characteristic, and there are few as good specimens of him to be found on this continent as the subject of this sketch.

Albert R. Carman.

THE MEDICINE-MAKING OF NASKIWIS

By W. A. Fraser, author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mooswa," Etc.

N late November I stood on the platform of Calgary station at 2 a.m., waiting for the C.P.R. Express. A cutting wind swept down from a gap in the Rockies and lay against my skin as though I were clothed in fretwork.

Across the level sea of a short-grassed prairie a single blaring eye was staring at me out of the darkness, slow-crawling up the horizon from the west like a wandering moon, and presently it had swirled past in its forehead-setting of a huge Cyclops that hissed and spluttered in the labour of staying the onward rush of long, dim-lighted cars, wherein were many people asleep.

Without regret I clambered with eager haste to the warm interior of a sleeper, knowing nothing of Jahn Olsen.

The car was weirdly gloomy, either side draped with dull-hanging curtains and nothing of animation visible but the sleep-surlied porter. My own discontent was because of the outer cold, and here was much warmth, and thick, generous blankets, and a promise of deep sleep with no early wakening. But I did not sleep.

There was no occult reason for my wakefulness—no noises; I was tired; and yet, until morning I lay wide-eyed, wondering who was in the berth across the aisle. I drew fanciful pictures of its occupant—always evil faces; sometimes the face of a man, sometimes it was a woman's; but always possessed of sinister eyes.

At the first bustle I came out of my night sleeplessness into a day of wakefulness; and full of nervous weariness, dressed, and waited for a solution of the question that had been the folly of the night hours. In my nervous state, the interest that attached to waiting for the embodiment of the disturbing spirit was an occupation—something equivalent to tapping on the window.

At last the curtains opposite undulated vertically; three very pink fingers thrust through and separated the holding cords from their buttons; then a tall, fair-haired giant stood up and looked about through a pair of blue eyes—cherub eyes. As they met mine they were sweet in their simplicity. Then the giant's rosy lips parted in a smile that was like delicate fretwork setting for an even row of pearls. He nodded and said "Good morning." I think I sent back a stiff recognition—I'm not sure, for I was troubling over the incongruity of attaching evil dream-faces to such a being.

But I was not done with obtrusive individualities, for when the porter had transformed another section into a place of seats, I encountered the Madonna—that is, the Madonna of the "Ypsilanti," our sleeper.

She was as dark as the giant was fair—the olive of her skin enhanced by the pallor of a recent coast-fever that had burned the redness to ash; but in the big dark eyes sometimes flashed a fire most assuredly capable of burning to ash many a strong heart. These things swept the Madonna precipitately into one's consciousness—the luminous pallor, the straight nose—a trifle long, a great sweep of rich black hair, and the eyes—after all, it was the eyes.

There were days of companionship in travel ahead of the dwellers in the Ypsilanti, and I watched eagerly for the first tide that might float me into a closer acquaintanceship with those who had come from across the Rockies.

I knew perfectly that the fair giant would come to me as soon as he had finished his toilet; his blue eyes had looked back and said so as he passed through the door of the smoking-room.

Presently he came, and as he talked I struggled with the problem of his nationality. There was a distinctive

something in his accent—what was it? He had been born somewhere on the outer edge of my horizon, I knew. I failed in conjecture, and it was he who told me of the little village in Sweden where still lived his mother. Without doubt the physique and the teeth, and the blue eyes with their wealth of gentleness, like a lion at rest, could have been from no other land.

Then he told me his name, Jahn Olsen; and the Madonna's name was Aidine. Her name followed so readily in sequence that a new conjecture was forced upon me—his thoughts, like mine, were of the beautiful face. He knew her since two days, the time of their journey from the Pacific. They were going to Montreal—she and her mother; was I? He would leave us at Heron Lake. But it was well; we should all be together for two days; he would present me, so that life, which at best was dull, might lose no chance of being made brighter.

Jahn was like an oriental in the rich colouring of his mind.

As I went forward, in charge of Jahn, the elder woman's face lighted up with a sweet welcome: it was good to be a friend to the blue-eyed man.

The Swede was anomalous; he was sensitively modest; yet the conversation was mostly by Jahn, and of Jahn. He was a boy, and as artless.

It was only at the summons of my Lady Nicotine that Jahn and I separated ourselves from Aidine the Madonna and her mother. At such times my friend's talk was of the Grecian-faced girl. Jahn was in love. But that was a most ordinary something—that was not an influence to reach out from a man who slumbered, and scatter imps of unrest in the berth of one tired.

The shadow of a tragedy lurked behind those placid blue eyes; for my disquiet was not of a fatuous fancy born of unstrung nerves, for I had hunted Big Horn for a month in the South Kootenay, and my muscles and mind were at rest. I knew it would happen, the something; but when?

Jahn was captivating. He spoke four Indian dialects. In knowledge of the redman's ways he was an Indian. He was a member of historical societies; had been decorated for his scientific research; had written an exhaustive treatise on the discovery of America by the Norsemen. And yet he was a believer in unreal things—a Theosophist.

It was the second day of our union that this came out. He showed a photograph—dim, unreal, intangible, almost seeming to fade away and grow distinct again as we looked upon it, that had been projected in Sweden while its flesh embodiment lay dying in Manitoba.

All the authentic confirmation of this and other strange happenings Jahn had in letters and newspaper extracts.

I was scarcely less sceptical than the Madonna, but he was so simply honest in it all, so devoid of excuse and explanation in his faith that we pretended to believe.

From this Jahn went on to the medicine-making of the Indians, which was one and the same thing with barbaric surroundings. It was true, every bit of it, he asserted, with a trifle of his mildness obliterated, that the Indians could tell by muscular twitchings when a stranger was approaching, though he might be two or three days' journey afar.

Drawn on by his subject, I think it was inadvertently, he came to speak of something that was in his own life out of this, and as he talked the evil face that had come to me that first night stood out clear and strong, obliterating even the Madonna eyes of Aidine—and it was a woman's face.

Some four years before, so the Swede's story ran, he had been Indian Agent on a Cree reserve east of Winnipeg. We should pass this place the next night he assured us. Then he had gone away from Heron Lake Reserve because—because it was better, and because of Naskiwis. Naskiwis was the Chief's daughter.

Also, I said to myself, Naskiwis possessed the malevolent eyes that robbed me of sleep.

The fair giant was a creature of surprises, simple and yet most complex. The blue eyes were the eyes of a man who slept and ate and had his being, but in Jahn's existence many interests had jostled each other, and he had read much from the book of life.

I looked at the Madonna as Jahn spoke of Naskiwis. She was possessed of eager interest; our friend's candour precluded any thought of unworthiness.

All the tribe knew that Naskiwis should not have bothered him, Jahn said; but she did, and when he had gone away she made medicine so that she came in spirit and sat beside him and worried him much.

I almost suspicioned that the Swede was imposing upon our credulity, but that was impossible—he was in earnest.

He said: "Sometimes when I am alone in my shack she comes and makes mischief—abuses me, and trouble always comes soon after. Oh, yes; I can see her quite plainly," he answered to a question from Aidine, "and I can hear her voice. She always knows just where I am," he continued.

"She will know that you are here with us to-night?" queried Aidine.

I could have sworn the pink in his cheek was lost for a minute, as he answered, "I—I—I suppose she does."

"Can't you bring her here now?" asked the Madonna.

"My God—don't, don't! It is too late—I did not know it was so late," Jahn exclaimed confusedly, as he fumbled at his watch. "We will go and smoke."

When we were together in the smoking-room, I could see that this believer in wondrous things was troubled. During the day he had told me he was thirty-six; I had thought him not beyond thirty, his face was so boyish; now he was fifty.

The night before, my fellow-passenger had retired early; now he sat and smoked pipe after pipe, and was a new Jahn—moody, and of little speech. Once, as he was filling his pipe, it clattered to the floor, and the tobacco lay like coarse dust.

"You see?" he said, holding up his strong-muscled arm. I did; it twitched like the limb of a man possessed of palsy.

"That is the medicine-making," he continued; "Naskiwis is making medicine—she heard—." Then he broke off and puffed fiercely until we sat in a smothering blue haze.

I had a curiosity to know more of Jahn's hallucination—it could not be aught else—so I ventured to say: "You will see Naskiwis in the flesh to-morrow night; then you can scold her for troubling you."

"I shall not go to Heron Lake," he answered, with his usual straightforward simplicity.

"I thought—"

"Yes, yes," broke in Jahn with nervous excitement; "I will tell you—I must talk. You don't mind?" he interrupted himself pleadingly.

I laid my hand on his knee and said: "Tell me about it, Olsen; it will do you good. If I can help you—"

"It wasn't my fault," he interrupted me again; "I saved the life of Naskiwis—it was nothing but a chance."

"Then she fell in love with you, naturally," I interjected.

"It wasn't my fault."

"And you?" I asked.

"There was no white woman there, and Naskiwis was beautiful."

I thought of the wicked eyes I had pictured.

"She haunted me as only an Indian can pursue. And then Many Bears, a young Indian, became jealous, and turned to hate the hearts of the Indians who were my friends. But one day I was strong enough to break away. Do you know what I did?" Jahn panted as he thrust his hot face across to mine, and the blue eyes were deep violet with the madness that was over the man. "I took my mother's picture in my hand, so, and holding it before my eyes, I ran like a stag that was afraid."

Then he threw his big body back and drew a long breath.

"I went away, but what use. I know what Naskiwis did. She went to the Nokum, and the Nokum, who is old in years and evil, taught her to make medicine against me, and I had no rest. Night and day Naskiwis was calling, calling, calling. Just as it was when I was at Heron Lake, her cry, 'Ogama! Ogama!' would waken me in the night when I slept, and sometimes she would sit there beside me."

"You fought against it," I suggested.

"I prayed against it. But there is nothing in the world like this power of the medicine-making."

"And you were going back?"

"Yes. Naskiwis knew I must come."

"And now you are going past—you won't stop there?"

He shook his head, and his eyes were eyes of resolve.

"What broke the spell?" I asked.

"Aidine," he answered. "At first her face was like my mother's, and now it is like an angel's."

"You are tired," I said; "we had better turn in and sleep."

Jahn shook his head. "I can't sleep. You see, Naskiwis is calling, calling, but I keep my eyes open and see only the sweet face of Aidine. To-morrow night we pass Heron Lake, and then I shall sleep a long time."

I left him sitting there and went to my berth. While I thought the medicine-making but an idle fancy, the man's earnestness had unsettled me. Half-an-hour showed me the futility of trying to slumber, so I rose and went back to sit with him; perhaps another smoke would sooth my restlessness.

In the corner of the compartment, half-huddled against the window, sat an Indian girl.

"It is Naskiwis," Jahn said quite simply, as I stood inside the curtain.

I lighted a cigar and sat down. I was wondering what it was. Had Jahn hypnotized me? There was magnetism enough in his physical excellence to influence a stronger than I; it might even be a trick—for the train had stopped at a small town while I tossed in my berth.

The girl did not speak, neither did Jahn; so I sat silently trying to obliterate the unpleasant image. I drifted into a mental revolt; my mind struggled with this uncanny force that enthralled it. Why should I be compelled to see things that were not?

I was positive that if I were to stretch out a hand and seek to grasp this that Jahn was pleased to call Naskiwis, I should encounter nothing but the green plush cushions.

Why should the Swede's magnetic power be used to pervert my vision.

II.

The oppressive silence was trying, and I wondered at my own reluctance to break it; but Naskiwis was Jahn's own trouble. I had nothing to do with her. If he could handle spirits and converse with them, I could not; but I could smoke, and I did, beyond all chance of further sleep.

About her shoulders was a blanket of gaudy hue—red and blue, and yellow—most unbecoming georgeousness for a roving spirit. The blanket hid the girl's chin, but I could see the rest of her face, it was not the evil face I had seen in my restless fancies.

At last I said "good-night" to Jahn and went back to my berth.

I think he did not come to bed at all, I did not hear him: but towards morning I did sleep a little.

In the daylight she had gone—there was no Naskiwis, but in Jahn's face was something that told me he was beyond trickery—that he was suffering.

All that day we did not speak at all of Naskawis, nor of the medicine-making. The Swede talked a little to me of Aidine, and I knew there was conflict in his soul between the strange influence that was over him and the new light. Once I asked him if he would not lie down and have a nap, but he answered again, "We'll pass Heron Lake to-night, then I will sleep a long time."

We should reach Heron Lake at 2 a.m. I knew Jahn would sit up, and

wondered if he would allow me to remain with him. I confess that I was as nervously interested as though I shared his belief.

All day Jahn was oppressed by the shadow of Heron Lake; it hung heavy on his spirits—he was like a man under sentence of death.

When the night hours came I was glad. As they slowly followed each other into the past I watched their going with thankfulness. After the dreaded hour I also would sleep soundly and at length, I reflected, echoing Jahn's words. Never again would I become interested in a superstitious Swede.

At eleven o'clock everybody had retired except Jahn and myself. We sat in the smoking apartment; I trying to read, and my companion waiting in absolute idleness for—the passing of Heron Lake. At twelve we were still there. There was no conversation—nothing, not even the appearance of Naskiwis.

At one, Jahn asked me if I would not sleep. I replied that I had a curiosity to see Heron Lake.

His face lighted up for an instant with a little wan smile of grateful recognition; he knew that I sat there in company.

After a time I looked at my watch. In twenty minutes we would have passed Heron Lake. A slight exhilaration at this thought seemed to make our present condition one of abject folly.

It was perhaps three minutes more when the black face of the porter peered through the door curtain. I started at the apparition.

The lady passengers wanted to see Dr. Hapgood. There were but two ladies on the Ypsilanti, so I knew whom he meant.

I found Aidine's mother in a state of tearful excitement, and Aidine in all but hysterics. Her nerves had completely given way. I conjectured that the long journey was beginning to tell on her after her illness.

Aidine declared that an evil face peered at her from between the curtains of her berth as she tried to sleep —she insisted with vehemence that it was not fancy—that she had seen it; such a wolfish, fierce face, cruel beyond description.

I got a soothing draught from my hand-bag and gave it to her. She clung to me begging me not to leave her; it was not drugs she needed, it was protection.

I heard the hiss, a weary, long-drawn-out sigh, of the air-brakes; the crunch of checked wheels; the heave of the slackened train; and a moment's absence of motion; then, somewhere in the distance, a faint call of "All aboard." The car vibrated with tremendous force; the iron screeched beneath it, and the swaying roll of the Ypsilanti told me that we were leaving Heron Lake and its nightmare behind. I gave a sigh of relief involuntarily. Aidine re-echoed it; and the pulse that had trembled fitfully in her cold wrist as I held it, commenced to beat in stronger unison.

"The draught has soothed you?" I asked.

"I feel better," she answered; "oh! it was horrible—horrible! but I am better now."

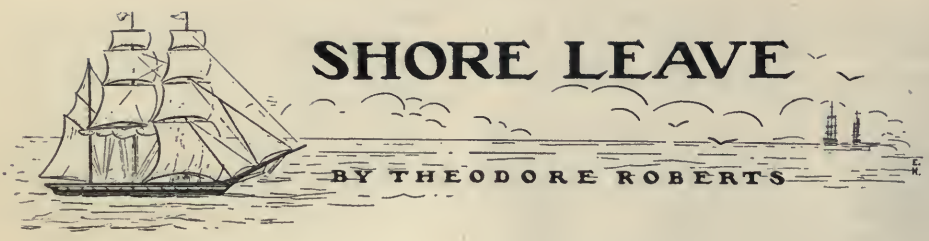
Presently a sleepy quiet brought a listless droop to the wondrous dark eyes; and, nodding to her mother, I slipped away, and went back to congratulate Jahn.

He had spoken truthfully; he was lying on the seat asleep. "After we have passed Heron Lake I will sleep a long time," he had said.

He was so comfortable that it seemed folly to disturb him. Perhaps if I wakened him he might not be able to sleep again.

I, too, slept like a log. It was daylight when I was wakened by the porter; he was calling me in a choked voice.

I found the beautiful, fair Jahn lying on the sofa almost as I had left him. But he had spoken in sad truth, "After Heron Lake I will sleep a long time," for he was dead. There was a knife thrust fair through his heart. That was last November, and so far there is no clue to his murderer. But I don't think it was Naskiwis.



SHORE LEAVE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

THE "Mary B.," a three-hundred-ton barquentine, swung with the muddy tides in Pernambuco Harbour. She had come from Newfoundland, racing with the Trades and sweltering in the doldrums, and beneath her battered hatches she carried codfish to the value of nine thousand pounds. She looked hot enough, lying there with the sunlight blazing on rail and spar, but under her awnings there was a cool draught from the sea. There was not a foot of deck, forward, aft or amidships, that had not its strip of canvas to shade it. The captain of the "Mary B." looked well after his ship, his men and himself.

On one hand lay the reef, topped with its old Dutch-built brick wall. Plumes of white spray burst over it, now at one point, now at another, like the smoke of heavy guns fired irregularly. Beyond the reef danced the white and green waters of the Roads. On the other hand lay Pernambuco, with its rough cobble stones, red, white, pink, yellow and blue buildings and evil smells. In the Square stood a few trees, with iron seats in their shade. White, black and brown citizens, in clothes of many styles and hues, moved about. Here were vendors of fruits, and of cigarettes of native tobacco. Cripples and beggars made supplication. Slow, grey-coated bullocks dragged their burdens of sugar sacks in the aching sunlight. Pack horses waited at the curb. Soldiers in blue tunics and baggy red trousers lounged about, smoking pungent cigarettes. Merchants, shipmasters, clerks, beggars, bullock drivers and untidy women came and went. Sea breezes fanned the Square, making it the coolest corner of the older part of the town. In Simpson's, business men, whose houses were far back beyond three bridges, and shipmasters, whose homes were thousands of miles away, drank bad whiskey and talked about the rate of exchange. Back of the Square were narrow streets between warehouses. Here one might enjoy the odours of sugar from the interior, jerked beef from the River Platte and fish from Newfoundland, all in one sniff.

About the "Mary B." all was cleanliness and order. The mate kept his men at work, painting, scraping and mending. Every morning the bos'un and steward went ashore in the boat and brought off fresh meat and vegetables for the day. The captain did his business ashore, made his calls in the resident part of the town, and waited with patience for a chance to discharge his cargo. No shore leave was given, and no spirits or native fruits were brought aboard. A passenger on a vessel lying near the "Mary B.," had once heard the captain talking to a bum-boatman:

"Pull out of this, or by the devil I'll sink you. Bring your fever an' hell-fire aboard my ship, would you? I've men aboard here, not beasts, you unholy nigger. Take your rum ashore, there's fever in every drop of it. Pitch that 'andspike at him, Mr. Bowler."

You may believe that the "Mary B." was left alone after that. The captain would take his men home safe and sound, with all their money in their pockets, even if he got himself disliked for it. The mate felt the same way about it as the captain, and the men saw the wisdom of the thing,

though they sometimes grumbled among themselves.

"It's this way," said one of the A.B.'s; "you gets a drink of *casash* inside you, an' you sees a lot of houses like all the colours of the rainbow, and you goes out into the sunlight. Then you gets three more drinks an' smashes a nigger in the eye, and goes to sleep in a dirty dive, an' wakes up with yellow fever in your blood an' a knife in your arm. No, it ain't good enough for me!"

"That's all right," said a younger man, "but jes' the same I'd like for to go ashore. Captain Jones lets his men ashore every Saturday night, an' gives them money too. I ain't no baby. I wants to go ashore."

"Ole Jones is a plaguy fool," retorted the other. "Last year he lost Jim Bent with yellow fever. This year he's two men in hospital an' one in jug. Call 'im a skipper? I calls 'im a t'ree-knot, Novie Scotia bar-tender."

The mate came along and interrupted the conversation.

In the course of time the "Mary B." was towed up to the discharging berth, and the captain started in with the intention of making record time at whipping out the drums of fish. The heat was intense and innumerable sickly odours came away from the pink warehouses. Aboard the "Mary B." there was a faint, clean smell of carbolic acid. Each seaman, in limp singlet and paint-spotted canvas trousers, did more work than any two of the shore labourers, and the captain's ready hand and eye were over all. South, on Cocoanut Island, the palms seemed to reel in the heat. At last the long day came to an end, and the men cooled themselves on the topgallant forecastle. A fresh breeze had set in from the sea. After tea they smoked and sang, the bowls of their pipes glowing red in the heavy dark. It was close upon ten o'clock when one of the seamen discovered the absence of Nickolas McPeak. He passed the word round and then followed an awed silence. At last some one said, "He'd better make the most of his fun to-night, for the divil a bit will he have when the old man gits a holt of him."

. . . . .

Ashore, along the narrow streets went Nickolas McPeak. He was dressed in the uncomfortable "best" of the sailor-fisher. His trousers were limp and blue—the kind they sell in St. John's for a dollar and a half. His coat was black, with shiny black lines in it. Upon his head he wore a hard-felt hat of the vintage of 1890. He had already stowed away two glasses of casash, and his steps were uncertain. Presently he came to a square that opened into the river. After tacking across the open space he came safely to the end of a wide bridge. The fumes of the native rum and the heat of his bowler hat moved him to song. He closed his eyes and walked on, reeling against the railing of the bridge and shouting the foolish words of a "Come-all-ye." When a ray of reason returned to him, and he found himself in a narrow street between yellow walls and black doorways, he could not remember how far he had walked, nor how many corners he had turned. He sat down on the curb and threw away his hat. Some of his courage had gone out, and a guilty fear of the captain stole like a shadow across his muddled brain. Then a madness came upon him, born of the native rum and the breathless heat. Scrambling up from the pavement, he stumbled into one of the gaping doorways. The first thing he fell against was a huge clay water-jar which stood on the floor. Next he stumbled over the prostrate body of a man and lay still, with his head against the wall, until a lamp was lighted. A thin, brown man, clad in a very scanty pair of white drawers, questioned him in the language of the country.

McPeak sat up. "Casash," he cried; "bring me casash, you brown nigger." His eyes were red as fire in the yellow lamplight. His face was white, and his mouth half-open. The native looked at him with ill-concealed disgust. Turning to a shelf, he took down a

glass and a small brown jar, and placing them within the sailor's reach, lit a cigarette and returned to his dirty quilt on the floor. McPeak poured out a glassful of the white rum and swallowed it at a gulp. The Brazilian lay quiet, blowing smoke into the hot air. His face was utterly impassive. The sailor watched him with stupid interest. He slopped out another dose of the rum and held it unsteadily toward the native and invited him, in drunken speech, to have a drink. Upon receiving a silent refusal he emptied the glass himself and closed his eyes. The minutes crawled by like black, sweltering shadows. The brown man slid from his couch and blew out the lamp. The place seemed to have been left alone to silence and the sickening odours of the street. Something moved about in the darkness, and the drunken sailor muttered in his sleep. Then he breathed more quietly, and the brown cockroaches ran across his sprawling limbs and up the walls. Perhaps he dreamed of a Newfoundland September, and of the potato fields above the little fishing village. Perhaps his blurred eyes, clear enough in the dream, saw the blue bay and the grey fishing stages, and marked the thin smoke of his own chimney.

When McPeak awoke, he found himself sitting on the curb in a strange street. Yellow walls and red roofs made sport of him. A grey parrot in a window above him snapt out a few sea-curses in English. He looked up and greeted the bird merrily. His head felt light and uncomfortable, and he did not know whether to laugh or cry. The sun was well up, breathing white fire across the uneven roofs and narrow courts. A lizard ran across the gutter—and that was the last thing McPeak saw or noticed for a day or two.

. . . . .

St. Peter's Hospital is a huge white building, sitting square and clean in its palm-filled gardens. The wards are large and cool, though somewhat crowded. Sick seamen are always brought here. Strange friendships and stranger reunions often take place in this house of silence.

It was here that poor McPeak lay for three days, tossing weakly from side to side. The captain came often to sit by him, and sometimes they talked of the blue bays of Newfoundland and wondered if the ice-hunters had returned with their cargoes of seals. But McPeak's mind wandered a great deal. Very early on the morning of the fourth day the sufferer died, and his body was taken across to the seamen's graveyard on Cocoanut Island. On the following day the "Mary B." with one hundred tons of ballast in her hold, cleared the reef and filled her sails for Barbadoes.

THE SHAWL OF MANY COLOURS

A BRITISH COLUMBIA MINING TALE

By Mark Sweeten Wade

"LAFLEUR," remarked Choquette, sprawled lazily beneath the shade of the leafy willows and cottonwoods, "I think I'll marry Atinoot. What you think, eh?"

Lafleur, also sprawled in the same absolute abandon, pulled hard at his pipe before answering; this new phase in his friend and colleague required some digesting.

"All right," he said at length, nodding his head slowly; "she's a good girl. But you'll pay high price, mon ami. Keep you busy next winter to get skins enough to buy her with."

"I don't care," replied Choquette, not the least bit discouraged or dismayed by this formidable idea of a girl fetching the top notch price. "Better than blow it all in for bad whiskey at

the Fort, eh?" But Lafleur had no more to say; so the two men, trappers both of them, lapsed into silence, and lazily enjoying the summer season of rest from their hazardous and arduous work, smoked contentedly.

It was a hard life in that remote north in the year of grace '61. Letters reached there at uncertain times and only once in a blue moon. The Company's men brought the "news," but the trappers saw little of them and rarely heard it. Thus it was that Choquette was in blissful ignorance of the Cariboo excitement. The country about the Stikine River and Dease Lake, aye, and for a distance of many miles on each side of them, gave him ample opportunity for the exercise of his skill with rifle and trap. At the end of each season he turned in a satisfactory tale of pelts to the Company's trading post. Lafleur, a compatriot and an excellent fellow, was the best partner in the world; what more could he desire? There was no need for him to do any cooking, or build up fires, or do anything save smoke and eat while in camp, for Lafleur's wife, and her sister, assisted by other relatives, male and female, were there to do these things.

In three or four months more, when it grew cold again, and the ice formed on the lakes, and the snow flurries covered the ground with white, the furs would be good and he would work. For the present, pouf! It was hot, too hot in August to do anything, and the mosquitoes were bad as bad could be.

It was nice to be camped by the river though. There was plenty of dry wood on hand for the fires, and the water was good, plentiful and cool. Besides there were the fish!

Teda, as Lafleur's better but darker half was called, and her sister Atinoot, fished every day. The men did nothing but lie about the camp and smoke, Lafleur and Choquette incessantly, their Indian comrades less often, not because they didn't like it so well as the French Canadians, but for the very good reason that they possessed a more limited supply of tobacco. Teda's papooses played and squalled and made their dark skins darker with dirt, unheeded half the time. The heat did not seem to trouble them very much.

The fragrance of the mixture of tobacco and kanikanik was wafted about hither and thither by the breeze. Some of it reached as far as the women squatting by the river-bank a score of yards away.

"That smells good," remarked Atinoot to her sister; "I wish I had some!"

"Choquette will give you some," said Teda, meaningly. The girl laughed and pulled her red 'kerchief into shape.

"Choquette!" called Teda shrilly.

"Que voulez-vouz?" demanded the French Canadian lazily, raising himself slightly and glancing in the direction whence the voice came.

"Chako."

Thus ordered to "come," he got up with a grunt and indolently strolled across the intervening space, through the rosebushes and willows. He knew Atinoot was there. Last year he met her in her own illahie once only, but now that she had come to bear Teda company for a while, he saw her constantly. She was better looking than Teda. True, she did not wash very thoroughly nor too often, but her brown eyes sparkled and the bright hues of her 'kerchief knotted under her chin suited her complexion admirably. Besides Choquette had lived so much with the Indians and after their manner that he, too, did not wash every day. Cui bono? And then it is no use to be ostentatious in such matters!

"Choquette," said Teda, without looking around, "Atinoot wants some of your tobacco."

Atinoot laughed again and whispered to her sister and then they both laughed heartily, showing their white even teeth.

"That so?" queried Choquette, taking the pipe from his mouth and offering it to the girl. "That's all right. Here, Atinoot, take my pipe and my tobacco. Now smoke, ma petite."

Atinoot tossed her head a trifle, but took the pipe and tobacco, bestowing a coquettish glance at the French Canadian as she did so.

"Sapristi, but she is all right!" he ejaculated.

The girl smoked and looked out of the corners of her eyes at Choquette who sat beside her, while Teda fished, using grasshoppers for bait. Presently Teda drew in the line, and gathering the fish together, moved towards the tents. Atinoot returned pipe and tobacco to Choquette and leisurely followed her. Choquette stepped after her and holding the pipe in one hand endeavoured to catch her about the waist with the other and to snatch a kiss, but with a laugh she bounded into the bushes and joined Teda.

"Dam fine girl that," murmured Choquette as he stood gazing after her with admiration plainly expressed on every feature of his weather-beaten face. "Dam fine girl!"

When the women reached the camp, Choquette threw himself down on the bank, lighted his pipe and indulged in day-dreams. A splashing noise aroused him. Looking about for the cause, he espied Teda's five-year-old "tenas" (little son) in all the glory and perfect freedom of nature's garb, engaged in the time-honored pastime of throwing stones into the water. Choquette lay there lazily watching him. Tiring of the exertion, the youngster sought for a new form of amusement and began digging a hole in the sand and gravel, piling up the excavated material and using a piece of flat driftwood to pat it into shape.

Suddenly something arrested the child's attention, and he hunted among the gravel diligently as if in search of a lost object.

Moved by an impulse, half curiosity, Choquette listlessly picked his way down the bank to the gravelly bar where the child was playing.

"Well, Alphonse, mon enfant, you have good time, eh?"

"Yes, look!" and he opened his little brown fist showing his big friend a few yellow grains; only two or three fragments, not bigger than grains of wheat.

Choquette became immediately interested. As one of the fruits of his intercourse with the Indians and the rough life amidst perils and dangers, he had acquired the faculty of concealing his real feelings when he desired to do so. The sight of the yellow grains had stirred him; within, his blood coursed excitedly; without, he gave no sign of the fever that was already upon him. There is no resisting the gold fever!

"And you found those pretty things here, mon enfant?" he asked quietly, patting the child on his head.

"Yes, in this hole—see!" protested the little chap, digging his brown fists into the sand and gravel.

"Let us see if we can find some more! Run into my camp, Alphonse, and bring me a pan!"

For an hour Choquette played with little Alphonse, making sand castles and digging holes in the gravel that had the yellow grains in it!

That night he had a private talk with Lafleur, and next day all Teda's "tillicums," except Atinoot, were despatched to the Hudson's Bay post for a further supply of flour and tobacco. When evening's shades again fell, the camp occupied a spot a couple of miles lower down the Stikine.

As for the French Canadians, all listlessness had disappeared. Indolence gave place to energy; severe labour superseded idleness. A rough rocker was knocked together, and day after day from early morn till dusk they toiled, and the pile of coarse gold grew. There was no longer need to penetrate the forests, to haunt the streams and swamps, to climb the mountains, all for a little money, tobacco and food received in exchange for the hardly-earned pelts. It was here, ready to their hands!

The women left with the children at the camp fell to speculating on the reason for the prolonged daily absence of the French Canadians. The furs were "cultus" in summer time, therefore they were not engaged in trapping.

Rarely did they bring a grouse or a rabbit home with them, therefore they were not hunting. That they should be engaged in any kind of labour never entered the woman's heads. Teda had Alphonse and the baby to look after and had her hands too full to bother very much about it. But Atinoot had no such ties, and her curiosity being aroused to the highest pitch, knew no rest until she had solved the mystery which she did by the very simple but eminently effective plan of dogging the footsteps of the two men. From the shelter of the trees and bushes fringing the river banks she saw them hard at work. She did not understand what it meant, neither did Teda to whom she imparted what she had discovered.

Teda knew, despite the inferiority of her race, how to handle her good husband and in the end wheedled the secret out of him. Once in possession of it her cupidity was aroused and she demanded all manner of things; a new shawl of gorgeous pattern, earrings such as the chief's wife had received as a gift from a "tyee" at Fort Wrangel, red and blue 'kerchiefs, a new print gown.

Importunity on her part, and easy good-nature on Lafleur's, carried the day. Indeed he had no peace until he promised to do all she asked. Leaving Choquette in charge, Lafleur and the two women set out for the trading post.

"Get what you want and come back quick," said Choquette at parting, "and be sure not to tell where you get the gold," he added for at least the hundredth time since the excursion had been decided upon.

Lafleur's discretion he could trust but a chattering woman's tongue was another matter altogether. What misgivings he had, however, he speedily forgot in the excitement of striking a rich pocket. Little did the miners in Cariboo cleaning up their hundreds a day imagine that, far to the north of them, a solitary French Canadian was washing out single-handed from this pocket as much to the pan as many of the claims in Cariboo yielded.

Meanwhile Lafleur, with Teda and her baby, and Atinoot with Alphonse, visited the store. The payment in gold dust for the gaudy articles selected by the women attracted much attention, and gave rise to endless comment and countless questions.

To all enquiries Lafleur turned a deaf ear, and the women returned the ever-ready "Halo kumtux," which is the Chinook equivalent of the Chinaman's "No savee." Where the direct attack fails, the indirect will oft succeed. A frontal attack may be beaten off, but the flank movement may be less easily resisted.

Cultus Dick well deserved his name, for he did little else but hang about the

posts, abhorring work in every form, and doing less than the Indians. Perhaps he imagined he had some sort of a claim on the post for his maintenance because his father had been in the Company's employ when he mated with the Stick woman who became Dick's mother. Perhaps his oily tongue and ingratiating manner enabled him to get along with so little exertion.

Cultus Dick ogled Atinoot, and with a few flattering speeches gained her ear.

"Choquette never said such nice things about me," mused the girl, whose vanity was touched. He devoted himself to the Indian maiden, and from some mysterious source he produced a little money, and bought her some sticks of candy, real Hudson's Bay candy.

Bit by bit he extracted from the unsuspecting girl much that would have made Choquette, or even Lafleur, very angry to have heard her tell. Still the main secret she guarded tolerably well, the exact location of the bar. This he could not coax from her by any of his wiles. Then Dick determined to play his trump card. With the remainder of his little hoard he purchased an exquisite shawl of every colour of the rainbow. He showed it to Atinoot. Her eyes sparkled. Never had she seen such a shawl. How had she missed it at the store?

"You like it?" queried Dick, watching her every change of expression.

"It is beautiful. Yes, I like it much," she answered.

"It is beautiful, yes," agreed Dick, spreading it out so as to display it to better advantage.

"This I will give to someone for something."

"To a girl?" asked Atinoot, after a pause.

"Yes," said Dick. "I don't ask her for much."

"Perhaps she can't give it," suggested Atinoot.

"Oh yes she can. *You* can if you like."

"I can what?" demanded the girl, feeling full well what would follow.

"Only tell me where the yellow money sand is. That's all," answered Dick, as if the matter were of no importance to him or anyone.

"No, no," protested Atinoot weakly. "I dare not."

"It is a nice shawl," said the tempter. "You are very pretty, Atinoot. You would look prettier in this shawl."

"Choquette and Lafleur would be so angry," she whispered, eyeing the gaudy morsel wistfully.

Dick arose and deftly threw the shawl about her shoulders. She flushed and trembled.

"Well?" asked Dick.

She glanced cautiously about and whispered in his ear.

When he left her, the shawl still remained where he had placed it.

A few days later they were all back at the camp, the women happy and proud of their new things, the men eager to work at the paystreak, which they did with a will, only excepting the day when the missionary priest came along very conveniently and married Choquette and Atinoot. Then came a change. Cultus Dick put in an appearance, and following him came others. Claims were marked off, and men idle before toiled like galley slaves. The news reached Fort Wrangel, and so it was whispered that the whole world might know that Choquette had found gold on the Stikine. It was great news!

When Victoria heard of it, it was in midwinter, but in the spring of 1862 the first recorded rush to the north took place. The *Flying Dutchman* was not roomy enough to take all who were eager to make the trip to Shakesville, the mining town that sprang up, like a mushroom, on the Stikine.

"Sapristi!" said Choquette to his wife Atinoot. "All the world comes for our gold! It must have been that priest who married us that gave the thing away!"

But Atinoot said nothing. She had her lord's dinner to prepare and had no time to sit and talk!

THE LATE D'ALTON McCARTHY, Q.C., M.P.*

AN APPRECIATION

I KNEW him as a lad, as a man at the height of his fame at the bar, and later on as the Ontario lieutenant of that astute statesman who, with all his fancy for running a one-man Government, utilized with consummate art the best brains which the country could produce. I knew Mr. D'Alton McCarthy also when the public warmly applauded his policy and utterances on the public platform, and yet left him stranded with a small following in the House of Commons.

It was my inestimable privilege to know D'Alton McCarthy intimately in his private life from the time he was a little lad until the fateful Sunday evening in May, 1898, when he received injuries in a runaway accident which resulted in his death a few days later.

"Was his a great career?" will be asked by those who have but a superficial knowledge of the personality and history of the man. To those who knew him best there can be not the slightest doubt as to the element of greatness in the mental and moral conglomeration which goes to make up a splendid specimen of manly manhood. D'Alton McCarthy was the son of an Irish barrister who found a home for his family on the shores of Kempendfeldt Bay after a six weeks' voyage in a sailing ship, an experience which awaited all the emigrants from the Old World to our shores in the early forties. The McCarthys came of good stock; they were of the Clancarty tribe, and the maternal strain of the present Canadian branch was one of the best in Scotland. The free-handed mode of living of one of D'Alton McCarthy's immediate ancestors had left the family with a small amount of capital, but the splendid energy and fearlessness bequeathed by the elder D'Alton McCarthy to his sons was the best legacy it was in his power to bestow. It stood the subject of my sketch in good stead in his struggle for education. The tremendous sense of responsibility urged him on at such a pace that at the age of twenty-one he was called to the bar. The subsequent effort of a proud, intrepid spirit to gain the foothold he finally attained in the community, is something which only those who knew him intimately can appreciate. For there was no prouder and more sensitive man than D'Alton McCarthy, in spite of his dogged determination and love of fun and laughter. Never was there a more jocular host, no one who more enjoyed the gaiety of the Christmas gatherings and family fêtes under his own roof. And yet D'Alton McCarthy was a man so sensitive to criticism, to anything like satire or misunderstanding, that only those who knew him from childhood could appreciate what he must have endured from the defection of some of his friends in consequence of his political views during the last phase of his life.

D'Alton McCarthy was considered an extravagant man, but while his early days had been spent in comparative poverty, he sprang from a race of gentle people who had lived as only the Irish gentry of the good old days knew how to live, and the inherited instincts of his immediate ancestry were all his. To gain luxuries and comforts by the strength of his native intelligence—for he had but little education—to achieve great things for those dear to him was in truth the ambition of D'Alton McCarthy's life. At one time he had a stock farm, and imported thoroughbred cattle, taking the keenest interest in the agricultural questions of the county, and making his own beautiful residence the ideal residence of a county magnate of the old school. The planting, clipping,

* Mr. McCarthy died on the 11th May, 1898.

and trimming a magnificent cedar hedge was one of the delights of his life. I remember finding him driving a horse-rake in a hayfield, wearing a "cow's-breakfast hat" and flannel shirt, just as happy and absorbed in this occupation as I found him later, clad in irreproachable pink, following the Toronto Hounds, on the back of a thoroughbred Irish mare he had imported from his native land.

Animals, D'Alton McCarthy loved, and from the day I first knew him until the last weeks of his life, he was followed by some special pet dog, whose affection for his master was pathetic to behold. I have heard men in the courtroom call him a hard man, but I have seen him as the tenderest nurse by a sick-bed, wonderful in his patience and intuitive solace for human suffering. I have seen him with his very own, of all ages, tender and indulgent to a fault, delighting not only in doing for those attached to him by the closest ties of blood, but drawing within his protection those who were connected only by ties of marriage. Home-loving to a degree, he spent lavishly what he made on beautiful establishments; but these were no grand mansions "cold and formal." He believed in living and he lived.

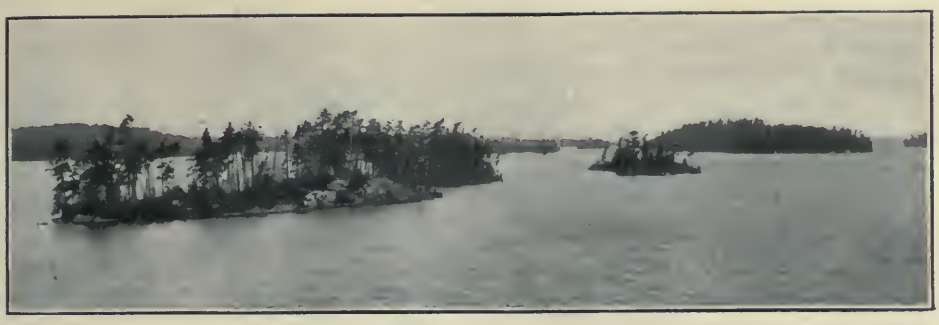
However busy and driven by his professional or political duties, D'Alton McCarthy was one of those men who always assembled his family and household for morning prayer, and was punctilious about his family's attendance at church. He never made any parade of his charitable actions, nor of his religious opinions, but only those who had seen him in the dark hours when illness and death closed upon those dear to him, could understand the profound reverence of the man for the truths of the religion of which his life was a vital profession of faith.

There was something unutterably lovable in the nature of the man to those who knew him best. Every member of his family revered even as they loved him. The cordiality of family relationship was never for a moment strained, and those of his friends who had been fortunate enough to break through the barrier of sensitive reserve which some people felt, knew him, respected him and loved him as few men are privileged to be loved.

To the day of his death a certain boyish aspect of mind was apparent. Life was to him a constant revelation. The intense absorption of his early life in activities connected with business and politics, had left him with a mine of undiscovered wealth in the great world of literature, science and art. Had D'Alton McCarthy come of a race of soldiers rather than lawyers, he could not have evinced a greater interest in military tactics. The lives of celebrated generals, or the working out of a military campaign had for him the most decided fascination. His fighting and organizing powers are well known in this country, and had he been destined to live longer there is no saying what he might not have achieved.

The highly strung, sensitive nature of the man made him give, with lightning speed, blow for blow with precision and power, but in his later years dignity and restraint, and the absolute conviction that the ground upon which he stood was unassailable, made his demeanour in the House of Commons admirable beyond compare. Few of those who were present will ever forget the splendid dignity and restraint with which upon one notable occasion he met the attacks of his enemies. But this is not a political history of D'Alton McCarthy; it is merely an appreciation of a man who was a man—so fearless, light-hearted, open-handed, affectionate and trustworthy—that to those who loved him dearly, who reverence his memory, and who deplore his loss, D'Alton McCarthy will ever represent one of our best types of a manly man and a perfect gentleman.

Amicus



MUSKOKA, THE SUMMER PLAY-GROUND OF CANADA

By E. Maurice Smith

CANADA, draped in her dazzling mantle of snow, is certainly deserving of the encomiums that have been from time to time showered upon her by enthusiastic visitors, but Canada, resplendent in the rich hues of summer—its broad fields and dense forests bathed in the warm rays of the sun, its noble rivers and lakes free from the grip of the frost king, is a thousandfold more beautiful. This truth is becoming more generally realized and appreciated, and to the one American who comes hither in winter to indulge in tobogganing and other sports, there are at least a hundred who spend their summer vacation in some favourite spot in our great Dominion. Canadians, too, are remaining within the borders of their own country where formerly they were wont to seek the Maine coast or the mountains of New Hampshire—realizing at last that they have better at home than can be found elsewhere.

Niagara, the Thousand Islands and the numerous resorts that dot the lower St. Lawrence and Gulf, have all received their just meed of praise and patronage, but there is a pastoral region in northern Ontario which has not been so favoured, though in point of beauty it will take second place to none. Furthermore, by reason of its

MUSKOKA—A TYPICAL COTTAGE

vastness and the variety of its attractions it might with reason lay claim to the title of "The Great Natural Playground of Canada." I refer, of course, to Muskoka.

For some years Muskoka has been known (as it deserves to be known) to a certain number of people, who have passed many delightful summers amid its charms either in cottage, camp or boarding house, and could not be tempted to make a change. But the public at large were not so fortunate. Muskoka signified nothing to them beyond a pleasant-sounding Indian word, and its charms might have blushed unseen so far as they were concerned had not the Grand Trunk Railway undertaken to exploit the region in a manner befitting its quality.

MUSKOKA—THE STEAMER'S DAILY CALL

The camera and the pen have been used to good purpose, but they fall far short of doing justice to Muskoka—the former fails in colour, the latter in superlatives. Only a poet, and one familiar with Nature, can give an adequate idea of what there is to be seen in this great wonderland. I certainly do not hope to be able to reveal to the readers of this sketch the panorama of beauty which comes to my mind with the memory of Muskoka. Even were I sufficiently gifted to do so I might easily be accused of exaggeration. Moreover, Muskoka can not be seen through the eyes of another, and no interpreter is required to explain its loveliness.

A magnificent expanse of country is Muskoka; no less than ten thousand square miles in extent—a thickly-wooded land where the sweet-scented pine and cedar flourish, and where, amid leafy bowers, myriads of song-birds find snug retreats; a land of wild and variegated beauty, studded with over eight hundred lakes of every shape and size, and intersected with crystal streams. Cottages and camps nestle on the islands and along the shores of the larger lakes, and commodious steamers churn the waters that once bore only the weight of the birchbark; but despite these signs of habitation a peaceful rusticity overshadows the surroundings and draws sophisticated man under its spell.

It is worthy of note that Muskoka is one of the most beautiful spots in America, the average altitude of the region being about one thousand feet above sea level. Hay fever is unknown here and weak lungs become strength-

ened in the rarefied atmosphere. The convalescent waxes strong, and the man burdened with the worries of business regains his elasticity of step. We all require an outing every year to fit us for the encounters in our daily lives, and there is no place where so much benefit can be derived as in Muskoka.

MUSKOKA—YACHTS AND SAILING SKIFFS ABOUND

The fishing in general is excellent. Naturally, the main sheets of water have to stand the repeated attacks of enthusiastic anglers, and the fish are in some instances apt to be wily, but though the limpid depths have yielded many a good catch, the supply is always equal to the demand. It is, however, in the less frequented lakes and rivers that the greatest results are obtained, and whether the string be bass, pickerel or lunge the sport is certain to be keen.

Muskoka is easy of access from all points in the United States and Canada. The Grand Trunk Railway, the only line that taps the region, operates a splendid service between Buffalo and Muskoka wharf at the foot of Lake Muskoka, where the traveller boards one of the steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company. The steamers ply the three largest and most notable lakes—Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau — and the trip through this

MUSKOKA—SCENE AT A PRIVATE REGATTA

A VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH OF THE "ROYAL MUSKOKA" HOTEL

chain is marked by entrancing scenery.

Steaming across broad stretches of shimmering water, with the wooded shores indistinct in the distance, one is impressed with the extent of these lakes, though it is when the boat enters an archipelago that the enthusiasm becomes greatest. Following the serpentine course of narrow channels, we twist in and out among islands of all shapes and sizes, some of them of noble proportions, luxuriant and tree-covered, others mere grass-grown crumbs of land. Vistas of rare beauty, each one differing from the other, constantly greet the delighted gaze; we are surprised at every turn, and yet neither the supply nor the variety becomes exhausted.

Of the three lakes previously mentioned Rosseau has ever been the favourite with the majority of people, and the erection, two years ago, of the palatial Royal Muskoka Hotel on the most beautiful of its many beautiful spots, has served to increase this popularity. The need of such an hotel had long been felt, for while there are many smaller hostelries, extending all the way from Gravenhurst to Rosseau village, where one can obtain wholesome food and comfortable rooms, there are those who demand all city comforts along with the beauties of Nature. The combination is to be found at the Royal Muskoka. It is a huge structure of noble proportions, its wide verandahs commanding a magnificent prospect of lake and island scenery. Within, the charm is in nowise lessened. The office and

MUSKOKA—A NAPHTHA-LAUNCH IS VERY USEFUL TO SEARCH OUT PLACES WHERE HUNGRY FISH ABOUND

dining hall are both spacious and artistic, the walls being plastered in a soft, rough finish; the floors are of hard wood, highly polished and covered here and there with handsome rugs. The bedrooms are particularly attractive, in that they all have a pleasant outlook, by reason of the hotel being built in the form of a Y. Polished hard wood floors are also in evidence here, and each room is fitted with stationary wash-basins and running hot and cold water.

MUSKOKA—THE STEAMERS CALL AT EVERY WHARF

For those who do not care for such amphibious pastimes as boating, bathing and fishing there are tennis courts and golf links, the latter being exceedingly sporty and well looked after.

A minute's walk is sufficient to pass from luxurious surroundings to pristine grandeur. I know of no place where two extremes are so closely allied. Creeping roots entwine ponderous rocks like serpents, forming a network about them well-nigh impenetrable. Shivering saplings force a way into existence through the many layers of leaves long decayed — the faded glory of past summers, now the colourless pattern of earth's carpet. Ferns sport and thrive in every nook and corner, fresh-looking and green, living amid the dead and drawing sustenance therefrom. Foul fungi raise their mushroom heads near to the trunks of great trees—silently white, but indicative of purities unseen. And soft moss overspreads all, making the rocks assume the mould of age and lichening the trees with damp beauty. It is here one feels the heart of Nature throbbing.

In addition to the Royal Muskoka,

MUSKOKA—FISHING IN THE RIVERS

Rosseau has other more modest resorts, such as Maplehurst, Windermere and Rosseau village, but it is not possible within the scope of this article to more than make mention of them.

Beaumaris, on Lake Muskoka, might easily attract many people, and I believe it does, while Bala, on the opposite side of the lake, secreted behind a network of islands, has many devotees.

Lake Joseph is rich in scenic effects, some of them not shared by the other lakes. Its waters are more translucent, its shores more rocky, and the general effect of the surroundings much wilder, with fewer signs of habitation. One could easily be tempted to pass a quiet holiday at Port Sandfield or at Port Cockburn.

LASS OF THE NORTHERN PINE

THE summer brought me unto thee,
Light of Acadia,
A quest for mysteries of the wood,
The charm of Canada ;
But not until your shy, dark eyes
Had met an instant mine
I knew the loveliness of Clare—
Lass of the northern pine.

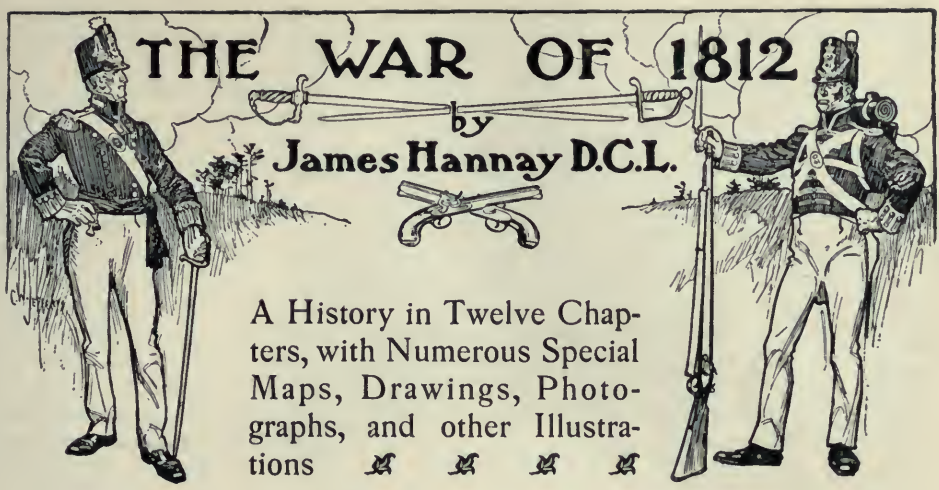
In thee I met Evangeline,
Returned unto the wood—
Evangeline the sweet and wise,
And beautiful and good ;
And I am Gabriel, I play,
And Gabriel's heart is thine,
No more to part—as in the tale—
Lass of the northern pine.

One with the rosary of lakes,
The village folk of Clare,
In spirit I am one with thee,
Evangeline the fair ;
And live a spirit's life beside
That house of rose and vine,
And thee abloom within the door—
Lass of the northern pine.

A little journey down the road
My empty cottage stands,
Planned with my ardent care for thee,
And built with these same hands
That come at twilight to your door
With Love, the guide divine,
To rest, and worship at your feet—
Lass of the northern pine.

The lap of August shall not reap
The shedding of the rose,
Ere summer crown thy virgin brow,
As pure as virgin snows,
With bridal wreath and bridal veil—
And in your troth, and mine,
Shall Gabriel wed Evangeline—
Lass of the northern pine.

Pennsylvania, U.S.A. *Aloysius Coll*


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Chapters, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

CHAPTER VII.—OGDENSBURG AND YORK

HAVING brought the story of the operations on the Detroit frontier down to the early summer of 1813, it now becomes necessary to go back to the beginning of the year for the purpose of relating the occurrences in other parts of the Canadian Provinces. The disasters which had befallen their armies in 1812 were very grievous to the people of the United States, and damaging to the prestige of their public men. Dr. Eustis, the Secretary of War, was forced to resign to appease the popular wrath, and was succeeded by John Armstrong, who had been Minister to France under President Jefferson, and had been appointed a brigadier-general at the beginning of the war. Armstrong divided the country into nine military districts, to each of which a general officer of the United States army was assigned, whose duty it was to superintend all the means of defence within his district. This was done to prevent any difficulty arising from the interference of governors of states opposed to the war. The failure of the attack on Canada had made the peace party in New England stronger and bolder. Josiah Quincy, whose honesty and patriotism no man could doubt, gave his countrymen his views on the war in a highly exasperating fashion on the floor of Congress. Hildreth says:—"He denounced the invasion of Canada as a cruel, wanton, senseless and wicked attack, in which neither plunder nor glory was to be gained upon an unoffending people, bound to us by ties of blood and good neighbourhood; undertaken for the punishment over their shoulders, of another people 3,000 miles off, by young politicians fluttering and cackling on the floor of that House, half hatched, the shell still on their heads and their pin-feathers not yet shed—politicians to whom reason, justice, pity, were nothing, revenge everything." Speeches of this kind, however, only made the war party more resolute to conquer Canada. Acts were passed to increase the regular army to 56,000 men, all of which were to be employed in the invasion of Canada. Williams, of South Carolina, the Chairman of the Military Committee, voiced the plans and hopes of his belligerent countrymen when he said:—"The St. Lawrence must be crossed by a well-appointed army of 20,000 men, supported by a reserve of 10,000. At the same moment we move on Canada a corps of 10,000 must threaten Halifax from the State of Maine. The honour and character of the nation

HOW THE CITY OF BUFFALO REMEMBERS THE WAR OF 1812-14—A MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRASS

require that the British power on our borders should be annihilated the next campaign."

The news, which reached Washington in March, of the terrible disasters that had befallen their ally Napoleon in the Russian campaign, in which he lost about 450,000 men, was very disheartening to the American war party. All their hopes of sharing with this Corsican robber in the partition of the British Empire suddenly vanished in smoke, and although the United States might continue to play the part of a jackal to Bonaparte, they could now expect very little from him but kicks and contempt. Bonaparte, indeed, despised his American flatterers and parasites as much as he hated Republican institutions, and he omitted no opportunity of making them sensible of this fact. Yet the French Emperor, although his power was declining, was still formidable and all the energies of Great Britain were expended in efforts to complete his downfall. The war in the Spanish Peninsula, where Wellington was engaged in preparing for that glorious campaign which ended in the French armies being driven out of Spain, absorbed nearly all the soldiers that Britain could spare, and therefore the reinforcements which reached Canada in the year 1813, were very inadequate. The first that came was, however, doubly welcome, as much by reason of its origin as of the spirit that animated it. The King's New Brunswick Regiment, the 104th, in March traversed the wilderness from Fredericton to Quebec and was afterwards sent to Kingston for the reinforcement of Upper Canada. This regiment made the fifth Provincial corps of regulars employed in the defence of Canada, the others being the Glengarries, the Voltigeurs, the Canadian Fencibles and the Newfoundland Regt. The other regular regiments in Canada at this time were a battalion of the 1st and 8th Regts., the 41st, 49th, 100th and 103rd—or six British regular regiments to five Colonial corps. The 104th Regt., when it arrived, was up to its full strength of 1,000 men and the Canadian regiments were filled up by recruits during the winter. In May Sir James L. Yeo arrived from England with a number of officers of the Royal Navy and 450 seamen for service on the Lakes. Part of the 19th Dragoons and 400 men of the 41st Regt. also arrived at Quebec in May. The 13th Regt., the 89th and the De Watteville Regt., the latter a foreign corps, recruited on the continent of Europe, completed the reinforcements of the year, but neither of the three last named arrived in time to take part in the earlier operations of the campaign. From these facts the real weakness of the British force in Canada will be understood. In the spring of 1813 it is doubtful if there were as many as 7,000 regular troops in Canada which was menaced with an invasion by three separate armies of Americans, who had more than 50,000 regular soldiers, and an unlimited number of militia at their disposal.

The Americans, by means of their spies, were kept fully informed of the weakness of the British garrisons in Canada, and this fact induced War

Secretary Armstrong to propound a plan of operations with a view to the reduction of the whole of Upper Canada between Prescott on the St. Lawrence and Lake Erie, including all the intermediate posts. "On this line of frontier," wrote he, "the enemy have, at Prescott three hundred, at Kingston six hundred, at (Forts) George and Erie twelve hundred, making a total of regular troops of two thousand and one hundred. Kingston and Prescott and the destruction of the British ships at the former would present the first object; York and the frigates said to be building there the second; George and Erie the third. The force to be employed in this service should not be less than six thousand, because in this first enterprise of a second campaign, nothing must, if possible, be left to chance." Here we have the American plan of invasion fully disclosed and the strength of the British forces accurately stated.

BISHOP STRACHAN

In 1811, Lieutenant-Governor Gore offered him the parish of York and Brock offered him the Chaplaincy of the troops. He accepted and reached York from Cornwall in 1812. In April, 1813, he was most active during the attack upon the town, and was one of those who conducted the negotiations for capitulation. The people owed much to his activity and fearless courage.

General Dearborn, who had the Army of the North under his immediate command, had a force of upwards of six thousand regulars at the beginning of the year 1813. Early in February orders were given for the concentration of four thousand regulars at Sackett's Harbour and three thousand at Buffalo. The Sackett's Harbour army was to cross the ice to Kingston, capture that place, destroy all the shipping there and then proceed to York and seize the army stores and vessels there. This promising scheme was never carried out or even attempted, mainly it would seem because of an absurd rumour which was current that Sir George Prevost was at Kingston with six or eight thousand men preparing for an attack on the United States frontier.

Instead of an attack on Kingston by the American army, the Canadians were treated to a raid on Brockville by Major Forsyth, some of whose exploits have already been related. Forsyth was stationed at Ogdensburg, the people of which were so intensely patriotic that it had become a sort of focus for

the gathering of raiding parties against Canada. On the night of the 6th of February he left that place with 200 riflemen and volunteers and a number of citizens to attack Brockville. As Brockville was without defences or garrison, there was no difficulty in capturing the little village. This heroic American party broke open the jail and liberated the prisoners. They dragged all the adult male inhabitants, 52 in number, out of their beds and marched them back to Ogdensburg as prisoners. They also carried away with them 120 muskets that they found packed up in cases, 20 rifles and two kegs of fixed ammunition. They did not omit to rob the people of Brockville of their horses, cattle, pigs and poultry as well as of any movables they found in their houses. This was apparently the feature of the expedition which had induced the citizens of Ogdensburg to join it, and had filled them with such an excessive supply of pure and ardent patriotism.

Lieut.-Colonel Pearson, who commanded at Prescott, on the 19th February sent Lieut.-Col. G. Macdonell of the Glengarries, with a flag of truce to Ogdensburg, to protest against such raids as the one above described. This officer, however, received nothing but insolence from the Americans, so it was resolved to clear out this nest of robbers. A day or two later, Sir George Prevost arrived at Prescott, on his way to Kingston. Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, who had succeeded to the command at Prescott, informed him of the recent outrages on the frontier and asked permission to attack Ogdensburg, which the Commander-in-chief refused to grant. Col. Macdonell then represented to Sir George the danger he would be in of being cut off by the enemy, unless a force was sent ahead to occupy the roads, and this Sir George graciously permitted him to do. He very reluctantly agreed to allow Macdonell to make a demonstration on the ice before Ogdensburg, in order to discover if the American troops had left it, but any real attack was absolutely forbidden. Lest there should be any doubt of the nature of his instructions, Sir George forwarded a letter from Flint's Inn, nine miles from Prescott, to Col. Macdonell, which the latter received in the heat of the battle, repeating his orders not to make any attack. Mr. James, whose books on the Military and Naval Occurrences of the War cannot be too highly estimated, states that he had seen this letter before he wrote his history. Sir George's reason for not permitting an attack was, that he did not wish to keep alive a spirit of hostility. The Canadian reader will understand from this the kind of odds his fathers had to contend against in the defence of their country. Not only had they to resist an active and unscrupulous enemy, but they had to do so in spite of the opposition of a commander-in-chief, who did not wish to offend the dear Americans who were engaged in the work of robbery and murder on every convenient occasion.

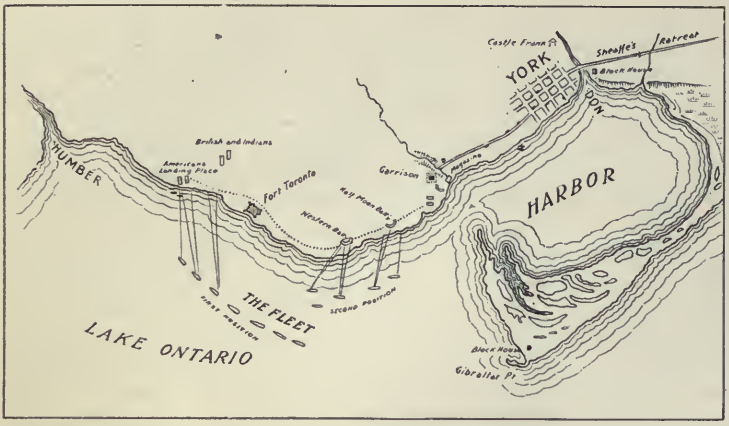
Fortunately for the people of the St. Lawrence frontier, Col. Macdonell resolved to turn the demonstration into a real attack. As soon as Sir George Prevost had fairly turned his back on Prescott on the morning of the 22nd February, Macdonell began to make his preparations. Forsyth, who commanded at Ogdensburg, had been informed by deserters of the meditated attack, and had plenty of time to take such measures as were considered necessary to resist it. He had eight cannon mounted, six 6-pounders, a 9-pounder and a 12-pounder. Five of these were on the west side of the Oswegatchie river, and the other three in the village on the east side. American histories are very reticent as to the number of men they had at Ogdensburg, but as Forsyth's riflemen were all there, besides a company of volunteers and a body of militia, their force cannot be estimated at less than 500.

Lieut.-Col. Macdonell's detachment, with which he ventured to assail Ogdensburg, numbered 480, and consisted of 210 regulars and 270 militia. It was divided into two columns; the right commanded by Captain Jenkins,

of the Glengarry Regt., with his own flank company of that excellent corps, and 70 militia; the left under the command of Lieut.-Col. Macdonell himself with 120 of the 8th Regt., 40 of the Newfoundland Regt., and 200 militia. With this column were three guns, a 6-pounder and two 3-pounders, manned by 11 artillerymen. This force appeared on the ice which then covered the St. Lawrence about seven o'clock in the morning and advanced resolutely towards Ogdensburg. Forsyth had expressed a great desire to meet Macdonell on the ice on the day that the latter went to Ogdensburg with the flag of truce, but when the opportunity came he showed no inclination to carry out his part of the contract, but skulked behind the shelter of his batteries. As the river at this point is a mile and a half in width the Americans had a splendid opportunity of decimating the British force with their cannon, and they availed themselves of it to the fullest extent. As they bravely marched across the river, both columns, but especially the right, suffered severely from the enemy's fire.

The duty of the right column, which was directed against the old fort in which Forsyth and his riflemen were stationed, was to check the enemy's left and intercept his retreat, while the right column advanced and captured the town. Captain Jenkins' column was exposed to heavy fire from five guns which he attempted to take with the bayonet, although covered by 200 of the enemy's best troops, but the snow on the American side of the river being deep, greatly impeded his movements. Advancing as rapidly as the exhausted state of his men from this cause, would admit, he ordered a charge, but had not proceeded many paces when his left arm was shattered by a grape shot; but still undauntedly running on with his men, he almost immediately afterwards was deprived of the use of his right arm by a discharge of case shot. Still heroically disregarding the terrible pain which he suffered, he ran on, nobly cheering his men to the assault, until he fell exhausted by loss of blood. His company gallantly continued the charge under Lieut. MacAulay, but the reserve of militia not being able to keep up with them, they were compelled, by the great superiority in numbers and the fire of the enemy, to retire.

The left column had, in the meantime, fully accomplished its assigned task. Pushing on rapidly it gained the bank of the river, under the direct fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry, which were posted on an eminence near the shore. The advance, consisting of the forty men of the Newfoundland Regt. and some selected militia under Lieut. Ridge of the 8th, went directly at the enemy, while Lieut.-Col. Macdonell turned his right with the one hundred and twenty men of the 8th Regt., and after a few discharges of the artillery took them with the bayonet and drove the Americans through the town, the majority escaping to the woods. Some fled across the Oswegatchie river to the fort, and others took shelter in the houses from which they kept up such a galling fire that it was necessary to dislodge them with the British field pieces, which had been left stuck in the deep snow on landing, but were now brought up from the bank of the river. Having gained the high ground on the brink of the Oswegatchie, opposite the fort, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell prepared to carry it by storm, but, to give his men time to recover their breath after their exhausting toil, he sent a summons to Forsyth requiring the unconditional surrender of the fort. As there was some hesitation about doing this, Macdonell instantly carried the enemy's Eastern battery, and by it silenced another. He then ordered to the front the detachment of the 8th Regt. and the Highland company of militia under Capt. Eustace, and they gallantly rushed into the fort. The enemy did not await the shock of an encounter, but escaped by the opposite entrance and fled to the woods. Forsyth and his men, the heroes of Brockville raid, never stopped running until they had put nine English miles



MAP SHOWING THE ATTACK ON YORK (TORONTO) IN 1813—THE AMERICANS ARRIVED, 2,000 STRONG, IN 14 VESSELS, AND LANDED HALF A MILE TO THE WESTWARD OF OLD FORT TORONTO—AFTER SEVEN HOURS' FIGHTING, THE GARRISON OF 650 MEN, UNDER GENERAL SHEAFFE, ABANDONED THE TOWN, AND RETREATED TO KINGSTON.

of ground between themselves and the British.

There was no enterprise undertaken during the war that reflected more credit on the troops engaged in it than the capture of Ogdensburg. Here was no midnight raid but a bold assault in the open day upon a defiant enemy, strongly posted and with every chance in his favour. Lieut.-Col. Macdonell truly said that in this affair "the officers and men of the militia emulated the conspicuous bravery of the troops of the line." He might have added that nearly half of the regulars engaged were Canadians or colonists. These were the men of the Glengarry and Newfoundland Regts., who were not excelled in bravery or discipline by any corps that fought in Canada during the war. The British loss at Ogdensburg amounted to eight killed and 52 wounded, of which 25 fell on the militia and 16 on the company of the Glengarry Regt. under Capt. Jenkins. This gallant officer, who was a native of New Brunswick and the son of a Loyalist, lost one of his arms, and, to a large extent, the use of the other, yet at the end of the war he had not been promoted to a higher rank. Brave men were plentiful in the British army. Forsyth for his hen-stealing raid on Brockville, where no opposition was encountered and no risk run, was made a lieutenant-colonel, which goes to show that an American colonel during the war of 1812 was about the cheapest article of manufacture extant.

The Americans lost in the Ogdensburg affair five killed and 15 wounded, and 74 of them, including four officers, were taken prisoners. Twelve pieces of artillery were captured, three of them of brass. Of the iron pieces two, a 12-pounder and a 6-pounder, had been taken at Burgoyne's surrender. The other spoils were 1,400 stand of arms with accoutrements, two stands of colours, 300 tents, a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage, with beef, flour, pork and other stores. All this public property was carried over to Prescott. Two armed schooners and two large gunboats that were fast in the ice were burnt and the same fate befell the two barracks. There were no more raids from Ogdensburg during the war against defenceless Canadian villages, nor was any attempt made to fortify it. Indeed this could hardly have been done, for the place was now commanded by Fort Wellington on the Prescott side, which had been garnished by the guns taken by the brave and enterprising Macdonell.

Although Secretary Armstrong's plan for the capture of Kingston had not been carried out, the designs of the enemy against Western Canada were not abandoned. By the middle of April, General Dearborn had at Sackett's Harbour, 5,000 effective regulars and 2,000 militia, in addition to 1,300 sailors, under Commodore Chauncey

WESTERN ENTRANCE TO TORONTO BAY, LOOKING WEST FROM THE BAY, AS IT APPEARED IN 1838. THE FORT AND BARRACKS OVERLOOKED THIS ENTRANCE.—FROM A WATER-COLOUR IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

who commanded the fleet. As the Americans had now control of Lake Ontario, it was resolved, first to send an expedition to capture York and then to cross the lake and reduce Fort George. York, the capital of Upper Canada, was then a town of 900 inhabitants, situated just to the westward of the Don River, on a site now covered by a part of the city of Toronto. At York, a 24-gun ship was being built for the lake fleet, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and supplies was stored there, yet so great was the neglect with which this important post was treated by Sir George Prevost, that it was almost without defences. Two miles to the westward of the town was old Fort Toronto, erected by the French, which had been suffered to go to ruin. Half a mile east of this was the Western battery; beyond it was the Half Moon battery, and still further east, on the borders of a small stream which flowed through a deep ravine, was a picketed blockhouse and some intrenchments. Here the garrison was stationed. It consisted of about 60 men of the Glengarry Regt., nearly a company of the Newfoundland Regt. and a few artillerymen. The 3rd York Militia, about 300 strong, was also stationed there. The entire force available for the defence of the place did not exceed 420 men. Very few guns were mounted on the fortifications, and most of these were without trunnions and were set on wooden stocks with iron hoops. The 10-gun brig *Duke of Gloucester*, which was in port for repairs, supplied a few six-pounders which were mounted on temporary field works, but the heavy carronades intended for the new ship that was being built at York, which might have been placed in batteries, had been thrown carelessly in the mud, where they lay covered with ice and snow. Such was the defenceless condition of the capital of Upper Canada in the spring of 1813. For the weakness of the garrison and for the incredible folly of building a new warship at a place so poorly guarded, Sir George Prevost must be held responsible, but Major-General Sheaffe, who commanded at York, was also greatly to blame, because he did not put the limited means at his disposal to a better use. Had the guns of the new ship been mounted in battery, as they should have been, York could have been held even against the overwhelming odds brought against it, and a long train of misfortunes which followed its capture would have been avoided.

On the 25th of April, the American expedition against York set sail from Sackett's Harbour. Commodore Chauncey, who commanded the fleet, had 14 vessels, 13 of them ships of war, mounting 84 guns, 11 of them long 32 and 24-pounders, with crews numbering in the aggregate 700 men. The number of troops on board was, according to Commodore Chauncey's official report, "about 1,700," but it was probably more than 2,000, for it embraced Forsyth's riflemen, Colonel McClure's volunteers, four regiments of the U.S. infantry, the 6th, 15th, 16th and 21st, and a considerable body of artillery. This formidable force made its appearance before York on the early morning of the 27th of April and by 7 o'clock the troops had commenced to land. At this time the 8th Regt. was being transferred from Kingston to Fort George on the Niagara frontier, and two companies of this gallant corps, numbering 180 rank and file, had halted at York the evening before the Americans arrived. This increased the number of regulars available for the defence of the place to about 300 men, but it would have been better if they had been absent, as thereby valuable lives would have been saved, which were sacrificed in a hopeless attempt to hold against overwhelming numbers a place that was indefensible. In addition to the 600 regulars, militia and dockyard men at York, there were about 50 Indians under Major Givins.

The Americans effected a landing about half a mile to the westward of old Fort Toronto, under the protection of the guns of the fleet. The first party to land was Forsyth's riflemen, 250 strong. Major Givins and 40 of his Indians was the only force present

to oppose them at that point, the company of Glengarry light infantry which had been ordered to support them, having by some mistake been led in another direction, so that it came late into action. By the time the Glengarry Company had reached the point of attack, Forsyth's men had been reinforced by a battalion of infantry under Major King, and the invaders were too powerful to be successfully resisted. The main body of the enemy under General Pike was speedily landed with the artillery and advanced along the shore, but they had not proceeded far when they encountered the British reinforcements in a thick wood. These consisted of the 180 men of the 8th Regt. already mentioned, 40 men of the Newfoundland Regt. and 250 men of the 3rd York Militia. These with the Glengarry Company and the Indians formed a body of less than 600 men, or about one-third of the force of Americans now landed. Yet against such overwhelming odds they maintained a long and obstinate contest which was not terminated until they were fairly overpowered by weight of numbers. More than once the enemy were driven back by their gallant charges, but the heavy losses they had suffered at length made it necessary for them to retire to the Western Battery which was then engaged with the enemy's vessels. Here a stand was to have been made, but as the Americans approached, the magazine, the head of which had been carelessly left open, blew up, killing and wounding about 40 men, and so seriously damaging the battery that it became untenable. The cannon were immediately spiked and the work abandoned.

The contest had by this time been maintained for about seven hours, and General Sheaffe became convinced that his numbers and means of defence were inadequate to the task of keeping possession of York against the vast superiority of force brought against it. The troops were withdrawn towards the town and were finally ordered to retreat on the road to Kingston, the new ship on the stocks and the naval stores were destroyed, and the powder magazine in the battery near the barracks was blown up. This last act proved extremely disastrous to the Americans. They had cautiously approached the battery and Lieut. Riddle had been sent forward to reconnoitre, and ascertain the strength of the garrison, while their main body remained halted, when the magazine blew up with a prodigious shock and with dreadful effect. It is said to have contained 500 barrels of gunpowder, and an immense quantity of shot and shell, and the latter with the stone and timber from the building were scattered in every direction over a space of several hundred yards. Fifty-two of the Americans were instantly killed, and 180 others were wounded, many of them mortally. The terrified invaders scattered in dismay in every direction, and it took their officers a long time to rally them although none of the British were near. Among the mortally injured were General Pike and his two aides. The former was sitting on a stump, with his staff standing about him, and engaged in questioning a British sergeant who had been made prisoner, when a heavy mass of stone struck him on the back and crushed him. He was removed to one of the vessels, but died within the hour.

When the Americans had recovered from the panic into which they had been thrown by the explosion, they advanced towards the town where they were met by Lieut.-Col. Chewett and Major Wm. Allan of the 3rd York Militia who proposed a capitulation. The terms, which were speedily agreed upon, were that the troops at the post, regulars and militia, and the naval officers and seamen should be surrendered prisoners of war ; that all public stores, naval and military, should be given up ; that all private property should be guaranteed to the citizens, and that the papers belonging to the civil officers should be retained by them. The number of prisoners surrendered under this capitulation was

SIR JAMES L. YEO

who arrived in Canada in May, 1813, with a number of officers of the Royal Navy and 450 seamen. He was with Sir George Prevost in his attack on Sackett's Harbour and shared in the disgrace of that occasion when British troops "were simply led back from a victorious field by an incompetent General."

292, viz., 265 officers and men of the 3rd York Militia, 21 officers and artificers of the Provincial Navy, and six British regulars. The total loss of the regulars at York was 60 killed, 34 wounded, 43 wounded and prisoners, 10 prisoners and seven missing, a total of 154, or about one-half of the regular force engaged. Counting the missing as prisoners, the total number taken by the Americans, of militia and regulars, under the capitulation and outside of it, was 346. General Sheaffe, with a negligence too common among the British officers at that period, makes no mention of the killed and wounded among the militia, but the number was about 50. Among those slain was Mr. D. McLean, the Clerk of the House of Assembly, who had attached himself to the 8th Regt. as a volunteer. In this act, as well as by the manner of his death, he well illustrated the spirit of the Canadian people.

General Sheaffe with the remnant of his regulars, now reduced to 180 men, including 34 wounded, crossed the Don and retreated to Kingston, which was reached in safety. When a few miles from York the light company of the 8th Regt. was met on its way to Fort George. It retired with General Sheaffe's little force and covered its retreat, which was effected without molestation. The Americans lost at York in killed and wounded, 286, of which 66 were killed on shore and 17 killed or wounded in the fleet. The prisoners taken by them were paroled, and, as the *Duke of Gloucester* was unseaworthy without large repairs, the value of the spoil taken was very slight. It was here that they committed an act of vandalism that brought upon the American people at a later day severe retribution. They set fire to the Parliament buildings and these with their contents were entirely consumed. These buildings consisted of two handsome halls with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and Courts of Justice. The library and all the papers and records belonging to these institutions were consumed at the same time. The church was robbed, and even the town library pillaged. "Commodore Chauncey," says Colonel John Clarke in his Memoirs, "was so ashamed of this last transaction, that he endeavoured to collect the books belonging to the town and Legislative

Library, and actually sent back two boxes filled with them, but hardly any were complete. Much private property was plundered, and several houses left in a state of ruin." It was thus that the Americans observed the terms of the capitulation, by which the safety of all private property and of the papers belonging to the civil officers, was guaranteed.

The capture of York was the first serious misfortune that befel the British in Canada during the war, and it was one that might have been prevented. If York was not worth holding, there was no necessity for keeping troops there, but if it was worth holding, it should have had proper defences. If General Sheaffe, instead of a few popgun six-pounders, with which he armed the batteries, had placed upon them the guns of the new ship that was being built, Chauncey's fleet would have been forced to keep at a respectful distance, and a landing could hardly have been effected.

These guns comprised a long 24-pounder, 8 long 18, 4 short 68, and 10 short 32-pounders. With such a battery as that at the entrance of the harbour, York would have been safe. General Sheaffe, who had been made a baronet of the United Kingdom for his services at Queenstown, was not afforded another opportunity of mismanaging the military affairs of Upper Canada, but was soon afterwards superseded in the chief command of the Province by Major-General De Rottenburg.

CHAPTER VIII.—FORT GEORGE AND SACKETT'S HARBOUR

AS the Americans had no intention of holding York, their expedition to that place can be regarded only in the light of a raid for the destruction of property. They now proceeded to prepare for the main object of the campaign, the occupation of the Niagara frontier. Dearborn and Chauncey were detained in York by adverse winds and bad weather until the eighth of May, when they crossed the lake and encamped their troops at Four Mile Creek to the eastward of Fort Niagara. More troops and supplies were hurried forward from Sackett's Harbour, and by the 26th of May, the day before the attack, there were about 6,000 American soldiers available for an attack on Fort George, in addition to the seamen of the fleet. These consisted of three brigades of infantry under Generals Boyd, Winder and Chandler, besides riflemen and artillery. There was also the garrison of Fort Niagara under General Morgan Lewis, and a reserve formed of the marines and seamen of the fleet and Macombs' regiment of artillery. A sufficient number of boats had been built to embark the whole force at once.

Against these extensive preparations for the conquest of Canada, the British had very little to show. The whole British force on the Niagara frontier was about 1,800 regulars and 600 militia. The former consisted of the 49th Regt. and of detachments from the 8th, 41st, Glengarry and Newfoundland regiments, and the Royal Artillery. The militia were from the counties of Norfolk, Lincoln and York. These troops were under the command of Brigadier-General John Vincent. At Fort George, the point of attack, were eight companies of the 49th, five companies of the 8th, three companies of the Glengarry and two of the Newfoundland Regt., a few men from the 41st Regt., and 30 of the Royal Artillery with two, three, and five six-pounders and a five and a half-inch howitzer. The whole numbered less than 1,000, rank and file of regulars. There were also at Fort George 350 militia and 50 Indians. Nor did the character of the defences make amends for the inadequacy of the force. Four of the 24-pounders captured from Hull had been mounted on Fort George, but that work was so badly situated that

it did not command the whole of the lake shore within the range of its cannon, as it should have done. A fifth 24-pounder was mounted *en barbette* on a battery near the lighthouse, half a mile to the north of Newark. A nine-pounder was also similarly mounted near One Mile Creek to the westward of Newark, the point where the Americans landed.

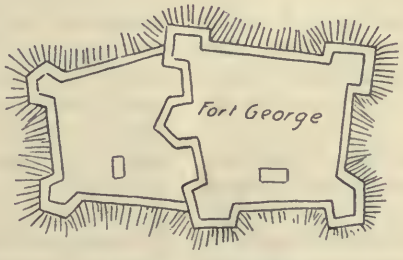
On the morning of the 27th all the troops of the enemy, with their artillery, were embarked in the numerous boats and in the armed vessels, and before four o'clock the whole flotilla moved towards the mouth of the Niagara River. The morning was calm and foggy, a circumstance which proved of great advantage to the invaders, as it prevented the cannon of Fort George from playing upon them as they took their stations. As the sun rose, the fog cleared away and disclosed the enemy in position for the attack. The schooners *Julia* and *Growler* were placed at the mouth of the Niagara River to silence the 24-pounder mounted *en barbette* near the lighthouse. Each of these vessels carried a long 32-pounder and a long 12-pounder, so that each was double the force of the battery. The *Ontario*, which also mounted a long 32-pounder and a long 12-pounder, took up a position north of the lighthouse so as to enfilade the same battery and cross the fire of the other two. The 24-pounder, which was manned by militia artillery, had to be spiked and abandoned after the cannonade had lasted about 15 minutes. Mr. James, in his "Military Occurrences," expresses the opinion that this gun should have sunk one or two of the enemy's schooners and hints that those who manned it did not do their duty. But it must be remembered that the 24-pounder, besides the direct attack by the three long 32-pounders and three long 12-pounders on the schooners, was commanded by the guns of Fort Niagara, and exposed to deadly discharges of grape from that quarter. There is no doubt that the gun was worked as long as possible by the militia who manned it.

The schooners *Tompkins* and *Conquest* were stationed near One Mile Creek so as to command the nine-pounder mounted there, which was also manned by militia artillery. These vessels each carried a long 32-pounder, a long 12-pounder and four long six-pounders. The point of landing for most of the troops was near this battery, and, for the purpose of covering the movement, the *Hamilton*, *Asp* and *Scourge* took stations as close to the shore as the depth of the water would allow. These vessels carried between them two long 32-pounders, two long 24-pounders, eight long 6-pounders and eight 12-pounder carronades. The ship *Madison*, carrying 24 32-pounder carronades; brig *Oneida*, with 16 24-pounder carronades, and schooner *Lady of the Lake*, with a long nine, were also placed so as to sweep the shore and do as much damage as possible to the British. With such powerful protection and such an immense superiority in numbers the Americans could well afford to be cool and confident in their movements.

The Americans had judiciously chosen a landing place which put the town of Newark between them and Fort George, and thereby effectually prevented the fire of the latter from reaching them. General Dearborn, the American commander, on this occasion, as at York, took good care not to expose his valuable person to injury, but allowed his Adjutant - General, Colonel Winfield Scott, to lead the attack. The force under Scott's immediate command, numbered, according to American authority, 500, comprising the 2nd U.S. Artillery, acting as infantry, Forsyth's riflemen and detachments from infantry regiments. They were supported by General Lewis's division with Porter's command of light artillery. These were followed by the brigades of Generals Boyd, Winder and Chandler.

Practically these troops all landed about the same time. The level plateau to the north of Newark was so thoroughly swept by the fire from the American vessels that it was almost

impossible for troops to face it, and the enemy, therefore, had little difficulty in reaching the shore, which was entirely bare of British soldiers. The place of landing was at a point about half a mile to the westward of the lighthouse, and not far from a ravine where the British advance, composed of about 200 rank and file of the Glengarry and Newfoundland Regiments, under Captain Winter, and 40 Indians under Norton, was stationed. This detachment inflicted some loss on Scott's men as they approached, and delayed the landing for a short time by their fire, but such a shower of grape was turned upon them from the vessels that they were obliged to fall back upon the left column, which was stationed in another ravine about a quarter of a mile in their rear. This column was composed of 320 rank and file of the 8th Regiment, and 160 militia, with three light field pieces manned by a few men of the Royal Artillery and 41st Regiment. It was commanded by Colonel Myers, the Acting Quartermaster-General. The 9-pounder mounted near the place of landing had by this time been effectually silenced by the killing or wounding of all the militia artillery who manned it, so that General Boyd's brigade was able to reach the shore almost without opposition. The brigades of Winder and Chandler followed in quick succession.



PLAN OF FORT GEORGE

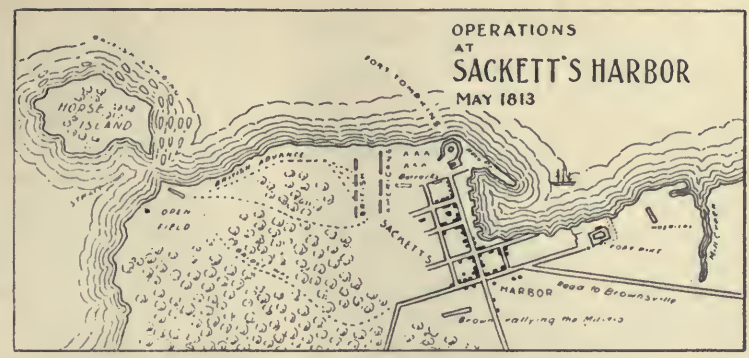
When the enemy to the number of about four thousand had landed, they advanced in three solid columns, their right covered by a large body of riflemen, and their left and front by the fire of the shipping and the guns of Fort Niagara. On the plateau they encountered the little detachment of Colonel Myers, which, united to the remnant of the advance party, numbered about 650 rank and file. The struggle that ensued was fierce and illustrated the bravery of the British troops and Canadian militia in the most striking manner. Despite the dreadful losses they suffered by grape and round shot from the enemy's vessels, they drove back the Americans several times, and only gave ground when compelled to do so by the thinning of their ranks and the overwhelming numbers of the foe. The British force lost about two-thirds of its strength. Of the 320 of the 8th Regt. engaged 202 were killed or wounded. Of the 200 of the Glengarries and Newfoundland Regt. 114 were placed hors de combat; while the killed and wounded among the militia amounted to 85 out of the 160 engaged. Who will say that the glory was not equal where the losses were so fairly balanced? The Canadian Militia at Newark, as in all the battles of the war, emulated the steadiness of the disciplined regulars, and showed themselves worthy of their brave fathers who settled the wilderness of Upper Canada. Colonel Myers was wounded in three places and obliged to quit the field. Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, the Deputy Adjutant-General, who commanded the right column, succeeded Colonel Myers, leaving his own column in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Plenderleath with orders to move it forward. This column, which consisted of 400 rank and file of the 49th Regt. and 80 militia advanced to the support of the left and protected its retreat, which had now become necessary. General Vincent, seeing the hopelessness of further prolonging the contest, ordered his men to retire to the Indian council house half a mile in the rear of Newark, and about the same distance from Fort George. Here, while awaiting the advance of the enemy, it was learned that an American force had been sent to turn the

left flank of the British and cut off their retreat to Burlington Heights. As Fort George was untenable, not a moment was to be lost. Orders were sent to its small garrison of 50 of the 49th Regt. and 80 Militia to evacuate it, after blowing up its magazines and spiking its guns. Messengers were also despatched in haste to Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp, who commanded at Fort Erie, and to Major Ormsby at Chippewa directing them to evacuate their posts immediately and march to the Beaver Dam, sixteen miles from Fort George. General Vincent now retired with his sadly reduced army to Beaver Dam, which was reached about eight o'clook the same evening. There he was joined at a later hour by all the detachments from Chippewa to Fort Erie, under Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp, as well as by the light, and one battalion company of the 8th and a few sailors under Capt. Barclay, who had been escorted from Twenty Mile Creek by Captain Merritt of the Niagara Dragoons.

The contest at Newark lasted from three to four hours, and reflected as much credit on the British and Canadian troops engaged in it as it was possible to obtain in a battle that was lost. The regulars had 52 killed outright and 306 wounded or missing, a total of 358. The militia lost upwards of 100 in killed and wounded, although not more than two-thirds of the 350 on the field were closely engaged. Lossing, after correctly stating the number of the militia at Newark at 350, tells his readers four pages farther on, that 507 of the militia were made prisoners. None of the unwounded militia were made prisoners, and the only unwounded prisoners taken were a few men of the 49th Regt., who delayed their retirement from Fort George until it was too late. General Dearborn in his official despatch, only claims 100 unwounded prisoners, which is more than double the real number. But for a week after the battle of Newark his officers were engaged in visiting all the farmhouses on the Niagara frontier, and in paroling all their male inhabitants, so it is quite possible that as many as 507 names were obtained in this way. The Americans state their own losses at Newark at 40 killed and 111 wounded, which shows that despite the advantages of their position and the protection they received from their fleet, they were severely handled by the small force opposed to them.

The result of the capture of Fort George was the occupation by the Americans of the whole Niagara frontier. This result would not have been attained but for the loss of the control of Lake Ontario the preceding autumn. Had Sir George Prevost been an active officer he would have seen that this loss was promptly repaired, and measures taken to again obtain the control of the lake as soon as navigation opened. But of the two new vessels laid down for the reinforcement of the British fleet, neither was completed when the lake harbours were clear of ice, and one, as has been seen, was destroyed when York was taken. The other, which was named the *Wolfe*, was not ready for service until the end of May, although Sir James Yeo, who was to command the British fleet on Lake Ontario, had been at Kingston as early as the 10th of that month. This delay was fatal to Newark and Fort George. A vigilant commander-in-chief would have had both his ships built at Kingston and one of them, at least, ready for sea at the very earliest moment of lake navigation. Had this been done, York could not have been attacked and the invasion of the Niagara frontier would have failed.

On the very day that Fort George was captured by the Americans, Sir George Prevost and Sir James Yeo set out on an expedition from Kingston, which was to illustrate in a striking manner the entire unfitness of the former for the command of any enterprise which demanded energy and daring. Sackett's Harbour, although in April it was occupied by 5,000 regulars, 2,000 militia and 1,300 sailors, had been so denuded of its troops by the expedition against Fort George,



SACKETT'S HARBOUR WAS ATTACKED BY THE BRITISH ON MAY 29TH, THE DEFENDERS NUMBERED 1,300, THE ATTACKERS 750. THE BRITISH LANDED ON HORSE ISLAND, FORDED TO THE MAINLAND, AND MADE AN ATTACK IN TWO COLUMNS. JUST AS BRITISH SUCCESS SEEMED ASSURED, SIR GEORGE PREVOST ORDERED A RETIREMENT. THE BARRACKS AND STOREHOUSES WERE DESTROYED.

that it was believed by Sir James Yeo it could be taken if vigorously attacked. The commander-in-chief gave his consent to an attempt on the place, but destroyed all hope of the success of the expedition by undertaking to lead it himself. On the evening of the 27th of May Sir James Yeo's fleet set sail for Sackett's Harbour. The land forces on board consisted of the Grenadier Company of the 100th Regiment, a section of the 1st (Royal Scots), two companies of the 8th, four of the 104th, two of the Canadian Voltigeurs and one company of the Glengarry light infantry, with two six-pounders and their gunners, numbering altogether about 750 rank and file. About 40 Indians also accompanied the expedition with their canoes. Before noon on the following day the British fleet was off Sackett's Harbour ; the breeze was moderate, the weather fine and bright and everything favourable for an attack. Sir George Prevost seems also to have thought the time suitable, for the fleet was ordered to stand in close to the shore, and as the vessels lay to, the troops were transferred to the boats. When they had been in them for some time awaiting the signal to advance they were perplexed and astonished by an order to return to the fleet. They were again placed on board the ships which now stood away from Sackett's Harbour. The cause of this sudden abandonment of the attempt to land on that occasion has never been satisfactorily explained. American writers attribute it to the appearance of a flotilla of 19 American gunboats off Stoney Point. These boats contained a detachment of dismounted dragoons for Sackett's Harbour, and as soon as the Indians saw them they gave chase. Seven of the boats escaped, but the other 12 with 70 of their occupants, were captured by Lieut. Dobbs, of the *Wolfe*, with the ship's boats, which went in support of the Indians.

Had Sackett's Harbour been attacked the first day the fleet appeared, it would have been captured almost without a blow. Then the fleet could have approached the shore and shelled the Americans out of their works while the British effected a landing. The defenders of the place did not expect an attack and were, in a large measure, unprepared for it. But the kindness of Sir George Prevost, who did not wish to offend the Americans, or keep alive a spirit of hostility, gave them ample warning, and during the afternoon and night of the 28th, reinforcements were hurried to Sackett's Harbour from the outlying country. It is not unlikely that Sir George Prevost would have carried his consideration for the Americans so far as to spare them any attack whatever, but for the strong remonstrances of Sir James Yeo, who did not understand and could not be made to see the beauties of the commander-in-chief's system of making war. It was, therefore, set-

tled that the attempt was to be made on the morning of the 29th.

The defences of Sackett's Harbour consisted of Fort Tompkins, a considerable work comprising a strong blockhouse and surrounding intrenchments on the west side of the harbour, and Fort Volunteer on the east side of the harbour. The latter was surrounded by a ditch with a strong line of picketing. The garrison, according to the statement of the American General Wilkinson, on the morning of the attack numbered 1,300 men, of which only 350 were militia. There were 313 Light Dragoons, 142 artillery, 332 infantry and 165 Albany Volunteers, or 950 regularly trained soldiers, besides the militia. The defenders of Sackett's Harbour were nearly twice as numerous as the attacking force, which numbered less than 750.

At dawn on the 29th the British embarked in 33 boats and accompanied by two small gunboats advanced towards Sackett's Harbour. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and, owing to this fact, the vessels of the fleet were becalmed eight miles away and, therefore, were unable to take any part in the attack. The only artillery, with the land force, two 6-pounders with the men who manned the guns, were on board of a light schooner which was expected to reach the landing place at the same time as the infantry, but, instead of this being the case, the vessel did not get to the shore at all, so the attack had to be made without artillery. Thus, owing to the stupidity or worse of Sir George Prevost, the success of the enterprise was rendered almost impossible.

The British landed on Horse Island, under the fire of a long 32-pounder on Fort Tompkins, and such field guns as the Americans could bring to bear upon them. The island, which is 2,000 yards to the westward of Fort Tompkins, is separated from the mainland by a shallow strait, which is always fordable and sometimes almost dry. This strait, which, with the approach, formed a causeway 400 yards in length, had to be traversed by the attacking column in the face of the Albany Volunteers and the militia, numbering altogether about 500, who, with a 6-pounder, occupied a favourable position on the shore for destroying the British as they advanced. They were posted behind a ridge of gravel which afforded them an excellent shelter, and as they had been talking in the most valiant manner and appeared to be consumed with martial ardour, it was expected they would make a desperate stand. But the moment the British approached, the Grenadiers of the 100th Regt. gallantly leading, the valiant militia were seized with a panic and fled in wild confusion, leaving their 6-pounder behind them. That no injustice may be done to these paladins of New York State, it will be proper to quote what an American author says of their conduct. "General Brown," says this writer, "expected the militia would have remained firm until the enemy were finally on the main. But their movement was so sudden, general and rapid, that he found himself completely alone, not a man standing within several rods of him. Stung by this shameful conduct, he ran after the fugitives and endeavoured to arrest their flight. His efforts were unavailing. Forgetful of their promises of courage, and unmindful of the orders they had received to rally in the woods in the event of their being driven back, they continued their flight until they were sure of being out of harm's way. Some of them were not heard of again during the day."

The British, after reaching the mainland, separated into two columns, the left under Colonel Young, of the 8th, with half of the force, penetrated the woods to the left, by a direct route parallel to the shore towards Fort Tompkins, while the remainder, which formed the right column under Major Drummond, of the 104th, took a path which led to the right, through which the Americans had fled. Colonel Young in his advance was assailed by 500 men of the dismounted dragoons, regular infantry and volunteers, who,

firing from behind trees, inflicted considerable loss on the left column, but they were speedily driven back on the main body. Major Drummond, with the right column, which had met with hardly any opposition, now joined Col. Young, and the whole force advanced against the Americans and compelled them to take refuge in the log barracks and stockaded fort, leaving one of their guns behind them. So complete was their defeat, and so hopeless seemed the prospect of holding Sackett's Harbour that Lieut. Chauncey set fire to the naval barracks and storehouses and to the captured schooner *Duke of Gloucester*, as well as to the *General Pike*, the new warship, then on the stocks. At this moment the good genius of the Americans, in the shape of the commander-in-chief, interfered to save them from inevitable defeat. Sir George Prevost, with victory in his grasp, ordered a retreat. It was in vain that the brave Major Drummond, of the 104th, who afterwards fell like the hero that he was in the foremost ranks at Fort Erie, remonstrated with the general and offered to put him in possession of the fortifications if he would give him but a few minutes. He was rudely silenced by his caitiff leader and told to obey his orders and learn the first duty of a soldier. The orders were obeyed and the humiliated troops returned to their ships from an enemy that had not dared to look them in the face.

The British loss at Sackett's Harbour was heavy and amounted to 50 killed, 195 wounded and 16 missing, a total of 261. The American loss was 47 killed, 84 wounded and 36 missing, or 167 in all. When the British retired, the Americans succeeded in extinguishing the flames on the *Pike* and *Duke of Gloucester*, but the barracks and storehouses were destroyed and with them property valued at half a million dollars. But for the imbecility of Sir George Prevost the disgraceful result at Sackett's Harbour would have been changed into a brilliant victory, and the Americans would have permanently lost the control of Lake Ontario. As it was, the cowardly militia who ran away as fast as their legs could carry them could boast that they defeated the British. It is some consolation to know that while the conduct of the commander-in-chief was scandalous, that of the troops, officers and men was admirable. The men of the 100th and 104th Regts., who had never been under fire before, behaved like veterans. The Grenadier company of the 100th, which led the advance, lost 29 men ; the four companies of the 104th engaged lost 91 men ; the two companies of the 8th lost 81, and the Glengarry company 26. The British soldiers were not defeated at Sackett's Harbour ; they were simply led back from a victorious field by an incompetent general.

THE COMING OF NIGHT

BENEATH the purple ridges of a hill,
The ardent sun sinks slowly to its rest ;
And all the woodland flowers sway, caressed
By Evening's gentle hand. The songsters fill
The drowsy air with melody, until
The whole wood rings with music of the best;
And the rich notes of one but lends a zest
To its sweet rival's song. At length a still
And sombre silence settles likes a pall,
Over the darkening glades. Black Night sweeps down
Like some huge bird of prey, with pinions vast
'Whelming the land; and swift the shadows fall.
The bright moon glitters like a silver crown
Set midst the stars. All Nature sleeps at last.

Hamilton B. Chipman

Hors d'Œuvre

THE Continental "pension" is like nothing Anglo-Saxon. Leaf over its guest-book and you find a cross-section of civilization; sit at its table, and you taste reminiscences of a French hotel; turn to conversation between the courses, and you are in the dining saloon of an Atlantic "liner."

It is a democracy with opinions about Botticelli; an aristocracy in exile and without leisure; an European Concert, free from jealousies and welcoming an American invasion which, in turn, anxiously repudiates the Monroe doctrine as applied to tourists.

Though an assemblage of strangers, with barely a prejudice in common, speaking one another's languages so badly that each must explain eventually in his own what he meant to say, international friendships are formed with the loaning of a guide-book, and new-comers are taken shopping on the second day. After four days together at table d'hote, companionable people are ready to plan a month's tour with a division of carriage hire and a "pooling" of tastes.

Intolerance—that besetting sin of the sure-footed—finds the air of a "pension" either fatal or infuriating. There is no place like it for getting into the shoes of impossible people. When the "unspeakable Turk" sits next one at table, and speaks English, he is discovered to be human and likeable, and to have his point of view. He is not a Puritan perversely gone wrong, but the child of another world.

One deception the "pension" practises. It cheats the hasty into believing that they have penetrated a native home. A home it is, like to no other place of public entertainment. The hostess and—more especially—the host always seem to be people of leisure; and to feel an entertainer's duty toward their guests. It may, after all, be a native home, you are tempted to think—yet that book-case of English novels!—Alas!

It is, by no means, a hotel; not even a rural French hotel, with Madame and her sewing in the office, and Monsieur coming in smiling from under his chef's cap to grow superlative over the pet "lions" of the neighbourhood, and the slim dark daughter lighting your fire at night with a coquettish consciousness. Madame is in the drawing-room with you, Monsieur welcomes you to his library, the slim dark daughter can sing if you really wish it.

It is not "lodgings"—no, not by a million times. Compared with that it is a palatial hotel with six courses at dinner and a foreign grace of service.

It is, in short, not to be stated in terms of anything else. It is a "pension." And long may its mistress sit in her drawing-room to bargain with us over the cost of fires! And long may the "pensionnaires" chatter across its table of the wonders of Europe and the weariness they induce.

CHAPTER I

Jessica, the unconquerable, stood at the window and flouted the yellow heat. Her mother lay upon the sofa behind her, with a loose insecurity of gowning which made one fear to see her sit up, and cooled her face with a wearily swayed fan. Jessica was for taking the tram to the Grosser Garten—for they were in cup-like Dresden with a Saxon summer spilled into the bowl—where the air possibly stirred a little beneath the trees and a café orchestra played. Mrs. Murney would not put on a dress in the furnace of that room to pay a visit to a glacier.

Jessica laughed — an achievement that seemed a miracle to her mother—and said that she supposed she might go alone. Mrs. Murney looked a trifle anxious and stopped fanning. Jessica moved across the room with the brisk hopefulness of one who sees release ahead, and took from its place a wide, flapping hat of light straw over which a bunch of red poppies nodded. Then she stood before the glass and pinned this to her massed hair of satin black, her live hands showing white against it. But the full, lifted arms, shining through the airy texture of the white muslin sleeves, suggested rather a flesh-tinted vitality; and, when she turned and the column of her throat rose free and cool from a dress that hardly seemed finished at the neck, so indistinctly did the lattice-work of the yoke fray out into nothingness, you saw that she was dark, and that her hands had not been over white. You were reminded, too, possibly, if you had a trained eye, that she was a singer; for her deep, long breathing stirred the loose fullness of her dress at the swell of the bosom, and the red ribbon that marked the waist-line was not close-drawn.

Her mother wiped away with a damp handkerchief the moisture that the stopped fan had let gather on her brow.

"Sorry you won't come," said Jessica, stooping to kiss her. "I'm sure you would be cooler—"

"You are always sure of the good of going places," sighed Mrs. Murney. "In winter you must go out to keep warm, and in summer you must go out to keep cool."

Jessica's face pleaded guilty with a conceding smile; and, bending down playfully, she took her mother's hand in hers and started the fan going again. Then in a second she was straight and alert to be gone.

"Dinner at half-past six," Mrs. Murney reminded her from beneath the feathery zephyrs of the fanning.

"Oh, I know the rules of the 'pension,'" cried Jessica, moving toward the door. "'Ein mal klingen' for a 'zimmer madchen'; 'swei mal klingen for a—" But with a swift gentleness she had closed the door behind her.

In the Garten it was much cooler. She found a bench in the shade with an open mead stretching away before her, and at the right through the trees was the café where an orchestra played softly at times with long restful intervals. She could hear the voices of the people chatting over their tables, but distant and indistinct like voices in a dream. The deep green of the wood breathed upon her revivingly, and the book she had brought lay unopened on her lap. Occasionally people passed along the path; now a nurse in fresh Saxon costume with a hot, overdressed, protesting baby in her arms; now a wide perspiring German, with his still wider wife and full-cheeked little girl, seeking the haven of the café; now a couple of trim German officers, erect, tight-tunicked, brisk, looking as if they were heat-proof; and now two happy lovers, frankly hand in hand. But, for the most part, the path wound out of sight, empty and silent.

Presently, however, there came into view slowly, but unconquered, that man who among mortals is most calmly superior to his environment—a young English gentleman. He was in white flannels and canvas shoes, his trouser-legs turned up as if to flaunt in the face of this blinding sun the existence of a land where the vapours of earth banish it at will. He was hatless, his "straw" hanging down his back by

a cord, and his hands were in his coat-pockets. He came nearer; a smile relieved the reposeful firmness of his face —it was Mr. Hughes, her mother's vis-a-vis at the "pension" table.

"How plucky of you!" he said. "I thought that this tiresome heat would have kept everybody indoors."

"It is cooler here than at the house," she explained.

"Of course; but to get here"—and the weather being so well worth talking about, they gave it considerable attention.

But presently her picturesquely superlative condemnation of the heat awakened in him a latent instinct to defend his Europe against this daughter of another continent, and he mentioned that it was sometimes hot in New York, if he had not been misled.

"Yes, heat kills people in New York," she admitted promptly, "but they die happy, with ice on their lips—real ice," and she looked at him enquiringly to see if he knew what she meant, for the European has not learned that ice is "man's best friend" when the dog days relieve the dog of that role.

"I see," he said, "the best a New Yorker asks for a death-bed promise is plenty of ice," and he twinkled merrily upon her. She laughed her appreciation of his retort—a curious, rising, clear-toned laugh; and then said:—

"'Never touched me'—I'm not really a New Yorker. But that's slang, and you won't understand it."

He looked as if he were trying to look a little puzzled, and there was a conscious tolerance on his face. Slang in the abstract was "bad form," and no English gentleman could be guilty of it; but he had lived enough abroad to tolerate in others what he would condemn in his own people. Only, unhappily, his face showed it when he was in the act of tolerating.

"Now, I'll explain," said Jessica, settling her round-chinned face into a superficial sobriety beneath which merriment visably struggled.

"Oh, don't bother," he interjected. "I dare say I know what you meant."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" she laughed, the merriment breaking frankly through. "You English people cannot possibly comprehend slang officially, as it were; but you know what it means."

"Well, we do not encourage the use of slang," he said, with a touch of seriousness. "Perhaps it is because it is *our* language that it defaces. You Americans"—and he regarded her with a quizzical smile—"are only using a borrowed language, you know."

"A borrowed language!" she cried in surprise. And then after a moment's thought, while he still smiled on her in silence—"P'raps you're right. But you'll have to admit that we've oiled it up a good lot." And they both laughed together, she in challenge and he in unconvinced abandonment of the contest.

"You're not from New York then," he asked; and therewith put a question which the Murneys had not yet quite decided to answer, though on this occasion Jessica had thoughtlessly invited it by her joking disclaimer.

"Well, we are now," she said slowly, and then added, "but we used to live in the White Mountains."

"Why ever did you leave them?" he asked, with an Englishman's unconquerable preference for the country over the town.

"Slow," she said, mournfully, looking moodily at the yellow-hazed mead before them, vibrant with heat. "And then there was my singing."

"Ah! yes."

"But life in the mountains has its silver lining," she went on; and, with the furnace heat of that stifling day in their lungs, she told him of the broad verandah of her high-perched home, of their leisurely life and delicious devices for the fighting of summer, and then of her autumn rides through flame-tinted forests. It all seemed so much better to her in distant, foreign Dresden, than it had when its wide peace was a prison, and its vast quiet a soul-corroding dullness. But she would not have gone back to it, leaving the

tide of life for one of its quietest eddies, on any terms. As for Hughes, he found listening to the effortless, flowing speech of New England more pleasing than he would have said, though he was not attracted by the iced drinks, nor gave his sanction to much of the zig-zag English. Still, he was very conscious, at all events, of the rose that showed on her dark, full cheek, as the light of recollection played behind her eyes—it quickened his pulses, for some reason, as rose on a fair cheek never could have done. And the cool column of her throat—that drew his eyes so often that he set himself to keep them away from it. Staring at some one not a stranger to you was far from the correct thing.

Then Hughes talked of his England —not London, with its hurry and roar and soot-sowing air—but the soft, lush loveliness of rural England, where the waving landscape is full of wide fields, golden and green, marked off by the dark, rich lines of the fat hedges; and great trees march along mighty avenues or scatter themselves as comfortable giants might over a deer-dotted park, massing on the sky-line like a forest. But he spoke of it all without enthusiasm—though his eyes glistened at times. The village churches, he thought, were "rather fine," and it was "good fun punting on the Thames," and she should see some of the great houses when they were open and go to service in a cathedral. She knew by looking at him that he deemed England but very little lower than the home of the angels, yet that he would never say so unless someone said the contrary. English people abroad praise England chiefly by the indirect method of criticising other countries. This makes them popular with the natives.

"We have seen very little of England," said Jessica, "but we must before we go back."

"Yes," said Hughes simply, "I fancy you would like it."

She looked at him in half-doubt for a moment as he sat a-gaze at nothing, his sharply-outlined, clean-cut jaw seeming as if it were set in firmness, though it had plainly only the position of habitual repose. "We Americans," she began, "dote on England." Her face was the face of a girl who doted on things. "We read so much of it, you know—Dickens and—and that. Why do English people dislike us so?"

"Why—why!" ejaculated the astonished Hughes, turning toward her, "Why—we don't, you know."

"Oh, yes, you do," she insisted, with the desperate emphasis of one irretrievably embarked on a venturous contention. "I know it myself, and I've heard hundreds of Americans say so."

"Well, do you like us?" asked Hughes, unexpectedly, twinkling at her.

"Not—not always," she admitted, with that rising laugh of hers.

"Not often would be nearer the truth, wouldn't it?"

"Well, I must say that you don't usually try to make us like you," she blurted out in blunt defence. There was much red on the dark cheek now, and the eyes were on the quivering mead, quivering with it. Hughes, being thus unwatched, found it easy to look at her and so pleasant as she sat there, her quick-breathing form radiating a sensible femininity through her muslin dress that he quite forgot for the moment that politeness, if nothing else, demanded a reply from him to that last statement. But she did not forget, and presently she looked up resentfully—

"Americans," she said, "don't worry about it, you know; they just wonder at it."

"Oh, but," he exclaimed, coming to a sense of his omission, "that is not true of all English people—not of many English people. Now I like Americans very much. And then I thought it was they who universally disliked us."

"Now, honest," she said, holding her finger up at him, "don't you think we're queer?"

"No! no!" he protested sturdily, if not altogether without mendacity.

"Of course," he went on, "we are not exactly alike—we each have our notions and peculiarities. But—look here, Miss Murney," he suddenly broke in on his own laboured explanation, "we do criticise each other pretty freely, but you are the only people in the world we'd fight for on sentimental grounds, and I believe that if we were hard put to it you'd fight for us."

. . . . .

After a time the lengthening shadows warned Jessica that she must go back, and they agreed to walk together through the Garten, past the tennis courts and so down the wide Burgerwiese to their part of the city. And very delightful it was now with the first cooler breath of evening on the air, and the broadening belts of shade everywhere blotting out the yellow empire of the sun.

Straight, easy, athletic, paced the young Englishman with firm-set jaw and eyes that could laugh when the face did not. And light and borne up on a high tide of vitality walked Jessica, saying but little as they passed under the trees and by the much beshovelled sand-heaps provided by the municipality for the play of the children—yet seeming to Hughes by the very force of her personality to be tweaking at the cloak of his companionship every moment. Jessica long remembered the care-free elation of spirit that danced within her during this walk down the Burgerwiese. She had been rather lonely in Dresden, having all a vividly live girl's love of good company, male preferred; and Mr. Hughes seemed to fit her not too exacting need with some satisfaction. Then on the morrow came Herr Vogt's amazing revelation.

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Murney and Jessica had not been long in Dresden, but they did not conceal the fact that they had been quite a time in New York where Jessica had taken voice training. Some vague place in the White Mountains had been their home before that, and it was discernible, in a long conversation, that they feared it might be again. But in the meantime—in a tentative way—they called New York "home."

Dresden had drawn them because there the renowned vocal teacher, Herr Vogt, lived, and they had come in fear and trembling lest the great master should find that Jessica's laborious and costly New York training had merely wasted her time and damaged her voice. Many a girl had had such an experience—if the dictum of Europe is to be accepted. But from the first Herr Vogt was delighted with her voice. He had nothing to change—nothing to reconstruct; he had only to go on building. And it was a marvellous voice. Not a light, frivolous jingle of bells such as might dance to the castanets of comic opera; not even a rain of starry sweetness which so calls out and dazzles the very soul of one and then wings back to the stars without ever having so much as seen its worshipper on his knees; but a rich, pure, measureless outpouring, as human as a cry, as full as an organ, as high as the lark at morning.

But Herr Vogt was not satisfied. When he sat at the piano it followed his nervous touch up and up and down and down—it filled every note with the ease of a voice that was always at flood and never ran thin—it sang with the precision of the thoroughly trained. But "it"—the voice—did all this. Jessica stood, full-faced and at peace, emotionless beside it, an unmoved spectator.

He rumpled his hair and looked at her.

"Didn't I get that right?" she would ask genially.

"Yes, yes, Miss. Mein Gott, yes!" he would ejaculate, and then he would look at her harder than ever.

Crimson would creep into Jessica's face, a crimson that was not dissociated from temper, and she would ask herself with a little start of alarm if the rumply-haired, big-eyed German was not a trifle "wheely" in his upper story.

"Ach!" he would cry, turning to the piano with impatient fingers that banged out his perplexity on the white keys—keys that, like Jessica, were smooth and cold, but, like her, loosed the voice of music at his command.

The morning after Jessica's venture to the Grosser Garten, his bursting perplexity shattered his politeness—not a very difficult matter, though his kindness was indestructible—and he blurted out his wonder.

"I understand you not," he said in despair. "Vy are you alvays—zo—zo—" and he paused.

"So what?" demanded Jessica, about equally alarmed and indignant, for this was the putting into words of that incomprehensible stare which had disturbed her so long.

He shook his head until his hair floated loose. "Ach! how can I tell it?" Then turning to her with an effort at calm seriousness,

"You haf one heafenly voice. But haf you? Is it yours? It zings efery note in the zong—beauti-ful! But you—zing not one."

Jessica flushed, and Mrs. Murney stood up.

"You will me not understand," he wailed, and he trotted back and forth across the room. "Vy did I spoke?"

"I certainly do not," Herr Vogt," said Jessica; and her voice shook.

"Vell, it is this vise," he said, sawing the words off with a vibrant arm. "Your voice—is vell trained. But you—you do not the music feel—you do not lif her. You stand there and zing as if you vas a heafenly phonograph—I t'ink that is him—just tin and paint—just tin and paint."

"Why, Herr Vogt!" interjected the dumbfounded Jessica, storm in her eyes.

The protruding eyes of the German languished on her with sympathy, and he was miserably silent. Why had he ever been otherwise?

"You think I don't control my own voice?" she asked; and her tones indicated that breathing was a difficult operation.

He threw up his hands in a gesture of despair. "If you had me understood," he said sadly, "then you needed not me to spoke at all." Then he went on, as if in comfort—"But your voice!—it is the cry of a poetic sould you somevere in you haf. Be prout of that."

A close look would have shown tears just under the dark lashes of the girl; for the dictum of Herr Vogt was the word of authority, and not to be put aside with a pout. If he had said her voice needed training—that was to be expected—but this! Her voice sang, but she did not. There was "a poetic soul" within her, but it was not her soul. It gave her a weird feeling; and all the time the great man glared at her out of his bulging eyes as if she were a "freak" of some sort and he had paid his "mark" to see her. She put an ineffective question or two in an effort to pierce his meaning, but they seemed to fly wide of the elusive target.

"I know I'm nervous and frightened with you—" she began once, by way of explanation, but he stopped her with—

"Ah! the stand-stock-still person is nervous; but the sing-like-an-angel person, never-r! She know that she the equal of the highest hof-dame is."

So Jessica went back to the "pension" with this astounding notion whirling in her mind. What could Herr Vogt mean? Think as she would, she could not get a tangible hold on it. It was not that she could not sing when she wanted to; that was too absurd. It seemed to be, indeed, that she sang very well, but did not act her songs. Possibly it was facial expression that she lacked; but, if so, why had not Herr Vogt said just that? Then she remembered that she often attained more expression when singing in public; and she regretted that she had not told Herr Vogt this. That might have satisfied him.

Another memory came linked to this. Sometimes when singing before a large and sympathetic audience, she seemed to lose herself—her usually keen consciousness became blurred—the audience and the occasion faded and she

lived only in the song. This she had always put down to excitement; but now she recalled, with a queer catch at the heart, that at such moments she did seem to "lif her music," as Herr Vogt would say, in a way entirely new to her. Was this "the poetic soul" that Herr Vogt fancied she had within her?

■

CHAPTER III

"Pension" Lüttichau was not properly a German "pension," for dinner was at night and not at mid-day; but on the other hand, there was cooked fruit, and not salad, with the joint. The late dinner was a concession to the touch-and-go tourist who did not like the drowsy effect of a heavy meal at high noon; but the lower pressure traveller, to whom German opera at a few "marks" was a sought-for temptation, could have a supper at five which enabled him to be in his seat for the rise of the curtain at half-past six. The German goes to the opera when an Englishman goes to his dinner; and both alike growl at interrupters.

Luncheon on this particular day had begun with a stew of some sort, and a monologue on old crockery by the lady from Maine, who had discovered that early cups were handleless and was inordinately proud of the knowledge; but now a dear old Irish lady with white hair and a white lace cap with a large pale-green bow in front, was saying in answer to a question that she belonged to "that tabooed race, the Irish," and proceeded to tell of an experience many years old in the London "underground," when an English lady was afraid to talk to her least she should bring out some dynamite then and there with deadly results. She lifted her wrinkled hands with an admirable imitation of a tremor as she repeated the English lady's—"Y-you go first, please!" when they were leaving the train.

"You have been at Delft?" Herr Werner, an erect German whose whole head—face, hair, poise—suggested light, now asked of the lady from Maine, reverting to her crockery "hobby."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I have stayed there, and I have taken a good deal of Delft ware home. A man in the museum at Amsterdam told me—"

"Where did you stay in Amsterdam?" broke in a nervous middle-aged woman, who was over with her married daughter, and seemed to think that the chief end of European travel was to get safely from one "pension" to another.

"Well," replied the lady from Maine, "we have stayed at several places there—"

"Give me one good 'pension'—that will oblige us very much," said her questioner.

"We generally stay at a hotel," went on the Maine lady, largely, "but this last trip we have tried some 'pensions,' and we like them very well—very well, indeed."

Frau Lüttichau, sitting at the head of the table, looked up at this with an expression that would have spelled impatience on any face but that of the racially patient.

"I knew a man once," volunteered a Scotch gentleman, with a merry twinkle about the eyes, "who, when asked where to stay in Amsterdam, always said, 'Any Dam hotel,' which greatly shocked—"

"Malcolm! why will you repeat that story?" broke in his wife with a feeble smile.

"There, my dear!" he exclaimed tragically, "You cut off the poor man's apology."

"Your friend's remark reminds me of the Bad hotels in Germany you see advertised everywhere," contributed the Maine lady's husband.

Herr Werner turned impatiently toward him. "Do you know," he said, "that 'bad' means bath?"

"Does it?" asked the American, with as innocent an expression of countenance as a twitching pair of eyelids would permit. "I always thought it was a piece of your boasted German honesty."

American foolery was not included

in Herr Werner's philosophic chart of life, so he met the explanation with a look of open disgust, and mentally recorded another case tending to show the ignorant superficiality of tourists.

"That's the explanation of Malcolm's joke," now said Malcolm's wife, seizing the opportunity. "The Dam is the great square in Amsterdam, and many good hotels—"

"That was hardly necessary," interrupted Malcolm sharply; "everybody knows that."

"Everybody hasn't been to Amsterdam," said his wife, with the manner of submitting meekly to his rebuke—a manner quite contradictory to the matter of her remark.

"The two things that Amsterdamers are most proud of," said Mr. Hughes, "is that they have the biggest drink and the biggest place to drink it in in the world."

"Did ye never see the devil's punch-bowl in Ireland?" asked the old Irish lady, with a patriotic glow.

"But that was for the devil's use," expostulated Hughes, "and no Irishman ever got a taste of it—unless," he added as an afterthought—"you claim his Satanic Majesty as a fellow-countryman."

The old blue eyes looked up a-glint with mischief. "Arrah!" she said, "Irishmen are quite used to have foreigners drain not only their punch-bowls, but their country, dry."

"You mean that bar in Amsterdam" asked the lady from Maine, turning to Hughes, "where they fill your glass so full you have to stoop down and drink a little before you can lift it without spilling?"

"Yes; and the great Krasnapolsky café."

"I've been to them both," announced the lady from Maine, with airy satisfaction. "Many go to Amsterdam, and don't," she went on. "It's my mission in life to hunt up and show people characteristic sights. Now, there's the Meissen factory near here. How many—" But conversation broke out all along the table at the sound of her voice, pitched at the familiar monologue key.

Mrs. Murney and Jessica sat about half-way down the left side of the table, and opposite them were Mr. Hughes and Herr Werner, the erect German.

"Did you go to the lesson this morning?" Herr Werner now asked Jessica.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never miss that."

"Ah! of course," said Herr Werner. "It must be a great pleasure to you."

"It's hard work," laughed Jessica; "and that's right."

Herr Werner turned to his plate. This American girl had puzzled him from the first, and now he had about given over all effort to solve the problem. When she sang, she drew the inner soul out of him, and he—a true son of German romanticism—felt that he could die for very love of her. But when she talked, every sentence seemed a sacrilege—a desecrating blow at the ideal of her he had formed. How such a girl could sing with such a voice—that was the maddening perplexity. For a time he was spasmodically in love with her when she sang, and full of antipathy for her when she didn't, but now he felt that he had about cured the spasms.

"Jessica had an unpleasant experience this morning," said Mrs. Murney, "which may send us to another music teacher."

"May we be told of it, Miss Murney?" asked Mr. Hughes; and Jessica, glad to get another sane mind on the affair, gave a dry-humoured account of Herr Vogt's outbreak.

"Those musical chaps get 'daffy' sometimes," was Mr. Hughes' comment.

Herr Werner had watched her as she talked with intense interest. It seemed, then, he said to himself, that he had been right in deeming the casket unfitted to the jewel.

"You must not think that all foolishness, Miss Murney," he now said gravely. "Your voice has always told me of something I did not see in you."

Jessica, as might be guessed, had a temper of her own; and it flamed out at this. The great Herr Vogt was to be endured, but hardly every German who went "batty." So she turned to Mr. Hughes with—

"My voice, it seems, is getting many compliments at my expense."

Hughes nodded. He had a well-bred man's talent for silence.

The Scotchman had lived long in India, and this touch of the occult in Jessica's two personalities set him talking of the "faquirs" there, whose work, he said, made all similar tricks in the European world look like child's-play.

"They have secrets of mental phenomena there," observed Herr Werner, "that we have no trace of."

"They are the cleverest cheats living, that's all," replied the Scotchman with a Briton's contempt for things outside of Adam Smith and Paley's Theology.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the lady from Maine.

"I believe in banshees," interrupted the old Irish lady in her mellow brogue.

"I lived near Belfast for ten years," observed the Scotch gentleman, "and I never even heard of one," and he looked conscious of his disposal of that question.

"Belfast!" said she of the white cap and green bow, scornfully, "Belfast is not properly Irish."

"I presume the proper Irish are farther south," he rejoined a little satirically.

"No; the improper Irish," said the old lady; and there was satisfaction in her eye.

"Well," rippled on the lady from Maine, "I don't know much about banshees, but years ago I made a collection of the ghosts that walk in the castles of Europe, and it was most interesting. Now, there's the 'white lady of—"

But Frau Lüttichau had risen, and the various tourists were practising their "Mahlzeit" on each other, the foreigners with a laugh, the Germans with a polite and kindly gravity.

"Come to my room," said the lady from Maine, linking her arm through Jessica's. "I want to show you some of those handleless cups. I'm going to smuggle them through the New York customs as broken crockery, ain't I, Sam?" turning to her husband.

"You may be," said "Sam," "but I'm not. I've turned honest. Do you know what she did with me one year?" he asked Jessica.

"No."

"Well, I was runnin' over home without her, and she filled my trunk up with her bargains—lady's stockings, new petticoats, and that sort of thing—and never told me a word about it. Of course I took my solemn oath that I had nothing but my own clothing in my trunk, and then they searched it and found all these things. Gee-whiskers!"

"Come along," said the lady from Maine to Jessica. "I'll get 'em in. I just answer questions. Unless they ask me if I've got any handleless cups, I won't tell 'em."

CHAPTER IV

Jessica was indignant every time she thought during the next few days of Herr Vogt's extraordinary attempt to pronounce a divorce between herself and her voice; but it was an indignation tempered by momentary misgivings that there might possibly be something in the notion after all. Of course, when she swung about to squarely face such a misgiving, it disappeared. She knew that it was her voice. You might as well tell her that that plump, flexible member was not her hand. It was just Herr Vogt's exaggerated, foreign way of saying that she lacked animation. And she would turn away disgusted from the subject, only to feel the "misgiving" lean over her shoulder, and in a whisper recall memories of times when, while singing under some excitement, that strange other consciousness did seem to arise in her and take her voice out of her own keeping—a conscious-

ness that realized the poetry of her music as she (Jessica) had never done.

Well, what was more likely than that the voicing of splendid music amidst the sympathetic silence of a great many other people, all their minds following with hers the sweep of the composer's thought, should stir her imagination if she had any? A fig for such a misgiving as that!

As for Herr Vogt, he made no further reference to his outbreak, but contented himself with touching her voice here and there reverently—if with a hopeless melancholy — as an artist might polish a roughness or two from a great statue, which somehow lacked the essential similitude of life.

A week went by, and then Jessica had a weird, disquieting, exasperating experience. She was sitting in the "pension" drawing-room one afternoon alone, when Herr Werner drifted in in his usual, aimless way, and after making her a formal, silent, smileless bow, sat down at the book-case where he tumbled over the familiar collection —English, German, French—in search of something to read. They had by now practically ceased trying to talk to each other; they could find no common meeting ground. To him she was not only uninteresting, but a perpetually keen disappointment. Why was she not the woman who sang with her voice? As for Jessica, she told her mother that they "bored each other at sight."

After a time the impatient fingers of the German finding nothing in the bookcase fitted to his mental mood, and Jessica having become absorbed in her romance—one of Mr. Anthony Hope's black-and-white sketches of sanguinary *sang froid*—he shook his luminous head as if flinging off a burden, and, striding to the piano, began playing without permission or apology.

Mr. Hope's hero was at the moment riding up a lonely road at mad speed with a haughty lady to serve and a cynical villain to thwart, and, as Herr Werner played on, Jessica was swept more and more into the spirit of the wild race. She was so little conscious of the effect of the music upon her, however, that she thought it all her interest in a splendid story, until Herr Werner suddenly silenced his mounting, hoof-beat melody and let his fingers wander softly among the minor keys. Then a sadness fell upon her and she let the book slip to her lap. All in a flash she knew that it was the music her mind had been following and not the tale, and that it had been no mere listening to the music with the cold, critical ear she usually turned upon another's performance. She shook herself out of the mood and picked up her story. But the melancholy of the music seemed to smother her attention, and, in spite of her resolve, something within her was listening—not reading. Then as she gave herself, through sheer pleasure in it, more and more to its sad magic, the liquid harmonies began to paint for her shadowy, shifting pictures. It did not occur to her in her new mood to think that she did not see them—it seemed rather that she had always seen them when certain sounds lapped at her ear. Now when the music mourned, she — the unromantic, unimaginative Jessica Murney—saw across a sullen river a dark glade and within it rose a white bier bearing a white form, and about the bier the tall cypresses kept silent guard. Then the music strengthened and swelled to a deep, sweet content, and the still cypresses broadened into spreading elms, touched by light summer airs, and the white bier was a tall white lady resting in the shade while little children played quietly by the brink of the river, no longer sullen but sparkling in the sunlight. Then the music spread its wings and soared toward the zenith, and the white lady was a white snow peak and the elms a fringe of pines far below, and the river she could hear falling through crystal caverns of eternal ice. And now the music sank as if tired to the vale of rest, and the white lady walked deep in the shadow of the pines upon the silent carpet of their slow sowing by the side of the winding brook.

She—the prosaic—saw all this, as

one sees a distant view through a thin haze, and yet she was not singing. When Herr Werner stopped, the vision slowly faded, and when her mother came in, a few minutes later, almost the memory of it was gone.

As for Herr Werner, he had never even looked at her. When her mother entered with much talk about "the too lovely things" she had just seen in the shops bubbling over at her lips, he stopped leafing over some music he had found on the piano since his fingers had rested from the erratic melody, and walked, erect, out of the room, wholly unconscious of the effect of his playing.

For days this experience haunted Jessica like a guilty secret. She told no one of it, not even her mother, and it gave her a new reluctance to speak of Herr Vogt's uncanny theory. There were hours when, if it had not been for the shame of it and the steadying effect of the wholesome companionship of Mr. Hughes—of which she had come to have not a little—she would have fled this bewildering German Dresden which had made music a religion and —to her New England eyes—religion a spectacle, and now put her in doubt of her own identity.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HUNTER

HE is out and in the open by breaking of the day,
He hath a steady eye and deadly aim,
He doth not heed the birds or beasts that cross his errant way,
For he's after bigger game.

No Indian wears more proudly his trophies stiff and stark,
Than he the hearts that dangle at his belt;
But Dan Cupid stops to kiss each forlorn and grievous mark
That his rosy hands have dealt.

His weapons are old-fashioned—his absurdly small and gay,
His trail lies through the country and the town,
And when he sights his quarry, the wise are those who say:
"Do not shoot—for we'll come down."

The sphinx he doth out-riddle, this hunter after hearts—
His triumphs have been said and have been sung—
Yet still he goes a-hunting, with his bow and feathered darts,
Just as when the world was young.

Virna Sheard

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S AUDIT*

By J. L. McDougall, Auditor-General of Canada

AUDITING and complaining keep close to one another; but I would not have you suppose that I have not had some exceptional aids in the people's service. Some cherished schemes which appeared to justify hope for their success, failed from want of support, where absence of interest was not looked for. On the other hand, there was the co-operation of persons without whom the Audit Act must have been inoperative.

I was appointed in August, 1878, by the Mackenzie Government, of which I had been a strong, although not prominent supporter. That Government having been overwhelmingly defeated in less than two months thereafter, I had some ground to expect to have added to the inevitable difficulties of inaugurating a system of Parliamentary Audit for the Dominion, the suspicion of not being disposed to belittle the weaknesses of late opponents.

I cannot understand the man who has been associated with a political party for years, who, as long as he is one of them, does not see the faults of his fellows a little smaller than they are and their good qualities as virtues. Yet it should have appeared to nine men out of ten, if placed in my position, as it did to me, perfectly natural to throw political feeling quite to one side when entrusted with the duty of holding the scales evenly in dealing with the expenditure of the nation. That is, after a full view of the work to be done was obtained.

I must say at once that, not only had I not the suspicion of political bias to contend with, but I had the active support of the powerful Chieftain who had just succeeded to the headship of the Government. Two incidents occur to me which show his lightness of touch:

I went to him once to get his aid in preventing some expenditure. I said: "Sir John, that wouldn't do the Government any good."

"No, no, you are quite right. It would only give rascally Grits like you a ground to run up and down the concessions abusing us. You can always count upon my helping you. Be sure to use me when anything like that occurs."

On another occasion I asked him to agree to the office having three chief clerks instead of one. He answered without a moment's delay:

"You have a reputation for economy. You know that you have always my support. Why do you come to me? Go to Foster and the rest." A few days after I had reason to see Mr. Foster about something else. As soon as I entered his room he smiled and asked what I had done to Sir John.

"About what?"

"Your chief clerks."

"He said he would support me, and told me to see you and his other colleagues."

"That isn't what he told us. He said we must do what you wanted."

You will probably say what everybody else says: "Didn't you see that he was humbugging you?" I knew that he was turning me inside out. But there was something strangely pleasant to feel that one was operated upon by a surgeon so skilful that there wasn't a scar left!

His having always treated me with full confidence is a subject of my most grateful recollections.

To show how warmly I was assisted in the same direction by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who, it is true, was my personal friend if my political opponent, while we were in Parliament together, let me say that it was a common practice of his, when on his way from the western block to the Council Chamber in the eastern, to call at my office and

*An address before the Canadian Club, Toronto, November, 1902.

say quite abruptly: "What the devil are you doing now?"

"About what?"

"About so and so."

After my explanation he would usually add "Ah! that isn't quite as I heard it. Perhaps you aren't very far wrong."

In nearly all of these cases, which, as I mention, were quite frequent, he made the explanation in Council with the effect which might be expected. On one occasion the question was: "Why do you treat us differently—on a certain point—from what you did your own friends during the time they were in office, after you began your work here?" The answer was: "I did not begin the duty here with an undertaking that I knew everything about how all the parts of the work should be done. I did what my experience and judgment told me was right. As soon as I changed my mind I changed my practice. What do you do when you find you are on the wrong road, do you follow it or change to the right at once?" His reply came immediately: "There is nothing more to be said."

The first time I met him after the election of 1887, he said: "I have found out at last that there is some use to be made of you. When I was conducting my campaign, an opponent charged me with having caused an improper payment to be made." He said: "I answered, now Tom, you are an infernal Grit, but the Auditor-General is a worse one if possible, and he delights in letting the public see all our little sins. Wouldn't he have had this one, with the rest, in his book, if it had ever been committed?" He added: "I had the fellow that time."

I naturally cannot restrain the tendency to acknowledge my obligations to this straightforward politician whenever his name is mentioned in my hearing. He seems to have the intuitive faculty of being on the honest side wherever money is involved.

Let me ask you to go back to 1878 and consider the nature of the problem which had to be solved in inaugurating a Parliamentary Audit.

At first, I formed but a very meagre notion of what the problem really was; but it was there nevertheless. Part of the solution has not yet been completed, but we have now sufficiently clear notions of its full extent, to conclude that what has been done is altogether in the right direction, and to define much of what remains to be done.

If the Auditor is not called the Comptroller as well, as he is in England, the fact that he really has the duties of a Comptroller, enables him not only to do important work as such, but supplies means of incalculable usefulness in performing the functions of Auditor both as to thoroughness and economy.

A public servant, like any other servant, although engaged for a special duty, is a faithful servant, only when his eyes are open to the general interests of his master, as well as to the special.

While to carry out the duties of control, the Audit Office sees that there is Parliamentary authority for the expenditure, and that the expenditure goes through the hands of the duly authorized. In connection with the Audit side of its work, it has to see that the money eventually reaches the hands of those who have earned it, and to the extent to which it has been earned. Now if there are any means of expediting the payment to those who have earned it, or of preventing the diverting to their own use of public money, by those public servants through whose hands it must pass before reaching the public creditor, or of showing by easy, simple means that the public creditor has received the payment, instead of by roundabout cumbrous methods, it is our duty to adopt such methods.

There are two general methods of making payments: 1st, by Receiver-General's cheques, and 2nd, by cheques drawn under Letters-of-Credit.

Receiver-General's cheques are, as a rule, confined in their issue to payments for contracts of magnitude on monthly estimates, and to repayments of the banks, chiefly the Bank of Montreal, for Letter-of-Credit cheques issued by the Departments at Ottawa, or

their servants in remote parts of the Dominion.

Cheques of all kinds are made payable to the order of the public creditor. Why? Because his endorsation shows better than any special receipt that he has received the amount, and because no one through whose hands it might necessarily pass, could withhold any part of the amount.

Shortly after I began my duties, a public employee of my acquaintance, resident out of Ottawa, visited the city and informed me that his principal object was to get his salary which was several months in arrear. I said: "Your receipts have been sent in through the paymaster." He told me that the receipts were handed to the paymaster, to enable the latter to close his accounts, but that the money had not passed. Needless to say, there was an early stopping of the issuing of receipts which had not the meaning which they were supposed to have. Entire reliance for the evidence of payment is placed now upon the cheques payable to order.

There is much more use of the Letter-of-Credit system than would at first sight seem consistent with a careful safeguard of the public purse from improper payment. The public mind is greatly startled when information reaches it that there is payment before audit. But anyone can see that a most important step has been made if payment without delay accompanies a process which removes the most important dangers of irregularity.

Credits are never issued to a single person, except when there is a choice only between issuing a credit to him for advances to himself, as may be required, and issuing a direct cheque at once for the whole amount of the credit.

The credit is in the name of two public servants of prominence, generally the deputy of the department and the accountant, or such substitutes as may be entrusted with the performance of their duties under Order-in-Council, generally during their absence. Credits are issued, where payments are required to be made at distant points and without delay, to permanent officials.

Now, it seems manifest that we cannot hold the bank, on which the credits issue, for any improper amount, unless its neglect were most palpable. You will, therefore, enquire what is the justification for giving so much latitude.

1st. The credits being to men of prominence, who are presumably intellectual and otherwise reliable, the first source of confidence is secured;

2nd. To bring about misappropriation, it would be necessary that both should be dishonest, and that one of them should suggest the dishonest action to the other, and therefore put himself in the hands of the latter;

3rd. A cheque once drawn, the amount of it cannot be refunded, and therefore the amount of a cheque cannot be simply borrowed;

4th. At the end of the month a statement of cheques drawn, giving the number of each and the amount, is sent to the Audit Office for repayment to the bank;

5th. Under this system there is no money to be accounted for by the disbursing officers;

6th. They have the means of paying without having any money to handle;

7th. There is therefore no fear that, if a statement of vouchers is not sent in, it is because the holders of the credit have to account for money which has been used by themselves.

The best evidence of the success of the method in the one respect of its security against defalcations, is that none has occurred, so far as I can recollect.*

It is true that, with no other protection, the credits might be used to pay sums after the appropriations had been exhausted, and they might be used to pay sums to which the Audit Office would object, if application were made for a Receiver-General's cheque.

* This was written before the Martineau case occurred. It is not advisable that a complete explanation should be made while the investigation is unfinished; but I have full confidence that the public mind will be soon satisfied that a similar case will not occur again.

How are these irregularities guarded against?

1st. An Order-in-Council was passed several years ago that the accountant of a department, before he signs a cheque, to be charged to an overdrawn appropriation, must draw the attention of his deputy in writing to the fact that it is overdrawn, which, as can be seen by any one, on a little reflection, practically prevents the occurrence except in the case of error;

2nd. The Auditor-General under Section 30 of the Audit Act has the responsibility of passing, or declining to pass, the application for a credit, and, therefore, has the duty of determining the classes of payments which are to be made from the credit. He has also the duty of determining whether any special payment, which is under consideration by the department, is to be reserved and to come up for audit and examination before payment, by the department's making an application for a Receiver-General's cheque. Your remark may be—but when the credit is issued without restriction, the cheques issued will be accepted by the bank which knows nothing of any difference of opinion in the departments. True, but if the department is tempted to issue a cheque under such circumstances, as has several times happened, the fact becomes known very shortly afterwards to the Audit Office and another credit to that department is withheld, until an understanding has been arrived at—which will prevent the issue of another similarly irregular cheque. You will observe that it is always open to a department to appeal to the Treasury Board against the decision of the Auditor-General declining to pass the application for a Receiver-General's cheque. Therefore, the country is safe from any want of painstaking and full consideration on the part of the Audit Office, so far as the recognized court of appeal can make it.

The Audit Office is now giving attention to modifications which might be made in the public interest as to the classes of subjects which should come under the Letter-of-Credit, and those which should be dealt with by Receiver-General's cheque.

I look upon this control of the Auditor-General upon the issuing of credits as absolutely essential to a rational working of our system. The best evidence that the system is sufficiently elastic to provide for early and accurate payment, is that differences have been adjusted without long delay or serious friction.

It is naturally alarming to feel ourselves placed, should those with whom we have to deal be obstinate, in a position where the choice is between losing the control contemplated by Parliament and recommended by common-sense on the one hand, and bringing about the great inconvenience involved in stopping the departmental credit. More than one occasion of that nature occurred while the late Government was in power. I communicated my fears to Sir John Thompson and Mr. Foster, who answered me in a similar spirit: "You have the matter in your own hands. Perform your duty." That settled the matter during their regime.

I shall not dwell so long on the audit of the revenue.

Reliance, in this case, is mainly on requiring daily deposits where there is a bank, if the collections are more than $25, on encouraging payment by cheque to the order of the collector where the payments are usually large, and on blank receipt books consecutively numbered, and insisting upon the handing of a receipt to each depositor. Then there is the right to make, from time to time, test audits, without notification of course.

There is always the protection, where large collections are made, that one employee affords against another.

In this case also a full analysis is given in the report of the transactions of the previous fiscal year.

The office has had difficulties with the Ministers. One of them, the petition to Parliament for what I thought justice to the staff demanded, obtained marked publicity at the time; but it

did the office no permanent injury, mainly because the prominent newspapers which generally supported the Government, but had independent leanings, like the Toronto *Telegram*, the Montreal *Star*, and the Ottawa *Journal*, said I was right. If these, as well as the Montreal *Witness* and the Kingston *Whig*, knew how much comfort they gave to me at different times and under differing circumstances!

This brings me to the consideration of the importance of having stereotyped the progress made in widening or amending our principles, to suit the character of our people and their several callings and progress. Lines of practice which were arrived at by interviews with Mr. Foster and Sir John Thompson, particularly with the latter as Minister of Justice, but which were not put on record, had to be fought out again when they went out of office, and not always successfully.

My nominal predecessor in office, Mr. John Langton, would have filled the position successfully but that he was hampered with another duty, that of Deputy Minister of Finance. This involved the spending of public money, and, from the beginning of the time when he held the dual position, prevented his being a zealous critic of the expenditure. It ended in his giving up the audit portion of the duties altogether.

It may therefore be assumed that, without any recent actual experience in Canada of a Parliamentary audit, the Act passed before I was appointed, was not in every respect what experience of to-day says it should now be.

It may not be generally known that a Parliamentary Audit, without which the freedom of no country is assured, owes its origin in Canada to Edward Blake, that wonderful man who works like a slave on every detail of anything which he takes up, and yet grasps a subject with the greatest quickness.

As I said, experience has now shown that important amendments are required in the Audit Act.

I have drawn up, with legal assistance, a bill which would bring down the law, if the bill were adopted by Parliament, to our present practice and make some other changes which, as it appears to me, would round off our system. This bill will be found in the Audit Office Report of 1898, immediately after the title-page.

It seems not revolutionary to ask for fairly full amendments twenty-five years after the passage of the Act under which the system was inaugurated. However, with this, as with some other points to which I purpose referring, if any change is to be made, the move must begin with the Opposition of the day, not because the Opposition belongs to a particular party, but because it is out of power.

The existing Government has never a political inducement, at least a temporary inducement, to expose to public view the weaknesses of its transactions, which might otherwise remain unobserved.

Then it seems more difficult to understand how the Opposition neglects its duty on another point, one where it appears to accord entirely with its political interest to support the Auditor. I refer to the sifting before the Public Accounts Committee of every case in which the Treasury Board has overruled the decision of the Auditor-General during the previous fiscal year. It is possible that, as these cases extend in their effect in almost every instance beyond the person directly affected, it may be expected to reach the political friends of the Opposition who happen to be in the permanent service, but the Opposition might as well drop at once the effort to find out who is affected, or who is not. Remember, I am not contending that the Opposition should enter on the consideration of such questions with a determination to make the Government appear wrong and the Auditor right, or even with a tendency to allow its natural desire in that direction to affect it. The decisions of the Public Accounts Committee should, as far as possible, settle

the matters for all time, and should be free from bias.

I take pleasure in testifying to the obligations which the Audit system has been under to the Conservative Government, when suspicion might have been expected to take the place of the confidence which was given. It is also my duty to acknowledge the absence on the part of the present Government of any display of expectation that there should be a convenient blindness on the part of the Audit Office to such slips in the affairs of Government as it is the duty of the Audit Office to endeavour to prevent, when possible, and when not possible, to make public; and to take such other means as may assist in preventing their recurrence. Apparently the new Government did not expect that there should be any marked difference in our work from what it was in the time of their predecessors. However, if the strength of the Audit Office as compared to departments is visible to all, there is a weak side, which always exists, though not so visible. The head of the office cannot be successfully told at any moment that his services are no longer required, and his assistants hold office quite independently of the Government, until he suspends or dismisses them. This is the strength of the office. On the other hand, there is the weakness that the appointments to the Audit Office are made by the Government. When a complaint is made of the inefficiency or harshness of the Audit Office, there is a temptation to which the Government sometimes yields of saying: "We are surprised to find that the honourable gentleman has forgotten that the Audit Office is entirely independent of the Government." The member of the Government who makes that answer forgets that, although the Auditor-General makes promotions in his office when the money is available to provide for the promotions, he is powerless to initiate the proceedings by which Parliament makes the money available. Then money for new appointments must be available before the appointments can be made. The appointment itself must also begin with the Government. After the money has been voted, no matter whether the Government is Conservative or Liberal, the only information which seems to retain a resting-place in the mind of the Minister is how the political interest of the party will be suited by the appointment of such a person. It is not very encouraging to the man who is entrusted with important public interests, and who is supposed to be supplied with every means of guarding them, to find that, while there are plenty of intelligent, industrious, well-informed young men, fitted in every way for the duties to be performed, belonging even to families who support the Government, no means can be had of getting employment for them, while dull, badly informed and otherwise unsuited applicants are the only persons who will be permitted to enter the service.

Surely the people can agree to differ upon Free Trade and Protection and yet agree upon the simple proposition that a young man entering the public service should be selected for the probability of his being a successful public servant, in the interests of the State. It is therefore of the greatest consequence that the politics of all the public servants should be unknown and that reliance should be placed for advancement solely upon their fitness. A competitive system, while not necessarily providing in each instance the man who will prove the most successful practical clerk or administrator, will in the long run provide the best average man, and will be the means of freeing the person selected from being tacked on to a particular man or party, to be an official godfather to him whenever a vacancy occurs in a rank above his.

The public service, as it now is, and must remain, if no change in the mode of appointment is made, is a place for mediocrities and tends to develop mediocrity. If we had independent, reliable tests, a self-respecting spirit would be developed which would result in the showing as much consideration for those who had lost the day as for those who had gained it.

While in this connection let me allude to the salary question. I agree that the country pays too much for the services performed, but the individual salaries are too small for efficient and steady service.

The routine service which requires accuracy, should receive at least as great remuneration as such services receive outside. This, as I think, is where the greatest leak takes place. Under the present system of political patronage, the man who tells his country constituents that the Dominion is being ruined by the number of idle officials who are to be found everywhere in Ottawa except behind their desks, comes to Ottawa and presses the Minister to make more appointments. Now, the clerk who has only half a day's work is much more likely to shirk it altogether than is the man who has a full day's work, to leave any of it undone.

It is both better and cheaper to have the whole work well done by a $1,000 man than to have it badly and only partly done by two seven hundred dollar employees.

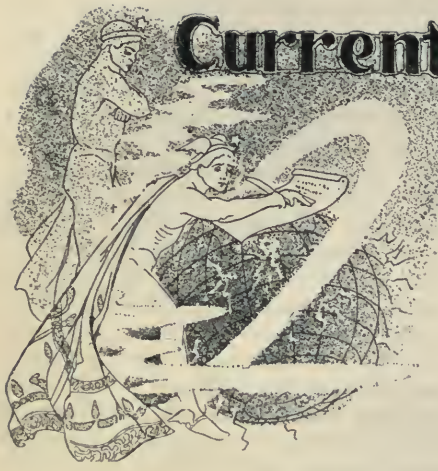
No doubt the most poorly paid servants of the people are the Ministers themselves; but they are a distinct class with whom a permanent clerk's treatment has no connection.

You ask me what is the principal requirement in good auditing. I answer: Be just and fear not. A successful auditor must be very careful to make few errors, but must admit his own error as soon as he finds it out. He must accept no favours of any kind and enjoy no perquisites. Indeed, he can scarcely make a friend of any person outside of those who are dependent on him. He must, however, accommodate in every way, short of irregularity, those who have public business with him. If he cannot always consistently do what people want, he must lose no time in doing it when he can. He must, under similar circumstances, treat one man or department exactly as he does another. The Auditor-General who would not do what was legal and honest must inevitably despise himself. He carries this person who despises him around with him all the time and everywhere. This constant companion counts as one man only, but he is more to him than all the rest of the world. Talk about a man being courageous! There is nothing in that, so far as my experience goes. Take up a thing, and see what duty demands. At first sight to do the right thing may be unpopular. That view may take up the most of one's attention at first, but soon it has no place at all.

Under no circumstances would my successor begin where I did; but naturally the head of an office which has made much progress during his tenure is supposed to have had much to do with that progress, and some of the usefulness must go with him and remain until the new man shows his strength.

We have come to a point in our existence when it is becoming daily more dangerous to leave undone anything that may be conducive to the permanence of the sound advancement which has been made. Would it not be wise to suggest to one of the financial Opposition members that he should take the Audit Office and its surroundings into his special care, and, as a part of his work, look over the suggested Audit Act, which he will find as indicated above?

An Auditor of Dominion Accounts who confined his scope to the seeing that, at all costs, the revenue was all collected and was properly spent, would work within a much narrower sphere than is necessary, and would deprive himself of much of his pleasure and usefulness, without contributing greatly to the strictness and accuracy of his supposed regular line of duties. The Auditor should always keep in view that the man in Charlottetown or Dawson who has a claim against the Government deserves the same consideration to his interests as the man who resides at the capital. If he is a permanent official, no matter in which of the places he is located, he receives his salary when due through a pay-list certified by the Audit Office.



Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

FOR almost nine months, John Hay, Secretary of State for the United States, was engaged in negotiating a treaty between his country and the United States of Colombia. The progress was slow, and at times the United States officials thought that the Panama Canal was not likely to become their property, and that it might be necessary to turn to Nicaragua for a passage-way across Central America. German influence was behind Colombia's tardiness, and Colombia owed considerable money in Germany.

The pressure from the United States was great, and a promise of protection may have been made, and finally Columbia yielded. The price of the yielding is $10,000,000 and ample guarantees under a treaty which has since been ratified in the United States Senate by a vote of seventy-three to five.

But this treaty has a wider significance, apparently. The United States guarantees the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthmus and free transit from one sea to the other. On the other hand, by article 6, Colombia agrees not to cede or lease to any foreign government any of its islands or harbours within or adjacent to the Bay of Panama, nor on the Alantic coast of Colombia between certain points for the purpose of establishing fortifications, naval or coaling stations, military posts, docks or other works. The United States

"agrees to give Colombia the material support that may be required in order to prevent the occupation of said islands and ports, guaranteeing them the sovereignty, independence and integrity of Colombia."

Thus the United States has begun to widen the Monroe Doctrine and assume the duty of guaranteeing protection to the Central and South American republics. This is emphasized by article 4, which runs as follows:

"The United States freely acknowledges and recognizes this sovereignty [of Colombia over the territory] and disavows any intention to impair it in any way whatever or to increase its territory at the expense of Colombia or of any of the sister republics in Central or South America, but on the contrary, it desires to strengthen the powers of the republics on this continent, and to promote, develop and maintain their prosperity and independence."

Surely this is an affirmation and extension of the Monroe Doctrine. When it is remembered that the Supreme Court of the United States has declared treaties to be the "supreme law of the land," it will be seen that this treaty is now part of United States law. In fact, Congress has incorporated an enlarged Monroe Doctrine into a statute. The principle has become a law for the first time. And this law goes so far as to affirm that the United States desires to strengthen the powers of the republics and to promote, develop and maintain their independence.

The significance of this treaty and of its affirmation by the United States Senate is that it is a statutory warning that there are to be no more European colonies in South America. The world may have thought this was the logical interpretation of the

Monroe Doctrine, but now it may be certain.

Germany has been encouraging settlement in South America, hoping, apparently, to obtain territory and influence there. The United States recognized this and saw fit to make a declaration which would be an unequivocal warning. It is for Germany to make the next move. Will she be content to be shut out forever from South America? Great Britain and France are not concerned, because they already have a foothold on this continent, acquired before President Monroe adopted a British statesman's suggestion and embodied it in a Doctrine.

THE ROSE-WATER VOLCANO EXTINGUISHER

—The Brooklyn Eagle

The Panama Canal will now be completed. The French company which originated it has already spent about $400,000,000 upon it. To this company, or its creditors, the United States will pay $40,000,000. To Colombia the United States pay $10,000,000. The further expenditure required by the United States will be at least $200,000,000. The total cost of the Canal will thus be over $600,000,000. The United States, however, gets possession for $250,000,000, the balance being lost by the French investor.

The Panama Canal will thus be the most expensive in the world. The Suez Canal cost only a bagatelle in comparison, viz.: $100,000,000. The Welland Canal cost $24,000,000, the Lachine Canal $11,000,000; while the total cost of Canada's nineteen canals has been only a little more than $80,000,000. Of course, the Panama Canal is not finished yet, and before it is, the figures may be larger than the estimate.

In the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June, 1902, Captain Carstairs, a Canadian, outlined what Britain was doing in West Africa, especially in Nigeria, and described an expedition which pierced through the territory surrounding the rivers tributary to the Gulf of Guinea. Later in the year a further expedition was undertaken under Sir Frederick Lugard. This consisted of only 839 men, but arms, British discipline, British leadership and British prestige made this a very powerful force. It again pierced through Nigeria and beyond into the land occupied by the Hausas, a powerful Mahomedan people. The capital of this district was Sokoto, and this was captured and occupied by the British column. By the success of this expedition, Great Britain has completed the assertion of her authority over the five hundred thousand square miles of Nigeria and its teeming population, varying in estimate from twenty to thirty-six million. Few of Britain's "little wars" have been better planned or more smoothly conducted to a rapid and triumphant close. British administrators have a fair chance of developing to its full capacity another noble region, which

THE SCENE OF TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS

was first laid open by the unaided enterprise and indomitable energy of British merchants and explorers.

The accompanying map indicates the scene of trouble in the Balkans. Albania and Macedonia are Turkish Provinces in which the Sultan has attempted to institute some reforms at the bidding of Russia and Austria. The so-called Christians of these two Provinces are opposing the reforms because they do not believe the Sultan capable of permanently good intentions. They are stirred up by sympathetic emissaries of interested Governments, and seem to think that by revolting against the Sultan's power they will bring to themselves the aid of the great nations of Europe. Strange as it may appear, some of the Moslem tribesmen in the two countries are aiding the Christians, or at least making simultaneous attack upon the Turkish garrisons.

North of these two Provinces lie Bulgaria and Servia, which are independent buffer States, whose existence is guaranteed by the European Concert. The people in Bulgaria and Servia, having once been under Turkish rule, sympathize keenly with the people of Macedonia and Albania, and are inclined to extend them assistance. In the past this assistance has taken the form of affording refuge to all those who could flee from Albania and Macedonia, elude the Turkish soldiery, and cross the boundary into either of these two States. In addition, Bulgarian and Servian soldiers have kept the Turkish garrisons busy in order to prevent them paying as much attention as they otherwise might to the revolted tribesmen in Albania and Macedonia.

This is not so much a religious war as a struggle for freedom. The Albanians, though mostly Mahommedans, cherish aspirations towards complete independence. The Macedonians are mostly Christians, and they cherish

the same aspirations. Racial animosities and jealousies play a more important part. The Albanians, Greeks, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Servians and Bulgarians are all striving for influence and predominancy. The Servian will not give way to the Bulgarian, or the Bulgarian to the Greek. The Great Powers of Europe have fostered this racial animosity, while they have been not unwilling that the Sultan's territories should be still further divided. If the Great Powers were to decide that all these hostile communities should be welded into one coherent whole, this might be possible; but each Power has its secret hopes, and neither Russia nor Austria is willing to see union and confederation. There will never be peace in the Balkans until these small nations do what Italy achieved forty years ago, and for that purpose a Cavour or a Garibaldi must arise.

A DREAM OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Punch, in its issue of March 18th, pictures Premier Balfour as St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland by the Land-Purchase Bill, of which Mr. Wyndham is the author. The snakes are Distress, Boycotting, Sedition, Disloyalty, Crime and Famine. Perhaps *Punch* is over-confident.

King Edward spent the first year or two of his reign in establishing his dignity among his own people. Now he has turned his attention to foreign affairs. He has visited Lisbon, and has once again indicated the amicable relations long existing between Great Britain and Portugal. Still more important is the announcement that he will visit Paris and President Loubet. For the first time an English monarch will recognize the French Republic.

It seems to be only the other day that Paris was heaping insults on Queen Victoria and her son. Now the heads of these two nations are to extend the hand of friendship to each other. What does this mean? Has France agreed to forget Fashoda and return to her historical friendship? And has Great Britain become disgusted with Emperor William, and resolved to join hands with Germany's most bitter enemy?

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

"O triune kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands are all for thee.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland."

FROM one's earliest childhood the month of May has always been associated in one's mind with that happy holiday "The Queen's Birthday"—the jolly "Twenty-fourth," with its fire-crackers by day and its little private pyrotechnic display in the garden by night, a happy, rollicking day, begun and ended with a lusty shouting of "God Save the Queen." It is not probable that the birthday of any other sovereign, commemorated on any other day, will ever be celebrated with the same spontaneity and joyful abandon that marked our cherished "Twenty-fourth."

And May is essentially the month of merry-making, the sweet, shy month that stands (to paraphrase our poet) with eager feet where spring and summer meet, the month of blossoms and blessed hopes "too fair to turn out false."

It was, indeed, a wise thought that prompted the powers that be to make that day, so long dear to us as "The Queen's Birthday," a statutory holiday, and to call it after her in whose honour we keptit—Victoria, who "wrought her people lasting good."

But this rich month brings us even more than Victoria Day, for the twenty-third as well as the twenty-fourth is fraught with special meaning for us, and what could be more fitting than that the day which we devote to emphasizing our Imperial sympathies, should be the herald of the day sacred to the memory of her under whose sovereignty the modern broad Imperial spirit had its birth—in short, that Empire Day should directly precede Victoria Day?

In response to a request from the Editor of *Woman's Sphere*, Mrs. Fessenden, the originator of Empire Day, has contributed the following explanatory paragraph regarding it:

"The growing importance of this day as a great educational factor in the Imperial sentiment which now obtains in our schools is generally conceded. In the *Times*, England, of July, 1901, we have the replies to Lord Meath's letters of enquiry as to the desirability of such a day for the Empire. Colonial statesmen, Indian princes and their representatives all unite in declaring in favour of it. There appears to be some confusion of thought, however, as to its scope of work and date of keeping, which at this time it would be well to remove.

And first, Empire Day is *not* a holiday. The idea of its originator, as set forth to the public, was that it should be 'a gathering up of the patriotic fragments of the school year for a right loyal feast—a day when our history, past and present, might be enrolled with becoming dignity and ceremonial; a day when our national hymns and patriotic songs might be heard and our

hearts set a-glow with the recital of the heroism of the United Empire Loyalist fathers, and our sons live over in their boy-life the Homeric age of Canada.' This idea of a patriotic school-day was more fully and completely enlarged upon by the Hon. G. W. Ross, then Minister of Education, who from the first was most enthusiastically in its favour, as may be seen in his first circular sent to the Provincial School Inspectors after the resolution favouring such a day had been unanimously endorsed by the Dominion Teachers' Association in Halifax, August, 1898.

In the second place, Empire Day is not to be confounded with Victoria Day, which follows it and is a statutory holiday; rather it is children's day, their sweet, preludious notes ushering in the grand chorus of praise heard in the growing life of Empire through the wise administration of our late beloved sovereign Queen Victoria.

The past keeping of Empire Day has in it the promise of a time not far off when the sound of children's voices on that day, like the roll-beat of the drum, shall follow the sun of Britain's Empire round the world."

The Children's Branch of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has issued an excellent Empire Day programme for use in schools and at May meetings of the children's chapters of the Order.

Not least among the many good works wrought for us by Lady Aberdeen during her sojourn in Canada was the founding in Ottawa of the May Court Club.

In 1898 Lady Aberdeen invited a number of the society girls of the Capital to attend a May Day Festival at Rideau Hall, and in a charming address she explained to them her idea of founding then and there the May Court Club of Ottawa, which should be patterned after Ruskin's famous May Day Society at Whitelands, England.

In the course of her remarks Lady Aberdeen said :

" It is impossible for any one to live for a few years in Ottawa without realizing the vast power which is wielded by the girls here. The influence of girls in any society must, of course, be always great, but here it is far greater, in a direct sense, than it is in any circle which I have known in the old country —greater also, I think, than in many other cities in this country—and it is an influence which must necessarily spread over the whole land.

It is impossible also to live here without admiring the pluck and energy and resourcefulness and brightness of the girls, and so one cannot help being filled with a great longing that they should realize to the full their powers, and what they can make them and what they can do with them."

The Club was formed that day, May 1st, 1898, and it would be vain to attempt to estimate how great has been its influence for good.

Each May Day sees the election of a new May queen (who is also the President of the Club for the ensuing year) and her counsellors, the members choosing for their queen one from amongst themselves whom they can "acknowledge as queen by virtue of her queenly ways, by virtue not merely of her beauty of face and form, but because of her beauty and stability of mind, and because of her power to lead in all that is lovely and true and pure and of good report."

Meetings of the Club are held fortnightly during the winter, the first half of the time being devoted to the discussion of current events, and the last half to the reading of a paper by one of the members, the subjects for papers being decided upon at the beginning of the year. This winter the Club has been considering famous women of the 19th century.

The Club has a library at St. Luke's Hospital, and each week books are given out to the patients. On Christmas Day flowers are given to each patient in all the hospitals of Ottawa; twice a month a concert is given at the Perley Home for Incurables, and each year a Christmas tree is given to the

inmates. The sewing committee does work for the hospitals, and recently a junior branch has been formed consisting of children who meet together every Monday afternoon to sew for children less fortunate than they.

The Club has an annual exhibition and sale of work in December, and during the winter three or more lectures are given under the Club's auspices. Any Ottawa girl may join the May Court Club, which already has over a hundred and fifty members. The aims and objects of the Club can be best understood from the "greeting" of the queen to her court, which, on a daintily printed card, is presented to every member of the Club, to be set up in a conspicuous place in her room.

It reads thus:

"The May Queen,

To her Court and Counsellors, Greeting:

Whereas there be many who do desire to know by what Tokens our Subjects may be known, we would wish that all who appertain to our Court should show both by Act and Precept that they are striving towards the Ideal Woman, whose shadowy Presence hovers ever about Maidens whose Thoughts are pure and lofty. We would have you remember that no Woman can be really strong, gentle, pure and good without somebody being helped and comforted by the very Existence of that Goodness.

Therefore, let these be the Aims of our Court:

To store our minds with the best Thoughts of the best minds of all ages.

'Until the Habits of the Slave, the Sins of Emptiness, Gossip and Spite and Slander, die.'

To say nothing but what is kind of the absent.

To enlarge our Sympathies by Intercourse with those whose Lots are harder than our own.

To encourage, according to our opportunities, Movements which may tend to elevate, or to alleviate the Sufferings of Mankind.

So may we

'Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal Dead who live again
In Minds made better by their Presence; live
In Pulses stirred to Generosity,
In Deeds of daring Rectitude, in Scorn
For miserable Aims that end with Self.'"

The May Queen and President of the May Court Club during 1902-3, is Miss Millie White, whose photograph is reproduced in this department.

A recent number of the Toronto *Daily Mail and Empire* contained a little editorial which should command attention from the Public School Boards and Inspectors of all our cities.

The disgraceful—one had almost written criminal—neglect of children's teeth by their parents and guardians is a subject upon which the writer has long felt strongly. One has heard so many heartrending stories of the agony endured by children of the "lower classes" from neglected teeth, agony to which the children's parents were entirely oblivious unless annoyed by the cries of the sufferer, when they so far roused themselves as to mete out dire punishment to the helpless throbbing of the peace. A working-girl is authority for the statement that the favourite and most effective method of treating diseased teeth amongst the people of her acquaintance is to thrust a red-hot knitting needle into the throbbing nerve; and she told of one case in which a little girl's father held her while her mother administered the treatment, saying she'd "soon stop that noise!" The child fainted before the operation was over, and during the struggle her mouth and throat were severely burned.

Unless one is brought face to face with such things, it is impossible to realize the ingenious forms of torture inflicted by their parents upon many of the children of the lower orders, cruelty for which it is almost impossible to get conviction and punishment. But if New York's example were followed in our cities, undoubtedly the suffering of many helpless children would be materially lessened.

I quote the following paragraphs from the editorial referred to:—

"For some years an agitation has been carried on in Toronto in favour of having dentists appointed to regularly inspect the teeth of children in the public schools.

"In many cities in the United States doc-

tors are employed to regularly inspect the children in the different schools.

"New York has now taken a further step. The inspecting physicians, who were under the direction of Dr. Lederle, of the Board of Health, sent home pupils who were not well enough to be in school, or who showed signs of disorders likely to be epidemic. The health of the schools greatly improved, but it was found that in the poorer districts the attendance dropped off, as many children on being sent home were not treated, but were kept away, and thus deprived of schooling. To meet this difficulty the experiment was tried of appointing two trained nurses to each school in the poorer districts to treat in the schools all minor disorders, and visit the homes of children requiring more serious attention, to instruct their mothers as to what should be done for them. The result of this was that in a few weeks nearly all the children who were away from school because of various disorders were back in their places. A dozen trained nurses are now employed looking after the pupils in about forty buildings."

. . . . .

"The proposal to have dental inspection of the school-children . . . . . if done in the interests of the children—not in the interests of the dentists—we think would be one of the highest services that could be rendered the rising generation."

MISS NELLIE WHITE, MAY QUEEN AND PRESIDENT OF THE MAY COURT CLUB, OTTAWA, 1902-3

A traveller in Siberia says that one of the most interesting things to be seen in that most interesting of countries is the Kamoulie Koloko or "bell with the ear torn off," of Tobolsk. It is kept in a kind of shed near the Archbishop's palace, and is held in high regard by the people of Tobolsk, for it has a very romantic history.

In the sixteenth century Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt led by Boris Godunoff, who was then proclaimed Czar. The seat of Government was at Uglich, and there Dimitri was sent to be under the immediate control of the unlawful ruler. The usurper, fearing that the populace might awake to the claims of the young prince, planned his assassination, and he was one day stabbed in a courtyard. None of the bystanders showed a disposition to aid him, but a priest who saw the crime from the cathedral belfry immediately began tolling the great bell which was held sacred and only rung on unusual occasions, such as the coronation or the death of a Czar.

Furious at this ingenious expression of reproach, the Czar commanded that the priest should be tortured and executed and the bell taken down and placed beside the body of its ringer.

The order was literally fulfilled, and the bell was beaten with clubs by the entire populace, with the Czar Boris at their head. But this was not all. In those pleasant days Siberian exiles were tortured before setting out on their journey by having their nostrils torn off with red-hot pinchers. The Czar further decreed that the bell should be exiled to Tobolsk, but as it had no nostrils, he commanded with a certain grim humour that one of its hangers should be removed to indicate its disgrace.

M. MacL. H.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE budget speech which the Hon. W. S. Fielding delivered in the House of Commons on Thursday, April 16th, was the most impressive ever delivered in this country. This impressiveness was less due to the speaker, and the style of oratory, than to the matter which the speech contained. Mr. Fielding is not a great speaker. He is fluent, but has not an extensive vocabulary. He speaks distinctly and clearly, but his voice is neither loud, resonant nor deep-keyed. Nor does his stature, like that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, add anything to his words, since he is both short and small of bulk.

CANADA'S FISCAL POLICY.

Nor was the speech a finished essay. Mr. Fielding had collected a wide array of facts and statistics, and had prepared some valuable statements concerning the various parts of the Government's fiscal policy, but he had not welded these parts into an harmonious whole. There were abrupt pauses of considerable length as he passed from one part of his subject to another.

When Mr. Fielding arose to begin his address, he was greeted with the perfunctory applause of the Liberals who sat behind him, but the Opposition remained stolid and silent. He is respected rather than loved. Only when he announced the retaliatory measures against Germany did he win the applause of the Conservatives. Nor did he seem to desire general approval, since in some of his expressions and presentations he openly courted the criticism of his opponents.

And yet it was a great occasion. Both sides of the House were well filled; the Senators' gallery, the official gallery and the reporters' gallery contained an expectant, eager and intelligent audience; and every daily paper in Canada was reserving columns of space for the important statements to be made. Even the cables were interested, for a Canadian Minister of the Crown was, for perhaps the first time, to breathe defiance against a European nation.

It was a great occasion, because it is seldom that a Canadian Finance Minister has been able to announce a surplus of revenue over current expenditure, and never before a surplus of $13,350,000. If this surplus is realized when the Dominion's books are closed on June 30th, and it probably will be, all capital and current expenditure for the year will have been met and five millions of the public debt will have been wiped out. While making this satisfactory statement, and giving the full credit of it to the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding did not forget to be fair; he paused long enough to declare that Ministers of Finance should not be expected, in young countries such as ours, to announce reductions of the public debt. He thus made easy the path of future Finance Ministers who may not live and work in such propitious periods of our history.

The note of defiance already referred to was a distinguishing feature. Germany has for five years refused to

make a new commercial treaty with Canada, therefore until such time as the German policy is changed, one-third more duty is to be collected on German goods than on the goods from any other nation. Because the United States Government is favouring United States purchasers of manilla, the Canadian manufacturers of binder-twine are to be favoured with a bounty which will equalize their conditions. The defiance extended even to Great Britain. Canada had granted a preference on British goods, and had asked a preference on Canadian food products going to the United Kingdom. If the latter is not granted, the preference given by Canada may be withdrawn. With regard to the United States, Mr. Fielding had little to say. Canada's attitude towards that country is so well known that further statement would be supererogation. "We do not feel the need of reciprocity as we once did," was his remark.

When Mr. Fielding began to discuss the general features of the Canadian tariff, his audience leaned forward and breathed less easily. He reiterated his declaration for moderation and stability of tariff, and proposed no changes of importance. The country is prosperous. The manufacturers have rights; so have the consumers, especially those new consumers now flocking in to build homes in the newer regions of the West. It was inadvisable to disturb the present prosperous conditions, or to increase the burdens of one class to lighten those of another. And the audience leaned back to think more respectfully and profoundly of a Finance Minister and a Government that have withstood allurements and blandishments and attempted to maintain the attitude which seemed to him and them to be fair, economic and statesmanlike.

Some of the people of Great Britain seem inclined to be narrow and selfish where emigration to Canada is concerned. Canada has laboured long and hard to induce the British authorities to direct the stream of emigrants to Canada. The appeal met with no response. Lately we have gone to the people of Great Britain with school books, pamphlets, farmers and agents. We have told them of our natural wealth and the agricultural possibilities of our prairies. Now we are getting a few thousand emigrants. Then the authorities turn around and ask us what we intend to give in return. They want a contribution to the navy or some other form of monetary grant.

IMPRUDENT REQUESTS.

What did the United States pay Great Britain for her millions of Irish, Scotch and English? Did the United States contribute towards the maintenance of the British navy, did they contribute towards British naval stations on this continent, did they raise a regiment of soldiers during the Crimean war, did they send voyageurs to Egypt, did they contribute to the building of the Pacific cable and the Canadian-Australian steamship service, did they raise a regiment to garrison Halifax

LIEUT.-COL. E. G. PRIOR, WHO RECENTLY BECAME PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND IS NOW CONDUCTING HIS FIRST SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

when the British regulars were wanted elsewhere during the Boer war, did they contribute men to make up that grand Colonial army of 30,000 men who fought and bled in the Empire's struggle in South Africa, did they grant British-made goods a preference in their markets?

If these British emigrants had not come to Canada, they would have gone to the United States or Argentina or Russia where the investments of British capital are greater, comparatively speaking, than the British investments in Canada. They would, in all probability, have passed under an alien flag, gone to help build up an alien race. These critics should rather rejoice that these emigrants have been saved to the flag. Let them rather encourage more emigration to Canada, seeing that even in March, when all records were broken, Canada obtained only about 18 per cent.

When Canada's representatives gather at Westminster, when colonials are given equal rights and privileges with the residents of London, when the governing of the Empire is done by the Empire, the demand for a Colonial monetary contribution will be just and fair; at present it is decidedly imprudent.

THE DEATH OF CHARITY.

Will charity ever die? is a question which we may reasonably ask ourselves. The charity meant, of course, is that of giving of your surplus wealth to soothe your conscience, to establish your own or your family name in the minds of the people, or to alleviate the distress of your more unfortunate fellow-beings. Charity is not ideal, because the motive is not always single nor altruistic, and because it injures the dignity and self-respect of the recipient.

These thoughts were immediately suggested by the perusal of a paper on "The Rationale of Fire Insurance" in which the author, Mr. E. P. Heaton, of Montreal, points out that the old method of making up the loss occasioned by a fire was to "pass around the hat" for the benefit of the sufferers. This was the unorganized system. Then came the organizers, who condemned this doubtful and despised charity, and who substituted for it the great system of fire insurance. This modern plan of meeting honest suffering caused by a conflagration is commended on all sides, because it is sound, sure and certain, and above all, because the taking of insurance moneys involves no loss of self-respect or independence.

To some extent the life insurance, accident insurance and mutual benefit associations have attempted to introduce a similar system. The life insurance companies agree to pay to a man's heirs and assigns a sum of money which will counterbalance the loss they sustain in case of his untimely death. The accident insurance and mutual benefit associations pay a man a certain amount of money if he is physically incapacitated from work.

So far as these various organizations displace charity they are good. But why should not the nation enlarge their scope? Why should not the nation insure every honest citizen against want and misfortune? The answer comes quickly: "That would repress self-endeavour." Yet it is not clear that this answer is either just or sufficient.

A manufacturer builds a factory and establishes a great industry. In order to help him, the Government builds railways, bonuses his product and puts a customs duty on similar goods produced by a foreign competitor. The man whom the manufacturer employs is not guaranteed against loss. He may work for years at a wage which will not more than meet his expenses, and arrives at old age without a competence; but for him the Government shows little concern. Early in life he may lose an eye, an arm or a limb, and be permanently crippled; but the government does not insure its citizens against a possible dependence upon charity.

A child is born with some defect,

THE CECIL HOTEL, LONDON—WHERE THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON AND HIS ASSISTANTS ARE PREPARING CANADA'S CASE ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY QUESTION. IT OVERLOOKS THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

and may receive some benefit from the State in the advantages of an institution such as a school for the deaf and dumb. Why should not the State protect and support that deaf and dumb child so long as it lives? If the State bears any of the responsiblity, why not all?

There seems little reason to doubt that in the near future the State will assume all these responsibilities. Men are born free and equal. Every man who needs assistance will get it, whether he needs that assistance all his life, as a child only, as a cripple only, or as a worn-out labourer in the field of industry. Cursed and soul-saping charity will pass away, and the State will command every man, compel every man to love his neighbour as himself. The nation's motto will be Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

It is strange that this principle enunciated a hundred years ago in the French Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, has made so little progress on either of the two continents which took it up so exultingly. The individual still pursues the selfish end, endeavours to secure more than his neighbour, and all but shuts his eyes to the suffering of those who are less successful or more unfortunate. Luxury and penury still flourish side by side among the shadows of the cathedrals, universities and legislative halls. Schiller cried "Equality is the firmest bond of love," "Equality is the holy law of humanity," but who thinks of Schiller in the presence of Rockefeller, Carnegie and Morgan? Who remembers the philosopher when the universities are casting down their royal ermine so that the despicable financial pirate may enter the halls of learning without soiling his heels with the mud of distress.

Charity must die. It is the cloak of too many crimes. It will die when the nation adapts commercial principles to the safeguarding of its citizens, when the needs and requirements of all classes are met from the common purse of all classes. Then there shall be no beggars on the street corners, no loafers in the saloons, no unfortunates perishing of cold or hunger, no fathers or mothers hiding themselves in their last days because of the ingratitude of their children.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

CHILDREN OF REVOLT

UP to the present the reading world has come to know Mrs. Humphry Ward as a writer of novels having in them an attempted elucidation of religious or economic problems. "Robert Elsmere" was the type of the first, "Marcella" of the second. "Lady Rose's Daughter,"* her new novel, is more like "David Grieve," a study in heredity. It is also a frank picture of the life led by the aristocracy and ruling classes of Great Britain. It comes nearer being genuine fiction than the other books mentioned.

Lord Lackington might more truly be termed Lord Lackadaisical. His daughter, Lady Rose, marries a man who cannot hold her affections, and she goes abroad to live with a man whom she loves. The daughter of her revolt, Julie le Breton, comes back to London to live with a relative, to endeavour to regularize (this is the author's word) her position in society, and, if possible, to establish herself on the solid footing given only to those who are born under proper regulations. She had "a tall slenderness, combined with a remarkable physiognomy. She was not handsome. . . . . The cheek bones were too evident, the chin and mouth too strong. And yet the fine pallor of the skin, the subtle black and white, in which, so to speak, the head and face were drawn, the life, the animation of the whole—were these not beauty, or more than beauty?" Julie excites attention at Lady Henry's famous Wednesday evenings, and attracts men. She begins to exercise her power, power to aid those in whom she is interested, power to reign in a social circle. A prospective Duke, young, well-bodied, promising, would lead her his way, but is denied. She sees behind his calm, polished exterior a revolt against the complexities and conventionalities of modern life as exemplified by those who have wealth and rank. He will avoid the Dukedom if he can. He hates the things which she most desires. On the other hand, Captain Warkworth is willing to barter all for social success, and she turns to him. He, she soon learns, is engaged to another, one more wealthy than she. There is only one way—that which her mother trod. Shall she take it even for a brief period? Shall she give him all for a few days, and live the rest of her days with the taste of ashes? It is a curious struggle. The religion which keeps guard over thoughts and words and acts, she defies it. The hopes and desires of her friends, the good name and influence of her family, she defies them. The love of the strong, good man, she defies it also—though in vain.

There can be little doubt that this novel is something out of the ordinary, that it again stamps Mrs. Ward as the greatest of modern female novelists. She is a superb dramatist, an acute psychologist, a profound philosopher and a master of delicate delineation. She is worthy to rank with Sir Walter

*Lady Rose's Daughter, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Sixteen full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Toronto: Poole-Stewart Co.

Scott, George Eliot, Charles Dickens and the other great novelists of the nineteenth century. She towers head and shoulders above the army of modern pigmies, whose cheap art runs into countless editions, for to live with her is to forget nearly all her contemporaries. In her earlier works she essayed the problem-novel which is not considered true art; her later books are an improvement in this respect and she is now taking her place among the writers to whom art is the greatest consideration.

CONJUROR'S HOUSE *

The current of civilization flows steadily, if slowly, northward. Yet in the country about Hudson Bay, the blood-red banner of the ancient Company still floats supreme. The Indians, the Métis, the *voyageurs*, still acknowledge its divine rights, observe its decrees and fight its battles. The Free Trader who pierces that region and mocks at the Company's authority meets stern opposition, and, if he is persistent, stern reprisal. The greatest punishment is *La Longue Traverse*, whereby the man is sent from the post with a few provisions and without a rifle, to make his way to civilization in the face of great odds. From it few escape.

Ned Trent was a Free Trader and dared the grizzled factor at Conjuror's Post. Stewart Edward White describes his adventures, on which love of the factor's daughter places the halo of romance. The story is pathetic, noble, heroic. The novelist's style is his own, much like that of Agnes C. Laut who works in the same field. It is simpler, however, and much more powerful in its simplicity. Nor are his canvases like hers, studded with a concourse of

FRONTISPIECE "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER"

[See page 122

"AS THOUGH SHE LISTENED STILL TO WORDS IN HER EARS"

* Conjuror's House, by Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," etc. Toronto: the Copp, Clark Co.

vaguely seen jumping-jacks. The figures are clear, the perspective definite and well observed, the colouring vivid and strong. Mr. White deserves a wide Canadian audience for his truly Canadian novel.

THE SPENDERS

In one of the two leading cities of Canada there is a social set known as "The Turf Club Set," or some such name. It is composed both of elderly persons and youngish persons—mostly those who are new to social prominence, and not yet sure of their ranking. The older and richer families of the city avoid this set, its rampant gaiety, its noisy splendour and its wine-bibbing festivals. They are not anxious that their sons and daughters shall obtain a reputation for being excellent afternoon-drinkers of champagne. They realize that wealth and social position carries with them responsibilities as regards social customs, good living, moral elevation and civil responsibility. The newer set has little of this sense of importance, and swishes its silks and sips its wine with gay recklessness.

But Henry Leon Wilson, in his recent novel of American life, "The Spenders,"* sees a broader cleavage in the national strata of the United States. He pictures the Makers and the Spenders—the Makers who are opening up new industries and new territory; the Spenders, who are aping European aristocracy, pursuing titles, and dissipating wealth with a lavish hand. There is a saying, common on this continent, that there are three generations between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves, and Mr. Wilson describes the three typical generations. First, there is Uncle Peter Bines, prospector, living for years among the rocks of the West, finding a paying lode, amassing the first million for the family, but ever remaining the true Maker of Wealth. The second generation is Daniel J. Bines, strong, energetic, turning the one million into ten, but making a few mistakes, the worst of which is a fondness for women who appeal to his senses. Then the third generation is Percival Bines, educated at Harvard, travelled in Europe, steeped in the luxuries of the East. The second generation passes away, the first pursues his investigations in the West, while the third goes to New York to play poker, drink wine, own automobiles and yachts, and gamble on Wall Street. Percival Bines desires to play the game of the Spender, and the old grandfather lets him play it to the end, which is bankruptcy. He loses the whole family fortune in buying stocks when the shrewd old man is selling short. From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations.

It is a dramatic story, with living, breathing characters, each one distinct, clear-cut, typical. It is full of real humour, genuine pathos and wonderful moving pictures. The life at Newport, at the Waldorf-Astoria and on crowded Broadway are pictured with charming cleverness. It is the drama of American life—not a part of it, not a partial glimpse of it, but the whole drama. It is more serious than opera, and while in its intensity it approaches tragedy, it is only drama because in the end Percival Bines sees the folly of endeavouring to be numbered with the Spenders, seizes the woman who values him above his wealth, and goes West to take his proper place among the Makers.

The book is interesting to Canadians because we have many Makers and few Spenders. It has a lesson for us, however, because with the growth of wealth the class of Spenders is increasing—the class that saps its own life in the pursuit of vain pleasures, in "the illusion that to produce is of a baseness, that only to consume is noble"—to quote the words of the wise German philosopher.

NOTES

Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol has written a "History of Higher Education in

* Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

Colorado." 67 pp. United States Bureau of Education, Washington.

A new story by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, entitled "Place and Power," will be published in August. William Briggs has secured the Canadian market.

Anyone interested in the game of politics as played in the United States, will find "The Sportsmen," by Elliott Flower, interesting. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Maude E. Abbott, M.D., has written an exhaustive sketch of the Medical Faculty of McGill University from 1824 to the present time. It is a handsome volume, containing over 100 pages of text and several historical portraits and pictures.

Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, familiarly known throughout Canada by his pen-name of "Pastor Felix," a Nova Scotian by birth, and a writer of verse and prose, has gathered together a volume of essays which he has given the pleasing title of "Memory and Bells," and which will be published in May.

Those who were charmed with the swiftly-moving scenes in "The Pride of Jennico" will be glad to examine "The Star Dreamer," by the same authors, Agnes and Egerton Castle. It will pass an idle hour, several idle hours in fact. The earnest reader may, however, safely pass it. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Ernest Myrand, of Quebec, has issued an historical study in French, entitled "Frontenac et Les Amis." Among these friends were his wife, François Louis de Buade and his wife, De Montmort and his wife, Madame de Longueville and Madame de Lévigné. Madame de Frontenac comes in for most attention.

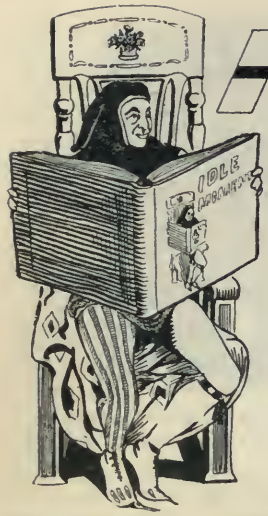
William Briggs will shortly place on the market Canadian editions of "The Hebrew," a new story by J. A. Steuart; "Admiral Blake," a sea story, by Frank T. Bullen; "The Banner of Blue," by S. R. Crockett; "His Friend the Enemy," by Wm. Wallace Cook, and "Thyra Varrick," by Amelia E. Barr.

A new book by Max Pemberton, entitled "The Gold Wolf," will be published this month by the Copp, Clark Co. It will be one of the handsomest of the spring books and will be finely illustrated by Maurice Greifenhagen. They will also publish "Castle O'meragh," by F. Frankfort Moore, and "The Golden Kingdom," by Andrew Balfour, M.P.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "CONJUROR'S HOUSE"

An interesting work on the early history of Ottawa, from the pen of Mrs. Carr-Harris, of Kingston, will be published in May by Wm. Briggs. The author has embodied in her book, which she entitles "The White Chief of the Ottawa," a wealth of interesting incident relating to the life of the first settlers on the river. The White Chief, it is hardly necessary to say, is Mr. Philemon Wright, whom Morgan describes as "the father of colonization in the Ottawa valley." The picture given of the free, wild life of the *voyageurs* is picturesque in the extreme.

Gale & Polden, of London, England, who publish a splendid list of military handbooks, have recently issued some excellent works on physical education: "The Theory of Physical Education," revised edition, by Thomas Chesterton, illustrated, three shillings; "The Manual of Drill and Physical Exercises, revised edition, illustrated, three shillings, and "Wand Exercises," illustrated, one shilling. They make a specialty of this class of books in low-priced editions. They also issue the "Military Mail," a penny weekly of merit. (Address, 2 Queen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.)



HOW HE GREW BALD

STILL, it must be confessed that the press gallery misses Bourinot, writes the Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Star*. His quick, nervous manner kept everybody on the alert. He had a habit, too, which was as curious as it was interesting. In preoccupied moments Sir John would seize one of his own venerable hairs—one of the few back numbers that were left— curl it round his finger, and then with a sharp wrench pull it out, and cast it on the floor, where it showed white against the green background. One hair safely out, Sir John would tackle another. And so the process of depilation went on. It was the custom of the gallery to bet on the number he could pluck out, just as men gamble on the ship's run when they make the sea voyage. On a busy day forty hairs were not too great a sacrifice for Sir John's abstraction, and the neighbourhood of his high-backed chair looked as if a polar bear had been molting.

■

WHY IT WAS TALL

Major Edwards, of North Dakota, who has just been appointed Consul-General at Montreal, won a large share of his popularity by erecting in Fargo the tallest building west of Chicago. The true inwardness of its height, however, is known to few, and is best told in the words of one of the Major's chums, as follows:

When Edwards was putting up that building, and incidentally learning that to be the owner of a first-class newspaper did not necessarily mean to have a plethoric bank account, he used to come to me every Saturday night to swap cheques to pay off his men. Finally I got tired and said, "Major, I've had enough of your cheques. You've got that building high enough already. Why don't you roof it in?"

"I can't afford to put the roof on," said the Major. "You see, I have contracted to pay for the material when I get it roofed in."

"And the only wonder," adds the Major's chum, "is that the building is not going up still."

■

EXPENSIVE

It was a beautiful evening in the spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked anxiously, "What is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you fifty cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover,

but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lover's Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted twenty feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that John Jones, American citizen, had been docked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lover's Trust.—*Life.*

SHE: I don't like you and I'll not invite you to my tea-party.
HE: Oh, but you'll have to because I am your brother and live in the same house.
SHE: Well, I'll not have my party until you are dead.
HE: But what if you should die first?
SHE: Oh, well, then I can have my party in Heaven.

■

REPARTEE

"My brother Jakey's got a good job."

"Where's he working?"

"Down to the electric light plant."

"Picking currents off the wires?"

"Yes. How did you guess? He says he likes the job; it's such light work."—*Selected.*

■

SHORT OF BAIT

Noah and Shem, taking their first walk from the stranded ark, came upon a beautiful little pool on Mount Ararat, in which some gorgeous trout were disporting themselves.

"What a splendid place to fish!" said Shem, delightedly.

"Bully!" acquiesced Noah, who had lived on salt cod till he was tired of it; "but, dash it all, we've only got two worms!"—*Selected.*

■

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BLOOD

When William II of Germany was younger, says *The National Review* (London), his nose once happened to bleed, to the great alarm of his suite. "Don't trouble, gentlemen," he cried; "it's only the last drop of English blood leaving my veins!"

■

YAWCOB AND HIS DOG

And Yawcob, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You vas only a tog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust durn round dree dimes and lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to lock up der place und vind up der clock and pud der cat out and undress myselluf und my vrow vakes up and scolds, den der paby vakes up und cries und I haf to valk him mit der house around; den maybe ven I gets myselluf to bed it is dime to get up

A DEFINITION

"Now that ye are one of thim, tell me what a politician is."
"A politician is a feller that promises something that he can't do to get elected, and does something he promised not to do to hold his job."—*Life.*

He stated that this Eldorado—
He used the word without bravado—
Knew neither tempest nor tornado.

There was no deadly secret wire
To rouse the gentle Nimrod's ire,
And leave him sprawling in the mire.

Alas, that things should thus befall!
Sportsmen and farmers heard his call,
And emigrated one and all;

And now our rural districts are a
Sort of a desert like Sahara,
And empty as the Halls of Tara.

Therefore I do not like the plan
Of that far too seductive man
Who dwelt in fair Saskatchewan.

—*Punch.*

■

vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust strectch yourselluf, dig your neck a leedle und you vas up. I haf to light der fire und put on der kittle, scrap some mit my vife alretty and git myselluf breakfast. You blay mit der day all round und haf plenties of fun. I haf to vork all der day round und haf plenties of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—*Boompernickel Blatter.*

■

A friend once wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days, and then wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Finally, he sent a third note, inclosing a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp. By return of post he received a postcard on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."—*Argonaut.*

■

1953. A RETROSPECT

[*The Outlook* recently published a letter dealing with the present "remarkable move Canadawards," and dwelling on the prospects open to emigrants in the Saskatchewan valley.]

Long since in far Saskatchewan
(I humbly trust that word will scan)
There lived an enterprising man.

He used to dwell with some dexterity
Upon the region's great prosperity,
And much of what he said was verity.

He was cutting an item from a newspaper. "It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained.

"What good will that do?" a friend inquired.

"A whole lot," was the reply; "you see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife."

"Say!" exclaimed the friend, excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate of that paper, have you?"—*Chicago Post.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

A RICH INDIAN

WAHSETCHUNAIZE, whose portrait appears herewith, is a full-blood Assiniboine Indian, about twenty-eight years old, living on White Bear Reserve in the Moose Mountains, which contain many delightful lakes that are fast becoming the rendezvous of summer excursionists. Abounding, as they do, with many kinds of fish, and the district being well supplied with many varieties of game, the Moose Mountain district is particularly attractive to the noble red man as well as to his white brother.

Wahsetchunaize, while enjoying in true Indian fashion all these sports, is also a successful agriculturist and possesses about 75 head of cattle, about 50 horses and raises a large amount of wheat each year. His interest in agriculture, as well as that of his tribe, is largely the result of the efforts of the Indian agent at that point, Mr. W. Murison.

This picture, of which nearly a thousand copies have been sold, was the first Indian's taken in the Moose Mountain district, and is the work of E. A. Dahlquist, of Arcola, N.W.T., which is one of the busiest towns in the Canadian Northwest and the centre of disembarkation of all tourists taking in the magnificent summer resorts of the Moose Mountains.

SCOTT'S CHAIR

Perhaps nothing is of more interest to lovers of the past than its relics—its real, substantial relics—treasures that can be seen with the natural eye, and not with that of the imagination only.

The mahogany armchair, a cut of which appears herewith, was once the property of Sir Walter Scott. It was brought from "Abbotsford" by his nephew Colonel Huxley, after the death of Sir Walter in 1832. Colonel Huxley dying soon after, the chair was bought by the late Judge Sawers, of Halifax, N.S. The judge's niece, Miss Margaret Nixon, left her birth-

WAHSETCHUNAIZE

place, Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1827, going to London, where she stayed until 1831, when she joined her uncle at Halifax, N.S., remaining with him up to the time of her marriage in 1848 with William Howe, Q.C., late registrar of the Court of Probate at that city, and nephew of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. On the decease of the old judge in 1869, the chair came into the possession of the said Mrs. Howe, and is still held by her. It is in excellent condition.

Sir Walter's writing-desk was formerly attached to one of its arms, and the space which the screw occupied is still visible.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHAIR—NOW IN HALIFAX, N.S.

SNAPSHOTS OF BIRDS

To get a picture of a living bird at close range is not an easy task. One way is to make a tree-trunk of cheesecloth, stretched over hoops and uprights. Paint the cloth a bark brown and fasten strips of bark here and there. Festoon branches of wild vine at the top and sides. Make a hole in the cheesecloth for the bull's eye of the camera. Carry this quietly through the forest and set it down near the nest. Then wait. It takes much patience.

Some photographs so obtained give the beholder a shock, for they reveal secrets of animate nature that had been thought to be inviolate. To see a wild and timid little bird standing over her helpless fledglings, they with their mouths enormously wide open, she with a worm in her bill, and then to see the mother put her bill into one of those wide-open mouths, to see her help the fledglings to masticate and swallow the worm—that is a sight that few men have ever beheld.

Sometimes the photographer will take his pictures from within an artificial cow. The cow is portable. It is composed of thin muslin stretched over a light framework of split bamboo. The muslin is painted a cow colour, and here and there in it are holes for the lens to peer through.

Many a time in the country the farmer has seen the photographer advance with his portable cow on his shoulder, and, following curiously, has beheld the young man set up the animal in a field and get inside it. From it he can study the most intimate secrets of bird life. The little creatures, perched only two or three feet away from him, will conduct themselves as though he was not there, and thus, pointing his camera from one of the portholes in the side of the cow, he is able to get phenomenal pictures.

Sometimes, again, the photographer hides himself in an umbrella. He hangs from the rib-points of an open umbrella a circular veil of some thin, dark muslin that covers him completely, and inside this he stalks through the woods looking for birds.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

THE joke of the session at Ottawa is the vote by which the House of Commons declared that the manufacture and sale of cigarettes should be absolutely prohibited. Afterwards, when Mr. Fielding, in his Budget speech, spoke of the increase of the revenue from cigarettes (1901, $362,-626; 1902, $400,035) the House broke into laughter. This is a notable characteristic of the House; it smiles when it is acting foolishly and when it votes for political or moral effect rather than for the vindication of an earnestly-held principle. The cigarette and "Home Rule for Ireland" resolutions are examples of actions of which the House is modestly ashamed.

Canada's revenue for 1901-2 was about $58,000,000. The estimated revenue for 1902-3 is $65,000,000, an increase of about $7,000,000.

This is an index of our growing foreign trade, and of our growth in population. It may or may not be satisfactory. To the free-trader who does not care whether goods are manufactured in the United States, Great Britain or Germany, so long as Canadians get them cheaply, this growth in foreign trade will not be displeasing. To the protectionist who desires to see domestic manufactures more and more monopolize this market so that our industrial development may be contemporaneous with and equal to our agricultural and commercial development, it may not be so pleasant.

Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, inclines to the first view, judging by his Budget speech. He spoke of "the unexampled prosperity of the country" and found, in this growth of revenue and growth of foreign trade, special reasons for rejoicing. On the other hand, Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, inclines to an attitude of dubiousness. He declared in his criticism of the Budget, that increased imports might accompany prosperity, but they did not necessarily indicate increased prosperity. He laid stress on what he considered to be the importance of the home market, and that the tariff should be revised to increase, if possible, that home market.

The two views are widely divergent, and each policy has its followers. While not attempting to decide between them, one may be allowed to perhaps express the opinion that Mr. Fielding's reasons for delaying tariff revision for another year at least are deserving of consideration. There is a possibility, a bare possibility, that some trade arrangement may be made with the United States, and that preferential treatment of our wheat may be granted by Great Britain. If either one or both of these events happen during the next twelve months, there will be some necessary adjustment of our tariff. The country is prosperous, the manufacturers are making great headway, therefore the adjustment can wait on the development of our international

relations. If the Joint High Commission does not meet again, or if it meets without result, Mr. Fielding will hardly be able to resist successfully the agitation for a higher protection against United States manufactures. If Great Britain grants our wheat preferential treatment, there can be no reason for raising our tariff on British goods, and there may be some reason for extending the free list so as to admit more British goods. The waiting policy is not, therefore, an unreasonable one at the present moment.

The following are the tariff resolutions introduced by Mr. Fielding in his Budget speech on April 16th:

"That the following sections be added to the Customs tariff, 1897: The Governor-in-Council may, by Order-in-Council, direct that a duty of seven dollars per ton shall be imposed in schedule A on all iron and steel railway bars, or rails in any form for railways, imported into Canada, and from and after the publication of such order in the *Canada Gazette* such duties shall be levied, collected and paid on all such rails, and thereafter item 238 in schedule A and item 585 in schedule B shall be repealed. Provided, however, that such order shall not be passed until the Governor-in-Council is satisfied that steel rails of the best quality, suitable for the use of Canadian railways, are being manufactured in Canada, from steel made in Canada, in sufficient quantity to meet the ordinary requirements of the market."

"Articles which are the growth, produce or manufacture of any foreign country, which treats imports from Canada less favourably than those from other countries, may be subject to a surtax over and above the duties of schedule A, such surtax in every case to be one-third of the duty as fixed by such schedule A. Such surtax shall apply to any article the chief value of which was produced in such foreign country, although it may have been improved or advanced in value by the labour of another country, notwithstanding the provisions of the British preferential tariff and regulations thereunder. Any question arising as to any foreign country or goods coming under the operation of this section shall be decided by the Minister of Customs, whose decision shall be final. The Minister of Customs, with the approval of the Governor-in-Council, may make regulations for carrying out the purposes of this section. Such surtax shall not apply to any goods actually purchased on or before the 16th day of April, 1903, by any corporation, firm or persons in Canada, for immediate transportation to Canada.

"That the period of exemption from duty of machinery of every kind, and structural iron and steel for use in the construction and equipment of factories for the manufacture of sugar from beetroot, be extended to the 30th day of June, 1904.

"That item 409, in schedule A, respecting duty on ships and other vessels built in foreign countries, and applying for Canadian register, be repealed.

"That machinery and appliances of a kind not made in Canada, for exclusive use in alluvial gold mining, be added to the free list until 30th June, 1904."

The influx of immigrants has been up to expectations. Arrivals at Winnipeg number about a thousand a day. Everything points to an increase of 100,000 in Canada's Western population during 1903. Canadian manufacturers must look energetically after this increased Western trade. This is the hour of their golden opportunity.

In Eastern Canada every factory and workshop is working full or over time. Every mechanic is employed. Never was the country more prosperous.

FROM A PICTURE BY FRED MORGAN

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WILD ROSES

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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CAPTURING A MOOSE ALIVE

By Frank Carrel, of the Quebec Telegraph

"COVER help capture a moose alive?" was asked me one day last summer by Colonel J. W. Baker, of Quebec. The Colonel is probably the best posted man on Northern Quebec, or what is better known as the Lake St. John region. He knows every foot of the territory. He has spent a lifetime in the virgin forests and among the thousands of lakes and rivers, in hunting, lumbering and other pursuits. He takes a great interest in the Montmorency Falls Zoo, and had made up his mind to increase the interesting family of small and big Canadian game with a couple of additional moose. Hence the remark which led to this article.

There is only one way of capturing these kindred of the northern wilds, and that is to make a spring expedition into the north country and invade the moose yards.

The trip was likely to be one of hardship and endurance, and there was no telling how far the chase might lead the hunters. It was not a case of trusting to your rifle to bring down your game. Circumstances and the weather were to have much to do with the success of the mission. The object was a novel one. I had roamed the forests in the autumn and winter in quest of caribou, deer and moose; I had fished the brooks, and lakes and rivers for the speckled trout and gamy Ouananiche; I had shot duck and grouse on the swampy shores of the Saint Lawrence, but never had I thought to take part in the capture of a live moose. Nevertheless, when the Colonel made the proposition I accepted.

Together with six other members of the town party, we left Quebec by train on the morning of the 18th of

THE PARTY OF HUNTERS READY TO START

PREPARING FOR A 15 MILE RIDE OVER LAKE EDWARD FROM THE RAILWAY STATION TO THE CAMP SITE

March last for Lake Edward, some ninety miles due north. With the expedition was an editor of one of the leading American sporting magazines, and a well-known sketch artist. They had come from New York to join in the hunt. We had also a veterinary surgeon to see that the captured moose should receive proper medical attention in case of any unforeseen accidents. This was a precautionary measure on the part of the Colonel, who is as large-hearted with the wild animals as he is with human beings. Living with nature so long has evidently tempered him in that respect. A hurried noon-day meal at Lake Edward station was participated in, and in a few minutes we were being rapidly driven over the ice to our camping grounds, some fifteen miles away. Our baggage consisted of two small canvas tents, a few provisions, and as small a kit as possible for each man. We had with us three fine specimens of half-breed Indian guides and a dog team.

The weather was turning mild, and Colonel Baker wore an expression of grave doubt. He knew there was small chance of success should a mild spell set in, not to speak of the consequent discomforts to campers.

About five p.m. we arrived at the end of the lake and pitched our two tiny tents on a few sapin boughs on the top of the snow. The canvas of both shelters was barely large enough to cover the whole party. Two small portable stoves were erected and fuel chopped for the night. By this time the rain was coming down in torrents. The guides made a large fire on the snow, which soon burned itself down to the ground, some six feet below. Our supper of ham, potatoes, toast and tea was prepared and served to us in a very primitive fashion. The rain continued to descend, and the wind blew a hurricane off the lake. It was

DRINKING THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE

ENTERING THE WOODS

not a fit night for human beings to venture out, much less to be under a frail covering such as our impromptu and hurriedly erected tent.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, morning came, and our spirits were as buoyant as ever, until Colonel Baker announced that if the rain continued nothing could be done. It did continue, and we were housed all day in our confined quarters. Night closed in, and the prospects were anything but comforting. We knew that the mildness of the weather would make the snow so soft that all our efforts would be unequal to the fleetness of a moose should we come across one. We wanted cold weather to make a crust, so that Mr. and Mrs. Moose would be so crippled by cutting their forelegs against it in making their swift bounds over the ground, that they would be soon a helpless and easy prey in the hands of our party.

It was an anxious night. Nearing midnight, as colder weather was indicated, the Colonel gave orders that rain or shine, cold or wet, the party would start on the chase in the morning. Breakfast was ordered for four a.m., and one of the guides was sent out to several lumbering camps with a request for volunteers, a handsome fee being attached to the work for one day.

The next morning quite an animated scene was witnessed around our camp. Seven sturdy lumbermen, mostly old guides, responded to the Colonel's appeal. They all knew Mr. Baker of old. In the glare of the camp fire, about 3.30 a.m., the men came in, and although a disagreeable sleet was falling and freezing to everything, a hearty handshake welcomed them. No time was lost despatching the simple fare, which never varied at any meal from the time we went into the woods until our exit. It was about five o'clock when we made the start, and a picturesque start it was. The lumbermen and Indian guides took the lead on snowshoes, hauling an improvised sleigh, made to run on the deep snow and to withstand all kinds of hazardous pitches and falls. Two of the men with sharp axes kept in front of the sled, and hewed down trees and cut

A MOOSE HUNT—PREPARING MEALS

away underwood for its passage. When a ford was encountered large sapin boughs were laid across it to facilitate our passage.

Bringing up the rear of this interesting procession was our fine dog Boule with the paraphernalia necessary to attach the captured live moose to the big sled. Boule drew a small sleigh with wide runners girded with steel. This dog was a wonder. He seemed to have as much intelligence as any of us. He could pick out the best part of the newly-made and improvised path as readily as the old-time lumbermen, who were adepts at making their way on their great, big snowshoes. When his sleigh was capsized he would patiently wait for one of us to catch up and right it again. When he was compelled to stop while the men forded a stream, or climbed a hill with the big sled, he was the most interested spectator, and when all the trouble was over he would look around at us all and wag his tail most vehemently to show his pleasure at the success of the men.

We slowly made our way through the forests and over the frozen lakes. On the latter we obtained a sort of rest by taking off our snowshoes and walking on the ice in our leather, oil-tanned moccasins. When about three miles from camp we took the lead of the men and spread out through the woods looking for our prize. There was not a gun in the party, so there was no danger of shooting one another, as there would be in an ordinary hunting party in the fall.

Our instructions were simple. On finding a trail or sign of a moose-yard we were to pass the word along until it reached the Colonel, and then close in and follow it up. We had travelled probably seven miles before we came upon the tracks of our much-coveted friend, who had evidently deserted his yard at our approach. Then began the exciting chase. It had been raining and sleeting all morning, and not one of us was dry. We had walked through brooks in a foot of water, and our snowshoes were covered with frozen ice. They seemed to weigh ten times as much as on any other occasion. Nevertheless we took to the chase in such an animated manner that we forgot our misfortunes and considered it great sport. Over the snow we ploughed, losing a shoe, pausing for breath, tripping on a buried twig, or sliding down an embankment. A warning signal came from the advance party, and in a few minutes we came upon a sight never to be forgotten. In a valley where a small stream wended its way to some large lake, and where the snow had been hurled into a bank eight feet high, we saw a magnificent specimen of the denizen of the Canadian wilds. It was our moose, a cow, and the poor animal was stuck fast in the big drift, wearing a frightened expression, and seeming to make a piteous appeal for assistance. She viewed our approach with terror. We at first thought her partner was near by, but he had evidently deserted her some time previous, as we afterwards learned by returning to the vacated yard.

Our prize was a beauty. She stood almost seven feet high and weighed something like nine hundred pounds. It was a remarkably large-sized specimen for the Province of Quebec. What struck us as being somewhat daring on the part of the Indian guides, was the self-confident manner in which they set to work when they started to harness the moose for her twenty-two mile ride.

Our near approach to the imprisoned animal caused her to pound the snow in front of her in a vicious manner. She apparently was in a dangerous mood. The Colonel called a halt until the party got together, and then we were told to form a circle and gradually draw nearer to the surrounded moose. This entailed considerable work, as we were compelled to cut down heavy trees and draw them closer to the object of the chase. After working for several hours we at last succeeded in hemming in our prize with a barricaded fence a few feet away from her. After this had been

THE CAPTURED COW-MOOSE

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

done our guides secured a long rope, and one of them climbing on top of the barricade succeeded in lassoing the animal around the neck. The next move was extremely dangerous. Two of the guides went inside the pen and attached ropes in a similar manner to the animal's legs. During all the while the cow-moose was moaning and wailing in a piteous way. The scene was pathetic enough to test the feelings of even the veteran sportsman. The Colonel had come fully prepared with a splendid apparatus made especially for strapping down animals under such circumstances. It consisted of a large canvas band some three feet wide, which was placed around the body, and to which were strapped the fore and hind legs.

It was impossible to make her walk and this was the only means of transportation.

It was after two o'clock when we made a start for camp. Our noon-day meal that day consisted of a cup of Bovril which was scarcely sufficient to keep us warm, notwithstanding the mild weather. The guides and lumbermen worked like Trojans hauling the sleigh with its heavy freight. How they pulled and tugged at the long rope attached to the sled! It almost seemed that they were working with superhuman strength. Colonel Baker walked in the rear and encouraged the men with shouts of "Hurrah! mes braves garçons," "Tiens, biens vos cordeau," and other encouraging terms which stimulated the haulers over obstacles in the road or up steep inclines. The progress homeward was extremely slow. There was not a man in the party who was not wet to the skin. It was growing colder, and our clothes and snowshoes were freezing up rapidly.

It was soon seen that we could never reach camp before dark. After three hours of as hard labour as man

PLODDING HOMEWARD

ever undertook, the Colonel brought all hands to a halt, and ordered preparations for leaving Mrs. Moose alone in the woods for the night. Axes were brought into service, and within a short time a box stall was built up with logs and boughs. The moose was turned loose in it, and we wended our way back to camp. We reached our tents about dark, after one of the most severe trials I ever went through in the woods. All hands were completely tired out, and the Colonel remarked that it was one of the hardest days he had ever experienced.

There was very little said that evening. The candle went out at eight o'clock and the flapping of the entrance flies of the tents and the pattering of the rain and sleet on the canvas were the only noises which otherwise disturbed the severe stillness of the woods. But the sleepers never heard it and the captive moose took her natural rest. The next day we returned to the pen to meet with an unexpected and serious disappointment. We found our captive had made an attempt to escape during the night, and in doing so had fractured a leg. The Colonel

A MOOSE-YARD AT MONTMORENCY FALLS PARK, NEAR QUEBEC

THE ANIMALS ARE THE PROPERTY OF HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

gave orders to have her killed, much to our sorrow and regret. The weather had become so mild that we decided to give up the hunt, and accordingly returned to town, after a trip full of excitement, hardship, and ill-luck. A week later the Colonel returned to Lake Edward, this time with better success, a fine specimen of a bull-moose, even larger than the one we captured, being his reward. It is now among the other large animals to be seen at the Montmorency Falls Zoo.

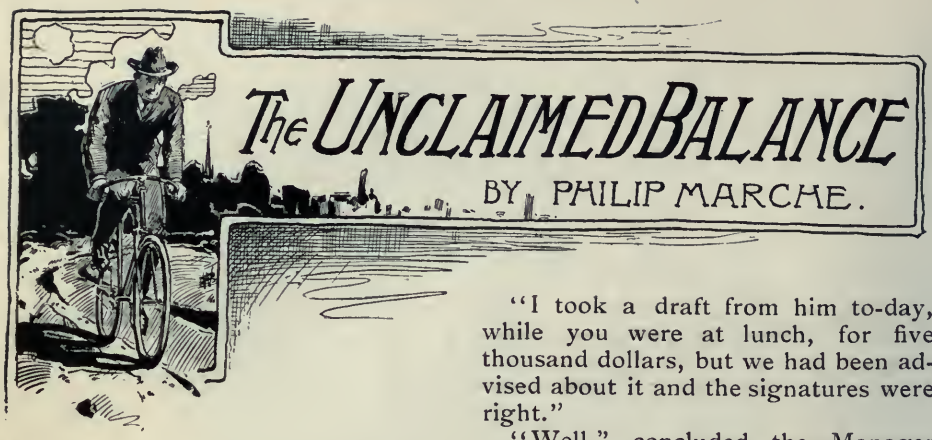
A MOOSE-HUNT—SERVING A CUP OF HOT BOVRIL

THE VOYAGER

BY INGLIS MORSE

SOFTLY down the iron-grey stairway
Of old Time I go to-day.
'Tis here that all the souls of Earth
Do wander, haunted by dark fears,
And quickened by some hopes of worth
Which serve to ease the burden of long years.

Here at the foot I rest
One moment ere I launch my boat
And float—
Far out across the silver sea
That girds the mystic West—
Out where the silent Tide of Life
Merges all strife
In vast eternity.



The Unclaimed Balance

BY PHILIP MARCHE.

IT was nearly four o'clock. The bank had at last shaken itself free of the public. Inside, the staff was busy cleaning up, sorting out and digesting the mass of business that had poured in through the tellers' wickets. In the "Holy of Holies" the Manager was seated at his desk, examining a pile of bills left for discount. It had been a satisfactory day, and the Autocrat of the Branch was disposed to be lenient in his judgment of the credit instruments stacked before him.

As each bill passed his scrutiny he would place his initial in the corner along with some cabalistic signs intended to convey to the instructed eyes of the discount clerks the rates of interest and commission to be deducted. Sometimes he would consult the reference book at his elbow when notes bearing unfamiliar names confronted him, and anon he would throw a bill out of the sheaf, frowning slightly as he did so.

He was interrupted by the entrance of the accountant, his lieutenant in the office.

"I don't like that man Talaver who opened his account the other day."

"Why?" asked the Manager, looking up.

"I think he's crooked."

"Do you know anything against him?"

"No, only his looks."

"He told me his account would be merely a deposit account."

"I took a draft from him to-day, while you were at lunch, for five thousand dollars, but we had been advised about it and the signatures were right."

"Well," concluded the Manager after a pause, and returning to his work, "if he asks for any accommodation we can bring the microscope to bear on him. See that they are careful with him out in the office and I guess everything will be all right."

Notwithstanding the accountant's suspicions, the account of Talaver worked smoothly. About once a fortnight he would deposit a draft for five, six or seven thousand dollars and gradually check the money out. These drafts were always drawn by the same eastern branch, which in every case despatched direct to the branch paying out the money a letter of advice describing the particulars of the draft that had been issued.

About four months after Talaver commenced doing business, the Manager was engaged one afternoon in handling the stream of discounting customers, always at the highest ebb about half an hour before closing time. The man Talaver had taken his place in the line at the Manager's door. In due time his turn came; he knocked and was bidden in. He presented an eighty-thousand-dollar draft drawn by the same office of the bank as usual. He explained that as he had purchased some properties in the United States he would want sixty thousand dollars in New York drafts—six drafts of ten thousand dollars each would suit him best—and the balance, twenty thousand in cash. And—he was nearly forgetting—it would oblige him and might save him some trouble in get-

ting himself identified if they made their New York drafts payable to bearer.

Calling a clerk, the Manager asked for the letter advising this draft. It was brought, and he scanned both documents. Not finding any irregularity and recognizing the signatures of the officials of the other branch, he rang for the accountant and instructed him as to his customer's wishes.

After everything had been prepared and handed to the teller for delivery to Talaver, the accountant, whose distrust of this man had been quieted only, not destroyed, continued his examination of the large draft that had just been honoured. An idea suddenly occurred to him. He quickly brought a magnifying glass into play upon the object in front of him. What he thus discovered excited him greatly.

In a twinkling he was at the teller's cage rattling at the wire door. "Have you paid that money to Talaver?"

"Yes, he has just gone out."

Hurrying to the Manager's room, the accountant blurted out,

"Talaver's eighty-thousand-dollar draft was raised from eight thousand," and staying not for explanations, he seized his hat and rushed for the street-door. He was just in time to see his man driving off behind a fast horse. A bicycle was leaning against the curb a few doors away, and the bank clerk delayed not to inquire whose it was, but straightway vaulted aboard and started in hot pursuit.

The man in the rig, although not aware that Nemesis was on his tracks, was getting away as quickly as possible on general principles. He had chosen this method of leaving town as the best for obliterating his trail and was heading for an important place, about forty miles south, just across the United States frontier, where it was his intention to commence the next day the operation of changing his drafts into money. He calculated upon having plenty of time, before anything was discovered at the bank, to finish his job and to disappear.

The accountant had strong surmises as to Talaver's destination, but was unable to do more than keep him in sight as they tore through the streets. The chase rolled towards the outskirts of the city. The bicycle was an ordinary road machine and ran well, but the rider was not in the best of practice.

The leader was soon well out on the prairie, and the accompanying traffic had thinned away to one solitary horseman, also riding south, between the pursuer and the pursued. The road, or trail as it was called, stretched out broad, smooth and level to the horizon. The dark powdered soil formed a cushion of dust on the hard ground just thick enough to make the riding easy and comfortable. The man on the wheel now recognized that the chase might be a long one, and settled down to keep within the range of vision and to conserve his strength. He knew he was good for some hours at the pace, and counted upon Talaver's being obliged to breathe his horse before many miles were covered.

By-and-by the city was left far behind, and the solitary horseman had turned back. The trail had narrowed and now consisted of parallel rows of ruts cut like square-sided troughs into the earth. There was leisure now for the bicyclist to unravel the chain of circumstances that had produced so curious a result as this—his chasing a swindler away out on the prairie to try and get back seventy-two thousand dollars. Talaver's scheme was quite clear. Like the Bidwells in their famous and successful campaign against the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, he knew the value of a capital in ready money for carrying on the business of swindling. The genuine drafts he had been depositing and drawing out were for the purpose of lulling the bank to sleep, and of course as the money was drawn out it would be sent back to a confederate in the east to enable him to buy the next draft. But the letter of advice which came direct from the other branch through the mails had also been "fixed." That could be accounted for only in one way — treachery

within the bank. The swindlers had, no doubt, managed to obtain a hold in some way over a clerk employed in

"Talaver had taken his place in the line at the Manager's door"

the other office, and he had been able to doctor the advice before it was mailed, to make it agree with the raised draft which it was supposed to

describe. And the draft itself—he and the manager had been great fools. They should have remembered how easy it was to change an eight thousand dollar draft to eighty thousand—simply the addition of the letter "y" to the "eight," and an extra cipher in

the figures, and the thing was done. The bank had been depending too much upon that advice note.

But there was no use bleeding about it now. That should have been done before. The point was: how was he to get the money back? The man in front would doubtless be armed, and he had nothing—not even a paper-knife.

As the accountant turned these things over in his mind the character of the country was undergoing a slight change. It was now rolling. The two men would be out of sight of each other at times while one or the other rode down into the dip between the undulations—they could not be called hills. The soil was becoming a little stony and the ruts were disappearing.

As Talaver approached a poplar bluff, or clump of small trees and shrubs set down lonely-like upon the prairie, he slackened his pace, evidently contemplating a stop. The accountant, who had come up closer, eased off also, to gain all the breath possible before beginning the momentous interview. They were about twenty miles out and not a soul was in sight.

"He quickly brought a magnifying glass into play"

While Talaver had been pushing on his journey, his thoughts had been by no means disagreeable, and he had been congratulating himself upon the success of his scheme. Not a hitch had occurred and the worst of it was over. By to-morrow or the next day he should be able to get rid of his drafts and then this name of Talaver, assumed for this business, could be dropped. He had not liked taking the drafts on New York as the negotiation of them would certainly add to his risk, but no doubt it was wise not to have asked the bank for too much in cash. He calculated that as it would be three days before his "raised" draft would be presented at the other branch, he would have that period as a start.

As the vehicle reached the bluff the driver shot a glance over his shoulder. That wheelsman was still behind! The persistency with which the fellow dogged him had got on Talaver's nerves. Doubtless he was some bicyclist bound for one of the small towns scattered every ten or twenty miles along the railway, but all the same he would let him pass ahead. Perceiving a patch of grass greener and fresher from the shade of the shrubs than was to be found on the open ground, he drew slightly off the road and got out to unloose the check that his animal might graze and rest for a few minutes.

The pursuer had come up quickly, and came alongside just as Talaver was reaching over the horse's neck. Leaping from his wheel and throwing it to one side, the bank man rushed to grapple before his adversary could draw a possible weapon. Although taken by surprise the swindler was not by any means to prove an easy conquest, and a pretty fight began.

Now this sudden commotion so near at hand most effectively startled the horse, and it plunged away at a gallop. The trail bent almost at right angles in the centre of the bluff. The runaway cleared the corner safely, but almost immediately afterwards one of the wheels locked with a stout sapling. The whiffletree snapped, and the frightened steed tore away, dragging behind a debris of broken harness.

Neither of the men could afford any attention to the runaway, as all his faculties were required in the contest. The accountant was the stronger of the two, but he had put considerable energy into the twenty miles of hard pedalling, while on the other hand his adversary was fresh and untired. They wrestled, tripped, kicked and swore, the one trying to get at the weapon in his pocket, and the other doing his utmost to prevent him.

Unfortunately for the side of law and order, just as Talaver applied a dangerous trip, the accountant's foot slipped and he was hurled heavily to the ground. In falling the back of his head struck a stone with such force as to stun him completely. Talaver, although he waged skilful and deadly war against society, was averse to violence and had no wish to add the crime of murder to his misdeeds. His sole aim was to get away, with his spoil if possible, but to get away. As he rose to his feet he now noticed for the first time that a covered buggy in which sat a woman, alone, had entered the bluff from the direction of the city. She had stopped her horse and was gazing in a stupefied manner at the scene. Horror at seeing a man murdered, as she supposed, before her very eyes, had for the moment completely deprived her of her wits.

Talaver was quick to recognize this new circumstance as an opportunity to make good his escape. Stepping hastily to the horse's head he said: "I'm sorry, madame, to discommode you, but I must have your horse and will trouble you to alight."

She looked at him not seeming to hear, then started to shriek hysterically.

Having no time to lose, Talaver was advancing impatiently and threateningly to where she sat when another diversion took place.

A genuine Weary Wraggles had been recuperating his tired energies in a shady spot in the bluff. He had been awakened by the combat between the two men but felt no call to interfere—

his opinion in the matter being "The blokes kin scrap if they want ter. It aint no consarn o' mine." But when the woman appeared and the victor in the battle essayed to harm her, all Wraggles' chivalry and gallantry, long latent, started within him, and he leapt to the rescue. Talaver heard him coming and letting go his hold of the lines, turned, but too late to escape or ward off the blow from the tramp's stick. He fell to the ground.

This sudden appearance of Wraggles, brandishing his club, was a terror with which the woman was familiar and she understood. It cooled her hysterics like a dash of cold water. As Talaver released his hold of the horse, she thoroughly astounded that animal by giving him a most vicious lashing with the whip, causing him to dash off at the top of his speed, leaving the amazed Wraggles in entire possession of the field.

That worthy, true to the ancient traditions of his brotherhood, proceeded at once to take stock of the spoils that were his. First rifling the pockets of the prostrate combatants, he drew a blank from the accountant, but came upon some change and some papers on Talaver. Examining the papers more closely he found the six drafts for ten thousand dollars each.

"'Oly Smoke!" he ejaculated, taking another look at Talaver, "'e must be a bloomin' millionaire."

Now Wraggles was man-of-the-world enough to be aware that the game of negotiating ten thousand dollar drafts belonging to other people was one requiring skill and *finesse*. He did not therefore congratulate himself very heartily upon this find. Next, he went around the bend in the trail to make an inventory of the contents of the stranded vehicle. The fastenings of the valise were smashed without difficulty, disclosing a bundle done up in paper. This he opened and the packages of bank bills—"twenties," "fifties" and "hundreds"—were disclosed to his view.

"This 'ere's better. Some chance for a pore man with them."

But the very richness of the find puzzled and half frightened him. Had it been a few hundred dollars he could have appropriated it with a far easier mind and lighter heart. But all this—it was too much.

"P'raps e's some most orful swell travellin' incog' — mebbe Peerpunt Morgan 'imself—an' if I snaffle it, all the cops in this here country will be onto me, an' mebbe 'angin' is wot I'd git."

While Wraggles was thus holding doubtful controversy within himself, our friend the accountant came to life and to the full possession of his senses. Looking round he saw Talaver prostrate, and remembering the episode of the runaway, got up and stepped to the curve in the road. Wraggles with his back to him was busy with the valise.

"Hallo! What are you doing there?'

This sudden call from one of the dead men had the effect of at once settling Wraggles' doubts. It decided him not to press his claims to the booty. So, resolving to be friendly, he turned his head slowly and unconcernedly.

"Hello yerself, Pard! Ben 'avin' a snooze?"

The accountant walked up to the rig. "Look here, my man! All that money belongs to my bank. The fellow lying back there euchred us out of it and was making for the Boundary. I caught him here and don't know what happened after I got the worst of it in a tussle with him."

"I kin tell yer wot 'appened, Boss. Yers truly, Wilyum Wraggles, bowled 'im over an' saved yer dough, an', wot's more, this 'ere job orter be worth somethin' to an 'onest man in 'ard luck."

"It will be, Wraggles. You help me get this stuff back to the city and I'll see that you get a good penny out of it. But there should be some drafts too—big fellows," and the speaker started back towards Talaver to get them. Wraggles called him back.

"'Ere they are, Boss. I jus' tuk 'em fur safe-keepin', knowin' as they 'ad no bizzness to be where they wuz."

WEARY WRAGGLES INTERVENES

At this moment a rig with two men drove up from the direction in which the woman had fled. They had evidently been informed by her of the proceedings she had witnessed. As they approached they looked suspiciously at our hero and the tramp, and one of them displayed a pistol.

They pulled up to interrogate. It did not take very long to explain, and the four were soon in an animated discussion as to ways and means of getting back to the city with the money and the prisoner. Finally it was agreed that one of the men and the accountant should drive in at once, taking Talaver with them. Wraggles said, "He guessed he'd hoof it," and promised to call at the bank the next day for his reward.

Everything being arranged the party proceeded to gather up the fallen swindler. Upon rounding the corner neither Talaver nor the bicycle were to be seen. Nor were they in sight upon the prairie. Darkness was gathering and it was not possible to see very far. Believing that his escaped prisoner would eventually be rounded up, and anxious to get the recovered money into the bank's vaults, the accountant elected to go right on to the city as had been determined. The destination was reached without further adventure and the money and the drafts safely locked up.

The bank was now in a peculiar position. It had got back all its own and eight thousand dollars of Talaver's capital as well. Talaver had besides some hundreds of dollars at the credit of his account. All the expenses incidental to the pursuit—including an indemnity to the owner of the wheel borrowed by the accountant, a substantial gratuity to Wraggles, and the cost of warnings sent by telegraph to the chief cities and towns of the United States and Canada—were debited to Talaver's funds. The bank itself "remembered" the accountant handsomely. After all the above items had been deducted from the would-be swindler's balance there still remained the sum of $7,841.09.

. . . . . .

These events happened six years ago. As the Government of Canada in the interests of depositors and their heirs requires the banks to advertise each year all balances which they hold and which have not been operated for five years and upwards, Talaver's balance was last year duly published in the bank list.

We know that this was not his real name at all but simply one assumed for the occasion, and as there is a nice little term of imprisonment awaiting him just as soon as he puts in his claim for the money, the probability is that it will continue to show as an unclaimed balance for many years to come.

SEA-BORN

BY VIRNA SHEARD

AFAR in the turbulent city,
In a hive where men make gold,
He stood at his loom from dawn to dark,
While the passing years were told.

And when he knew it was summer-time
By the gray dust on the street,
By the lingering hours of daylight,
And the sultry noon-tide heat,

Oh! he longed as a captive sea-bird
To leave his cage and be free,
For his heart like a shell kept singing
The old, old song of the sea.

And amid the noise and confusion
Of wheels that were never still,
He heard the wind through the scented pines
On a rough, storm-beaten hill.

While, beyond a maze of painted threads
Where his tireless shuttle flew,
In fancy he saw the sunlit waves
Beckon him out to the blue.

POLITICAL HISTORY SINCE CONFEDERATION

By Norman Patterson

IT is said that John Fiske was not only the most successful popular historian that the United States has produced, but also the most successful platform lecturer on history of his generation.* He tried his books from the lecture platform, and thus tested their effectiveness. The late Sir John Bourinot, undoubtedly the most popular historian that Canada has yet produced, followed a similar plan. When he had completed a chapter for some volume upon which he was working, he would arrange to deliver it as a lecture before Harvard or Trinity or Toronto University, or before some notable society. Its weaknesses, if there were any, would be developed by the audience or the press, and Sir John would benefit by both criticism and publicity; or he would contribute the chapter as an article to some leading review or magazine.

Mr. Willison's "Laurier" might have been treated in this way had the author so desired. Many of its chapters would have made admirable magazine articles or historical addresses. Indeed, the part devoted to a summary of Edward Blake's career in Canadian politics did appear first in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. But Mr. Willison might have gone much farther in this direction and pleased many audiences and several magazine editors. That he did not do so, will, no doubt, lessen the sale of his book—though Mr. Willison is not the kind of writer who would worry over that—and lessen the influence upon historical thought which his excellent treatment of our political history must have.

Mr. Willison had little need to test his work, much less need than Sir John Bourinot. He has done a considerable amount of political and after-dinner speaking, and has learned the art of entertainment to some extent. He has, which is still more important, tested his style of treatment in hundreds of editorials, which have been read and dissected by the best of his contemporaries. These two experiences, or this double experience, has endowed him with the quality which makes his history of the Liberal party acceptable to the general reader, and which makes each of his chapters a finished essay or an admirable monograph.

The second volume contains several such chapters,* notably:

Commercial Relations.
Trade and The Fisheries.
Commercial Union.
The Reciprocity Campaign.
Liberal Ministers at Washington.
The School Question.
The Preferential Tariff.
Imperialism and Radicalism.

In fact, the two volumes are a collection of bright, readable, comprehensive essays dealing with more than a dozen of the most important political questions or phases of our political development since Confederation. What he has to say about Mr. Laurier comprises only about one-fourth of the two volumes. This peculiarity of the work lends it an importance which it would not otherwise have, and makes it a most important contribution to our history—perhaps the most important that has yet been produced.

In addition to giving us these excellent essays, Mr. Willison sums up the careers of Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Blake, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. McCarthy and others, with a conciseness which is noteworthy.

*Professor H. Morse Stephens, in April "World's Work."

* The first volume was reviewed briefly in the March CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

One paragraph concerning Mr. Blake may be quoted:

"It was not Mr. Blake's fortune to lead the Liberal party back to office, but no one who examines the record will deny that he profoundly influenced the deliberations of Parliament, and contributed greatly to the maintenance of a sane opinion and a sound moral temper in the country. Mr. Blake has the mind and the genius of a great administrator. It may be that he is not so well equipped for the part of a leader in Opposition. In truth it seems an ill caprice of fortune which set this managing and governing mind to a long warfare in Opposition in Canada, and to a far less hopeful struggle for a weak and unpopular cause in the Imperial Parliament. It is doubtful if this continent has bred a more opulent mind than that of Edward Blake. He ranks with Webster and Hamilton and Beecher. His very first appearance in the courts gave the impression of great intellectual power and of phenomenal industry. His brief term of office in Ontario revealed political talent and administrative capacity of the first order. Throughout the stormy days of the Pacific scandal his voice rang through the country, and his stern arraignment of Sir John Macdonald in the great debate which closed with the Conservative leader's resignation of office in November, 1873, is one of the most overwhelming speeches ever delivered in the Canadian Parliament. That and many of his later speeches would take high rank in any Parliament in the world."

His personal description of Sir John Macdonald is admirably done:

"Sir John Macdonald was neither a popular orator nor a parliamentary debater of the first order. He was, however, a profound student of character. He had humour, adaptiveness, and readiness. He could break the force of an attack with a story or an epigram. He had that mysterious quality of personal magnetism which gives to its fortunate possessors a strange and mighty power over their kind. During the last four or five years of his life, his seat in Parliament was often vacant. He nursed his strength and avoided so far as possible the worry and fatigue of late night sittings. It was his habit to sit with his legs crossed and his head thrown back, with a jaunty air and an alert look, except now and then when some keen debater across the floor was pressing him hard, dealing square, strong blows at 'the old man and the old policy,' with perhaps a touch of bitterness in the words, and a keen knowledge of the old man's ways revealed in the method of attack. At such times he would move uneasily as the enemy pressed him close, toss his head, bite his lips, glance angrily back upon his followers, throw some taunt to his opponents, and at last come to his feet and retort upon the adversary. In later years he rarely lost his complete self-control. In his angriest mood he was deliberate, and seemed as he faced his opponents to be cruelly and craftily seeking for the weak spots in the indictment. He did not always meet argument with argument. He had little eloquence. He had no loftiness of speech. He never sought to cover the whole ground of an opponent's attack. That elaboration of argument and exhaustive mastery of detail which distinguished the speeches of Mr. Blake is generally lacking in the speeches of Sir John Macdonald. In Parliament he rarely spoke to convince or win the Opposition. His aim there was to touch the party loyalty, and rouse the party enthusiasm of his supporters. He would often turn his back upon the Liberals and address himself directly to the Ministerialists. He would strike some happy thought, some sentence full of keen sarcasm or general ridicule, and with a shrewd look and smiling face and jaunty air, would drop the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders and a half contemptuous gesture that always tickled his followers, and often exasperated his opponents. There he would stand with his back to the Speaker, while the Opposition chafed at the cool but skilful exaggeration of their position, and the Conservatives cheered with delight, and wagged their heads and shrugged their shoulders in sympathy with the old man's bantering humour."

His treatment of McCarthy is severe. He points out that before Sir John Thompson entered Parliament, Mr. McCarthy was Sir John Macdonald's chief constitutional adviser, and intimates that the advice given was usually unsound. He admits that Mr. McCarthy was singularly courageous and incorruptible, but that "in his attitude towards Quebec, and in his handling of questions which touched the passions and prejudices of the French and Catholic people, he was often rash, impolitic and unjust in the last degree."

With regard to Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Willison gives a quietus to one misunderstanding. It has been thought by some that when Mr. Laurier was first chosen Leader of the Liberal party, that it had not sufficient confidence in his abilities to give him more than a temporary appointment. On this point Mr. Willison says:

"Mr. Laurier was not asked to accept either a temporary or a conditional appointment. It was he that fought against the acceptance of the office, and despite the earnest persuasions and entreaties of his associates, would agree only to a temporary appointment and a partial acceptance of the

authority and responsibility of leadership. He required that the advisory committee should continue, and insisted that he should not be put before the country as the leader of the party. He even pleaded that the action of caucus should be considered as strictly private, and that the fact of his nomination to the leadership should not be announced. It is no secret that he favored the appointment of Sir Richard Cartwright, and could only regard the selection of himself for the office as a grave personal and political mistake. He pleaded and remonstrated with genuine emotion against the insistent determination of caucus to force his acceptance, and withheld his positive refusal only on condition that the final decision should be postponed until the close of the session, and that in the meantime he should serve only as the nominal parliamentary leader in Mr. Blake's absence."

His closing chapter on "The Man and His Methods" contains his summing up of Sir Wilfrid. Two paragraphs may be chosen:—

"Nature was prodigal of her gifts to Wilfrid Laurier. He has distinction of manner, a gracious dignity of bearing, a rich, sonorous voice, flexible, vibrant and variant as the tones of a perfect instrument; a face luminous, mobile and responsive to all the human emotions; ample stature, erect, commanding and finely proportioned; a head like a sculptor's model, once crowned with a wealth of luxuriant, wavy locks, now thinning and falling back from a noble brow; ease and freedom of movement which suggest perfect physical development. He dresses with scrupulous care and perfect taste, as though jealous of all the advantages he has received from Mother Nature, and conscious that physical, as well as mental gifts, may be set to service. He has absolutely no petty vanity, and in all his relations with men and all his ideals of living he is a thorough democrat.

"There is something in the man which forbids undue familiarity, and yet absolutely nothing which prevents approach from the poorest and humblest. It is not the mere art of the politician which invites us to his side, when he is out in the country districts, the grey-haired, toil-worn worker in field or shop, but an innate goodness of heart, an unaffected love of his kind, and a profound appreciation of the worldly wisdom and hard common sense and sound political temper of those we call the plain people. In the districts of Athabasca, Drummond and Megantic it is these people who are his firm and intimate friends, and they would smile at the thought that there was nothing behind the relationship other than the mere concern of a politician to retain political support. His friendships are enduring and not exacting, so long as he is persuaded of the good faith of those with whom he co-operates. He is neither boastful of his own achievements, nor contemptuous of the services which other men perform, nor jealous of the praise which other men receive. He is singularly free from prejudice in appraising the gifts and qualities of his political opponents. He rarely passes a harsh criticism upon Sir John Macdonald. He has always recognized the great difficulties which confronted the Conservative leader in the earlier period of Confederation, and the extraordinary skill and resource displayed in his treatment of hard and vexing problems, and especially his supreme capacity for political leadership. He greatly esteemed Sir John Abbott, and had a strong admiration for the high legal attainments and singularly clear and powerful intellect of Sir John Thompson. He overlooks Sir Mackenzie Bowell's extreme partisanship in respect for his rugged personal honesty and thorough soundness of heart, and he has unstinted admiration for the marvellous physical vigour and invincible courage of Sir Charles Tupper. The soul of loyalty himself, he looks for loyalty in his associates, and there is something like humility in his simple gratitude for the undeviating support he has always received from Sir Richard Cartwright. He served under Mackenzie and under Blake with zeal and good faith, unbroken by any fitful detachment or querulous repining over persistent ill-fortune, and if his will could have prevailed, Sir Richard Cartwright would have succeeded to the Liberal leadership."

Mr. Willison has thus added to the charms of his essays, pen-pictures of the political leaders who bulked large in the political movements of which he gives the history. The movements could not be understood without a knowledge of the men who directed them. Nor are these pen-pictures mere verbal sketches. Mr. Willison has considerable power of characterization based on an analytical ability of no mean order.

Towards these political movements and political leaders, Mr. Willison has preserved a fair, judicial and sympathetic attitude. When he condemns, he endeavours to do so justly and gently; when he praises, he is generous and magnanimous, without losing any of the signs of sincerity and honesty. He never descends to partisanship, though occasionally passing by weak spots with the journalist's adroitness.

It is to be hoped that these two volumes will be widely read. In any case, they will be indispensable to the future political writer and the future historian of this budding nation.

THE REVIVAL OF THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL AND DRAMA

By J. Macdonald Oxley

THE recurrent tides of fashion in fiction present a highly interesting subject of study, all the more fascinating because one may speculate with such freedom as to the underlying causes of their ebb and flow. It is but a little while since we were in the thick of an exceedingly animated discussion as to the respective merits of Realism and Idealism, the echoes of which have not altogether died away, and so long as Henry James is with us we are still in constant peril of being called upon to read stories and novels in which absolutely nothing happens save a most profuse expenditure of "dictionary words" deftly arranged so as to keep the reader in a condition of perspiring perplexity.

Some of us are perhaps old enough to remember when "The Prince of the House of David" was the most popular work of fiction in all well-regulated households, possessing as it did the immense advantage of being proper for Sunday as well as improving for weekdays. This worthy work had of course many imitators, and the distinctly religious novel enjoyed a great vogue for a season, but presently fell into disfavour, except indeed so far as it survived in the Sunday School and Sunday School periodical.

Within the past few years, however, there has been a decided revival of appetite for the religious novel, making this term wide enough to include the story which like "Ben-Hur," for instance, is mainly based upon Bible material, but has no direct religious teaching.

Toward this revival "Ben-Hur" itself undoubtedly in large measure contributed, and when its influence began to wane it was given a fresh fillip by the remarkable career of "Tarry Thou Till I Come," a revamping of the religious novel "Salathiel" that had flourished and been forgotten forty years before, and was after all nothing more than the familiar legend of the Wandering Jew invested with more piety and less romance than Eugene Sue had imparted to it.

Since then we have had the "Christian" and "Master Christian" of those matchless megalomaniacs, Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, whose misunderstanding of true religion is to be paralleled only by their ignorance of human nature, and in their wake has followed a flood of less significant stories of which that recently published with Judas Iscariot as its hero, shows perhaps the most originality of conception, although it leaves so much to be desired as to literary execution.

The natural question is—what does all this signify? Is the interest in religious things so deepening and widening that the domain of fiction is henceforth to be brought under its sway? Or is it merely a passing phase of intellectual appetite which will presently be sated, and then the publishers will be loudly declaring religious novels a drug in the market?

Personally I am inclined to the latter view. That the world is growing substantially better I verily believe, but I have no faith in the permanency of a particular kind of fiction which depends for its life upon one special quality. Only the writing that makes a universal appeal refuses to be submerged in the dark flood of Lethe, and just as the dialect story, the "Sword and s'death" story, and the minutely analytical story have had their day, so will the religious novel, and from present appearances the turn of the tide is not far distant.

It was only natural that synchronous with the increase of interest in the

religious novel there should be a like change of spirit in regard to the religious drama whereof the most striking manifestation was the vast audiences attracted by the dramatic versions of "Ben-Hur," "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Christian."

One may, without any fear of contradiction, venture the assertion that many good folk who had hitherto eschewed the theatre because of conscientious scruples were persuaded, or persuaded themselves into patronizing one or other of these plays, although they would have refused to be present at a representation of "Hamlet" by however competent a company.

Yet who shall deny that as dramatic compositions the plays in question certainly fell far short of being masterpieces, and were for the most part enacted by artists of quite ordinary talent?

None of these plays are fairly open to the accusation of trenching upon dangerous ground. One would have to be supersensitive to accuse them of being either sacrilegious or even irreverent, but they inevitably inspire the enterprising playwright and manager to attempts at larger liberty with sacred things. The undiminished interest in the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau made certain purveyors of playhouse recreation eager for the experiment of a Passion Play in London or New York, and they were quite ready to provide it on a scale of splendour that would have completely eclipsed the simple accessories of the little mountain village in Europe.

But to the credit of the authorities be it said that thus far these endeavours have not been permitted to bear fruit, and a dramatized Bible has yet to be presented to the public, save in our own city of Montreal, where it had a brief career upon the stage last year.

Mrs. Fisk's drama with Mary Magdalen as its central figure no doubt closely approaches the danger point, yet it seems to avoid it sufficiently to prevent the public conscience being sharply shocked. But it would be edifying to see how a performance of Lawrence Houseman's "Bethlehem —a Nativity Play" would be received.

I do not believe that there is anything to be gained, and I am quite clear that there is much to be lost by any larger license being allowed the stage in this direction.

The prime purpose of the theatre, after all, is to afford recreation, not to teach either morals or religion. That it is practicable to entrance large audiences, and at the same incidentally inculcate the joy of unselfishness, or the splendour of self-sacrifice, as is done by "The Message from Mars" and "The Only Way," is a reason for sincere congratulation, and goes far towards countervailing the obloquy of Pinero's problem plays, and the sundry scrofulous adaptations from the French.

By all means let our plays be pure, but they need not be either pedantic or priggish, and in regard to all distinctly sacred subjects we would say to the dramatists with an emphasis they should not fail to understand, "Hands off, sirs."

THE COMPANY OF LONGWOOD GRANGE

A GHOST STORY

By A. B. DeMille

A SINGULARLY matter-of-fact individual, with very little belief in anything—least of all in ghosts—is what I have always considered myself. I am, therefore, the less able to understand that experience of mine in England. It is not a tale I am fond of telling, because it is generally greeted with merriment. But there is no harm in writing down what occurred, partly for my own peace of mind, and partly to let others judge for themselves.

I first met Sir Guy Longwood in Montreal. At the time I did him some trifling service, by which he seemed to set great store. A warm friendship sprang up between us, despite some disparity in tastes—he was a soldier and a sportsman, while my interests lay in financial matters. We went about together enough to appreciate each other's comradeship, and when he left he made me promise to visit him at Longwood Grange.

Several months elapsed before I was able to redeem that promise. Then, during Christmas week of a certain year, I found myself in London on business which could afford to wait while I paid a flying visit to Sir Guy. I had not heard from him, for we seldom wrote; but I felt reasonably sure of finding him at home, as he had the true English ideas about Christmas. So I sent off a letter and followed it to Longwood Grange, northward from London.

Those English trains have an oddly unfinished look after the weight and bulk of the American cars. But I was sorry to leave the comfortable compartment for the bleak December air outside, and the absolute emptiness of Longwood Station. For there was no sign of my friend or his carriage.

The station-master said he didn't know where Sir Guy was, or if he had been expecting anyone, or whether it was likely that he would send a man to meet me. He said that it was about a mile to the Longwood gates. Yes, the road was unmistakable. No, it would be better to go out to the Grange at once, but that there was no trap in the village.

There was nothing for it but to walk. I picked up my grip and started briskly towards the Grange through the clear cold of the late afternoon. It was Christmas Eve. Everything lay white with snow, which outlined in high relief the picturesque, old-fashioned houses, the rambling inn, and the quaint parish church. The way proved easy enough. Right upon the outskirts of the village the huge estate of Longwood extended for miles over hill and dale. The main entrance was but a short distance along the road. It opened upon an avenue two miles long. Overhead towered magnificent trees, and everywhere was the snow, now forming delicate fretwork along the branches, now stretching away endlessly over the fields and moors. Finally the road debouched on a wide terrace, and on the other side of this I saw Longwood Grange.

I recognized it at once from Sir Guy's description and the photographs he had shown me. And I looked eagerly for the well-known figure to come striding to meet me. But there was no sign of life about those long, irregular buildings, the sunset aflame from a hundred windows. I stood for a moment to gaze around, and the silence shut down upon me like something tangible. Longwood Grange seemed a bit of history. It was eminently picturesque—the battlemented turrets, the walls pierced here and

there for arrows, and the whole thing a medley of the architecture of half-a-dozen different periods. The place is very old, the first Baron Longwood having been a Crusader. Perhaps this atmosphere may account in part for what I saw there.

I crossed the terrace and mounted some huge steps that led to a front door of surprising dimensions. The heavy bronze knocker banged like a pistol-shot under my hand.

Soon came a creaking within—the scrape of metal on metal. Some bolts were withdrawn and one-half of the door swung outward a few inches.

"Who is it?" asked a woman's voice.

"Is Sir Guy Longwood at home? Kindly take him my card."

"Nay, nay," said the voice. "Ye don't get in that way. But let's see the card."

The card was evidently satisfactory, for there was the clank of a chain and the door drew slowly wide. A handsome old woman came out and inspected me closely.

"Yes," she said. "It's him. I rekernize him by the fortygraft in Mr. Guy's room." Then to me: "An' it's you, sir? Right welcome you are, and pity it is that Mr. Guy's not here himself to bid you welcome to the Grange"

"Not here?" I gasped—though I might have known.

"Why, sir, you see Mr. Guy's gone with the rest of the family to a Christmass ball at a friend's house nigh on to ten mile away. He *did* say as how he'd ride back after the ball, being as he heard you were in England, an' having a feeling that you might turn up at the last moment."

"But didn't he get my letter?"

"Well, sir, there *was* a letter come directly he left, which, I suppose, is yours. No, sir, he never got no letter. Theyv'e lef' James and me in charge (James is my husband, sir, an' head keeper). But if you'll come in, sir, we'll take it kindly of you, sir, an' make you most welcome, I do assure you."

The news was not very pleasant, but as I did not relish the long walk back to the village, I determined to spend the night in the Grange. The housekeeper—who soon informed me that her name was Granby—led the way through a huge, dim entrance hall and a bewildering series of rooms. Everything was in semi-darkness, and objects started out weirdly in the light of the single candle which she carried. I was particularly struck by the sudden apparition of a man in full armour with a gigantic sword, who stared at me from the wall. Only a picture, but I could not help glancing back. There he stood, the face revealed with odd distinctness by some wandering shaft of light, his fierce eyes fixed upon me. It was the picture-gallery, my conductress explained, and the painting that of Sir Guy the Crusader, first Baron Longwood, founder of the house.

Traversing several dark corridors we came at last to Mrs. Granby's bright lit apartments. Presently James entered—a big, sturdy yeoman, with Irish blood in his veins. He bade me welcome.

"An' did ye give the gintleman anny food an' dhrink, Missis G.?" he said. "Bedad, ye didn't. It's loike ye. Now, sorr, you sit down forninst the foire, an' I'll give ye a snack to the Quane's own taste!"

Which it certainly was. Also the liquid matters which accompanied and succeeded it. James and his wife had likewise some good stories, and in most of them Sir Guy—Mr. Guy, they called him—figured prominently.

"An' have ye seen the bye's pictur' in the Gal'ry? Sure, ye haven't," said James. "Thin we'll show it t'ye, so we will. Cowld? Bedad 'tis as warrum as summer. It's mesilf that keeps the place well aired, an' it's the missis that goes t'roo it wid a broom. Sure I'll loight up, an' ye can come along afther!"

It did not take them long to prepare things, yet the result was astonishing. The long corridors were a blaze of brilliancy, and the great hall when I en-

tered it was fairly dazzling. This was a huge place, with flagged floor and fretted roof. Down one side ran a row of stained-glass windows, charged with armorial bearings, while in the centre of the opposite wall was an enormous fireplace, with a splendid trophy of arms and armour above it, stretching clear up to the black beams of the roof. At the farther end of the hall I saw a canopied dais—a relic of earlier times—and around the walls were placed the ancestral pictures, all of heroic size and rich colouring that even in the oldest was but slightly dimmed by the lapse of years. Altogether the hall gave an impression of size and grandeur and brightness.

For two hours I went from picture to picture, learning from the graphic descriptions of James a good deal about the Longwood family. When we had finished the round, Mrs. Granby went to bed and James took me out for something to make me sleep.

"An', bedad," said he, "we'll have a foire in the Pictur' Gal'ry, an' ye can sit an' shmoke there. Sure," with a genial smile, "I don't mind if I have a bit of a shmoke wid ye mesilf!"

It was a happy thought, for James was a golden talker and a crafty compounder of beverages. He brought a small table—besides other things—and we sat for some time before the fire. We talked a good deal, I remember, and later on I noticed that the bottles were empty. I felt unusually sleepy, so James helped me to bed.

I was strangely restless that night and tossed about uneasily. Then I suddenly remembered I had left my top hat and umbrella down in the great hall. The thought came to me that it was very important to secure them. I put on a dressing-gown and slippers and sallied forth. After an adventurous journey I reached the Picture Gallery, and there, over by the fireplace, were the missing articles. I put on the hat and opened the umbrella. I don't know why I did this. At the time it seemed the proper thing to do.

The hall was in darkness now, save for the dull glow of the dying fire. An absolute silence prevailed. My thoughts began to wander, turning naturally enough to the portraits that hung invisible upon the dusky walls. The descriptions I had heard were fresh in my mind, and I lay back in a chair and dreamed of them all—Sir Guy the first, founder of the house, and Sir John of Agincourt, and Sir Richard the Sailor, and Sir Lawrence the Cavalier, and Sir Peter the Bishop, right down to Sir William the Lawyer, father of the present Sir Guy.

At last I rose and kicked one of the logs into better position, so that a shower of sparks flew up the chimney. And when I turned, the whole wide room was flooded with moonlight almost as bright as day. Every detail stood out—the high emblazoned windows, the long array of portraits, the stately furniture, the dark-beamed roof. The dais, from its position, was the lightest portion of the hall; I could plainly see the Longwood coat-of-arms on the tapestry behind and the canopy overhead, and as I looked I saw something else that made me step back hurriedly into the shadow of the huge chimney.

It was the figure of a knight in full armour. Whence he came I could not tell, but there he stood leaning on a bright sword, the moonlight gleaming from his helmet and shoulders. Sir Guy the Crusader had come down from his picture-frame. He moved impatiently, and his armour clashed.

At this moment came an apologetic cough close to my elbow.

"Beg y'r pawdon, sir," said a smooth voice. "Mebbe you didn't know there's a meetin' 'ere to-night?"

I turned quickly, thinking James had come back. It was not James, however, but a short, stout man dressed in the Longwood livery.

"Why," I exclaimed in surprise, "I thought all the servants were away except James."

"So they are," replied the apologetic little man. "All the present staff."

"Then you are not one of the present staff?"

"No. I'm discharged, as it were."

"Then why do you wear the Longwood livery?"

"Well, sir, the fact is—er—I'm *dead*."

"What!"

"Dead, sir—a ghost, as you might say. I died about 1895. My name was Jones."

"The old master's butler?"

"Yessir. That's what I was."

I put out my hand cautiously to touch him. It went clean through his anatomy about the region of the sixth brass button on his waistcoat. I shuddered and drew back.

"And I came, sir," he continued as if nothing had happened, "jest to tell you that they are to hold a meetin' 'ere to-night. It's their custom, sir, every Christmas Eve."

"Who are *they?*" I inquired, anxiously.

"The other ghosts, sir. Yessir. But if you stay here in the shadow they won't notice you. You see, sir, some of 'em are rather short in their temper, 'aving no regard for a person's feelings."

"And what are they coming here to-night for?"

"Now that I couldn't tell you, sir, excep' that they gener'ly does so. Speakin' in gener'l, they each has 'is own part of the Grange through the year. And each 'as 'is own peculiar way of actin'."

"What do you mean by 'acting'?" I asked.

"Well, sir, take Sir Guy over yonder. 'E comes up and cleaves you with 'is two-'anded sword. That's what *'e* does. And then some of 'em will happroach and groan in your hear—"

"Are there many of them?" I broke in, uneasily.

"Yessir. 'Eaps," was the cheerful response. "But there's on'y certain ones that is let happear."

The prospect did not tend to hearten me, and I gazed disconsolately across at the portraits of Barons Longwood dead and gone. Dead and gone? Even as I looked the second Baron came slowly up the room.

"'E ain't much account, 'e ain't," remarked Mr. Jones. "'E died in 'is bed, and that's what very few of 'em 'as done. But there's Sir John a-comin' up the room now. *'E* died with 'is boots on, in a manner of speakin'. Killed at Hagincourt—notice anything rummy about 'im, sir?"

There certainly was something odd about the figure advancing through the moonlight spaces. Now he appeared like a tall and dignified knight, with a gleaming battle-axe on his shoulder, and now he seemed not a knight at all, but a short man in a buff jacket, wearing a round steel cap and with a long yellow bow at his back.

"Why, yes," I answered. "He's not—he doesn't seem—"

"Yessir, that's jest it!" interrupted my garrulous acquaintance. "'E doesn't seem like as if 'e was one man. You see, sir, in the fifteenth century there was a dispute about the rightful heir—some said it was Sir John, and others that the foster-mother 'ad mixed the babies up and that the legitimate heir was Jack Long the harcher. It weren't never settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. An' now, sir, what do you think 'appened? W'y, when they both died, a question of precedence rose which 'asn't been harranged yet. You see, sir, it's like this; the thing weren't cleared up when they was alive, and they both was killed at Hagincourt. Consequentially, sir, they cannot now both happear at the same time in different places. If Sir John wants to happear 'e 'as to make harrangements with Jack Long to remain hinvisible, and if the harcher wants to happear 'e 'as to ast Sir John not to step in afore 'e's done. They don't agree very well, Sir John and the harcher don't, so it's what you may call a complication. Jess look at 'em now!"

I could see how it was. Only one could appear at a time, and they had tried to compromise matters by making their mutual appearance half as knight and half as archer. Their difference in height led to an uncomfortable disparity. I was much interested

in the struggle for visibility, for the apparition's centre line, so to speak, was quite indeterminate.

"It's allus like that," said the butler, disgustedly. "They'll vanish directly, and try to come to some other agreement." Presently the figure did vanish. "They 'as a 'orrid way of acting," the butler went on. "Gits in your room and changes from one to the other with what might be called bewildering rapidity. It's bin known to frighten people bad—but I can't say as I think much of it. The others does better. . . . Yes, they've arranged it the same old way," he added, as Sir John suddenly appeared, battle-axe and all, and proceeded in a dignified manner towards the dais.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why, sir, they'll take what you might call turn about. Sir John'll be visible for ten minutes or so, and then the harcher for the same lenth of time. But they're allus quar'ling about it."

Scarce was he finished when I had a practical example of what he said. The knight suddenly vanished, the archer appearing in his place with an innocent smile. Instantly he in turn vanished, and Sir John reappeared. But he was almost immediately superseded by the archer, who gave way again as quickly to the knight. It *was* bewildering, as Mr. Jones had said. Sir John remained visible this time, however, looking hot and angry. He went his way to the dais, and proceeded to make an obeisance to the Crusader. But in the very act he was replaced by the archer, who completed the obeisance and stepped to one side before Sir John's furious visage reappeared. The effect was singular—especially as the knight was evidently trying to project his own personality, and could get no farther than a very angry face and two legs in full armour. The rest of the figure was Jack Long.

"That's allus the way!" sighed my companion. "They *will* not agree, them two. But look, sir, at this 'ere gen'leman coming now."

He pointed to a man just stepping from the shadow at the farther end of the hall. A gallant figure, this—feathered cap, short cloak, bright steel breastplate, long boots and sword. He walked with an indescribable swing that revealed his calling.

"That's Sir Richard the Sailor," explained the butler. "'E lived in 'Lizabethian times and fought against the Spanish Harmada. 'E was afterwards be'eaded by a ungrateful king. Dreadful thing, that, sir! But 'e, now, 'e 'as a way with 'im as anyone might be proud of. 'E comes at midnight and bends over you till you waken, and then 'e lets 'is head fall on you and drips blood. That's what I calls hartistic, sir!"

"And where does *he* reside?" was my nervous inquiry.

"Oh, 'e's over in the West Wing. That's 'Lizabethian, you know, sir."

Sir Richard swung up the long hall to his place on the dais. Then a striking form appeared beside a window opposite—a man with flowing hair and gay slashed dress and a richly ornamented sword. Advancing gracefully, plumed hat in hand, he bowed low to the company on the dais. Sir Lawrence the Cavalier, I thought.

"Yessir," was the answer to my question. "That's 'im."

"And what does *he* do?"

"Well, reely, sir, now—I—you see—if you *ast* me, sir, 'e sets and sings songs by the winder in the moonlight."

"And where's the harm in that? He must be rather a pleasant sort of ghost to meet."

"Ah, yes, sir. But—well, 'e was a Cavalier, and 'e knew Chawles Second and was a pal o' the Hearl o' Rorchester, and 'is songs reely *are*—! and it's never no use to shut your ears, sir, for 'e'll come and sing *loud*, so as you can't help hearing 'im. And 'e gener'ly sings the worst parts over twice." The speaker shook his head despondently. "'E stays up in the big west tower—that was added in 1660, sir. 'E don't roam much; but when 'e does—well, its really hawful, sir, 'is songs, and 'is langwidge!"

All this time the company was gradu-

ally increasing, while I watched from the dark corner. The silence for a time was disturbed only by the faint movement of those who advanced through the moonlight. The Crusader stood forth prominently, an imposing sight.

But the voice of my irreverent companion broke in upon my thoughts.

"You see that gen'leman, sir?" indicating a new arrival dressed in black with well-turned calves, which showed to advantage. "That there's Sir Peter the Bishop. 'E was Eighteen Century, sir."

"And what does he do?"

"*'Im?* Oh, 'e comes and preaches 'is own sermons at your bedside in the hearly morning. Bad taste, *I* says. They was pretty long sermons in those days, sir. 'E lives in the Georgian portion of the Grange."

Sir Peter went his way in the odour of sanctity, and presently there was a stir among the company about the dais. They all seemed to be looking towards me. I turned nervously to my companion, but he had somehow disappeared. These ghosts are so disconcerting.

"Who is this stranger?" It was the Crusader's deep voice.

"We know not!" came the murmured response.

"He must die!" shouted the Crusader. "Let us hunt him to his doom!"

They came on at once. In front strode the Crusader, his great sword describing circles in the air. Sir Richard tossed up his head, caught it, and poised it to throw at me. The Knight and the Archer began to do their transformation act. I heard the first few lines of one of Sir Lawrence's songs —it was all that Mr. Jones had said. And the Bishop gave out the text of his sermon. An umbrella and a top hat seemed inadequate protection against these things. I turned and made for the door.

They followed with roars of laughter. Sir Richard's head whizzed past my own. The Crusader's clanking tread was close behind me. Suddenly I stumbled against something and fell to the floor. This, then, was the end. Shutting my eyes and waving the umbrella, I shrieked for mercy. But that cruel laughter continued.

Very cautiously I opened my eyes. In some mysterious way—I could not imagine how—broad day had come. I lay prone amidst fragmentary glass, the table beside me. Sir Guy stood above me in his riding things, convulsed with laughter.

"By Jove, old man!" was his greeting. "You *have* made a night of it!"

I sat up and looked at him.

"H'm," I said. It seemed a safe remark.

"Well," he continued, his eyes twinkling, "I'm jolly glad to see you, anyway. Come upstairs and have a soda. It will set you up."

"Set me up?" I repeated with dignity. But dignity counts for nothing in a dressing-room and a ruined top hat. I rose sadly and followed him.

Of course I knew what he thought, and explained the real state of affairs carefully and at great length. But it was no use. My friend has a robust sense of humour.

The visit turned out delightfully. Sir Guy was a royal host. We spent a royal Christmas. He invented one utterly nonsensical toast, however, and drank it every day:

"Old chap, here's to the Company of Longwood Grange!"

THE INCORPORATION OF TRADES UNIONS

By John G. O'Donoghue, B.C.L., LL.B.

IN the February number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE one view of this question is presented, and the conclusion arrived at is that trades unions should be incorporated; but, inasmuch as one side only is considered, the conclusion reached may at once be considered lacking in finality.

Professor Shortt's article is introduced by some glittering generalities that can well be urged as a base for many other propositions than those that are built upon them and, therefore, they may be dispensed with for the present as bearing neither one way nor the other upon the point at issue. For instance, Prof. Shortt says:

> "What the whole of society comes to depend upon cannot be permitted to be put in jeopardy, much less suspended, through the caprice of private or sectional interests, hitherto eluding responsibility."

No doubt what he had in mind (if one may judge from the tenor of his article) was, e.g., the transportation facilities of a country brought to a standstill through the operations of a strike by employees. In his view, a strike is the result of the "caprice of a private and sectional interest," and he assumes that the power that initiates a strike has been "hitherto eluding responsibility." But the proposition would apply without difficulty to the operation of a trust dealing with the food or fuel supply of the community, and as trusts have practically brought society to depend upon them, Prof. Shortt would brook no interference with them lest they be put in jeopardy or, perhaps, indefinitely suspended. This reduction to absurdity shows that the proposition has been stated too broadly, and that, evidently, it requires modification in many ways. It cannot, therefore, be accepted as a sufficient premise for the remainder of his article.

He further says:—

> "No society, therefore, which values its stability can afford to allow organizations to flourish within it whose actions are assumed to be beyond the law. Yet, in the course of their development, the modern trades unions have, in many respects, reached a condition under which, without admitting responsibility to the law, they undertake to make laws of their own which, both in themselves and in their method of enforcement, endanger the peace and welfare of society."

More particularity would assist the general public in determining the vital question under discussion. Applying the statement to trades unions, where are the unions "whose actions are assumed to be beyond the law"? What laws of its own has any trade union made which, without admitting responsibility to the law, both in themselves and in their methods of enforcement, endanger the peace and welfare of society? If Prof. Shortt can name one law of a trade union of the character referred to, supporters of the present status of trades unions will concede that incorporation may be a necessity.

The attraction that a simile presents has drawn from Prof. Shortt the statement that modern trades unions "like ruthless invaders, regardless of anything but their ultimate object, take forcible possession of whole provinces, wasting their substance and paralyzing their industry simply with a view to forcing concessions from a few of their more or less wealthy inhabitants," and on behalf of society, he advises them that their methods of "barbarism" must cease; that the State has provided a "complete system of civil government" for the settlement of disputes, and that trades unions must abide by this system.

The contention that trades unions should be incorporated may be supported without such statements as those last quoted. There may be reas-

onable arguments to support the affirmative—arguments that do not require the aid of far-fetched similes, extravagant language and assumptions of fact and incorrect allegations. No one but a rabid anti-trades unionist will believe that trades unions pursue their ultimate object without regard for the rights and liberties of others. They err at times in their judgment, and at other times make statements that rival those quoted above for inaccuracy; but, withal, whether they wish it or not, the conditions that surround them render regard for the welfare of others absolutely necessary. It is assuming a little too much when the "barbarism," i.e., assaults, intimidation and like acts that sometimes accompany strikes, is attributed *in toto* to the unions. The best evidence available on the subject indicates that any moderation shown on occasions of the kind can be traced to the influence of trades unions and their leaders, and Prof. Shortt's allegations and recommendations lose their force, therefore, when it is seen that they are derived from presumptions of fact that are altogether devoid of existence.

The State has not provided "a complete system of civil government for the settlement of disputes." That idea was harboured by the Common Law Judges in very early days in England, but the growth of the Court of Chancery was an answer to the fixed views of the Common Lawyers and Judges. Society is progressive. The law is always behind the needs of the people. As new conditions arise, new rights are acquired, new breaches occur and new remedies have to be devised. Parliament is now considering the advisability of enacting legislation for the settlement of disputes by arbitration to meet some of these new conditions, and thus we see that we have not yet "a complete system of civil government . . . . for the settlement of disputes."

Many other inaccuracies and exaggerations appear in the course of the article, but why refer to them? Most of them can be found in the evidence of the operators before the Commission that investigated the great coal strike, with this difference, that the operators are not so satisfied as Prof. Shortt appears to be, that the violence and crime that accompanied the strike were attributable to the trades unions. On the contrary, they recognize that the lawless element in every community takes advantage of social disturbances to break the law and despoil the honest citizen.

The plain statement of the case for the incorporation of trades unions is that, as they act as organized bodies and enjoy as such certain rights and privileges, they should be held responsible civilly as organized bodies, and should have imposed upon them the duties incident to their position; that a legal status should be given them so that, when the union acts as a union, its funds should be available to recoup one who has been civilly injured by the acts of the union. The proposition appears a fair one at first blush, and will strike superficially-minded people in that way. What reasons can be urged against it?

When unions were first organized, the funds were utilized to meet the legitimate expenses of the union, e.g., rent, fuel, stationery, and so on. In the course of time it became advisable and desirable to make provision for members who were out of employment through sickness or other cause. Then superannuation, old age and death benefits were added, and statistics show that among the English trades unions but a very small portion of the funds is expended in connection with strikes, the greater part going for the benefits already named and for the maintenance and support of the widows and orphans of deceased members. It is this fund that is in jeopardy, and it is to protect those vitally interested in it that opposition is made to the proposition for the incorporation of trades unions.

So far as the law generally is concerned, ample provision is made in the Criminal Code for the protection of society, and the law is positively too

stringent in that respect in Canada, because it does not permit workmen peacefully to invite other workmen to assist them in a contest that may mean life or death to the employee. The English law allows that, and very properly so, or else our boasted freedom is a myth.

For breach of contract and kindred civil injury, the employer has his civil remedy against the individual who interferes with him. The provisions of our law are adequate and ample in that regard. An execution following a judgment against a workman may be returned *nulla bona*, but all the laws in creation cannot change that condition of affairs, because incorporation is no guarantee of solvency, as we see day after day in the case of incorporated companies.

If non-incorporation is such a crying evil, why has not the agitation extended to clubs and like bodies? The incorporation of companies does not protect employees from boycott and the evils of the "black-list."

There is the further fact that in Ontario not one trades union can be named that, after entering into an agreement with an employer for the observance of certain rules, etc., by its members, has deliberately violated it. This is a bold statement to make, but I challenge proof to the contrary.

The English Trades Union Act, 1871, was the embodiment of the report of the minority of the Royal Commission on Trades Unions. That minority reported against incorporation, and the reasons that impelled that report obtain as strongly now. Parliament has refrained from doing more than invite unions to register, and as Parliament is the voice of the nation, we must assume that the present condition of affairs is satisfactory to a vast majority of the people, and that no change will be made until a strong case is made out showing the necessity for it.

Hon. Clarence S. Darrow, who was counsel for the United Mine Workers recently, before the Arbitration Commission, succinctly states the case thus:

"The demand that trades unions should be incorporated is based upon the assumption that they should be made legally responsible for contracts. It is made by a class of men who have persistently refused to contract with them, or to recognize them, or to have anything to do with them except to oppose and vilify them. The great corporations hire their lawyers by the year. They, of course, deal only in high-priced lawyers, who are trained in all the subtleties of the law and understand the intricate mazes of the court. Their salaries are paid regardless of the amount of service they contribute to their employers. It costs the corporation nothing to be constantly in court.

"These high-priced railroad and other corporation lawyers would be ever ready to pounce upon the labor corporations at every opportunity that was offered. There is not a single labour organization that could keep out of the hands of a court for one year of its existence, if it ever consented to become incorporated.

"All sorts of suits would be brought against labour unions, suits for real grievances and suits for imaginary grievances. Every court would be kept open for their undoing. The result would be that these labour organizations would be compelled to employ high-priced lawyers. They would be mulcted in expenses, which would be a greater burden than they could possibly sustain. The end would be speedy. A judgment rendered against a corporation and remaining unpaid would call for the appointment of a receiver or a petition in bankruptcy."

HAMLET

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

HE would see all, this thinker! He would see
The morn of life, the deep of mystery;
He sees, and he is silent: Love and Hate
Sink into nothing while he stares at Fate.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

By A. J. McDOUGALL

FIFTY years of life together!
Dearest, lay your hand in mine;
List, this is our Golden Wedding
With its radiance divine.
Fifty years of storm and sunshine—
Fifty years of faith and love—
Fifty years of life together,
Thanks to Him who reigns above.

When I wooed you in your beauty
And our lives were in their Spring,
When we pledged our love in union
And I sealed it with this ring,
Heaven itself was dimmed in vision
By the rapture in my breast;
But to-day my love is stronger—
Fifty years has been its test!

When upon your brow descended—
From God's hand the gift came down—
Woman's regal right of mother,
Royally you wore the crown.
Dearest, how I loved you, loved you
With a strength I scarce dared own,
Fervid with a strong man's passion—
Wife, that love has greater grown!

Midst your hair the threads of silver
Came as years they slipped away,
But our lives were bound more closely
By the love-links forged each day.
Stalwart sons and gracious daughters
Were the gifts you gave to me,
I had but my love to offer—
Still its incense circles thee!

Fifty years of life together!
Close, ah, close the shadows steal,
And our feet the river's margin
Touch unnoticed as we kneel.
Closer, closer, let your heart-beats
Throb with mine this glad to-day—
Fifty years of life together!
Storm or sunshine, *Love held sway!*

NEW WESTMINSTER, ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.

THE ROMANCE OF NEW WESTMINSTER

By George H. Morden

NEW WESTMINSTER was created at the mandate of the Colonial Office of the Imperial Parliament, for purely political purposes, as the future capital city of the frontier British American Colony, while the particular location was chosen from purely strategic considerations. It thus happens that this city was the prime factor in the early history of the mainland of British Columbia. She is the centre about which cluster the potential events in the making of one of the most important chapters of political beginnings in our Pacific Province.

In the year 1858 the discovery of gold in the sands of the Fraser River caused a large and sudden influx of population, chiefly from California, Washington and Oregon. A conservative estimate places the aggregate of this immigration at 60,000 persons.

At this time Vancouver Island and New Caledonia (the name by which the mainland was then known) constituted a Crown Colony under the gubernatorial control of Sir James Douglas, Hudson's Bay Co. Factor at Victoria, who was assisted by an executive council. The council's powers were confined to the Island, while all the administrative business of the mainland was conducted by direct proclamation of the Governor. In November, 1858—owing, presumably, to this great and sudden increase in the population, together with the difficult conditions which developed relative to the preservation of law and order—the Hudson's Bay Co. charter was expunged and the Imperial Parliament took entire control of the Colony, both Island and mainland, under the name of British Columbia. Sir James Douglas was appointed Governor, with a staff of officials for the administration of the affairs of government.

Synchronal with these changes, and as a part of the plan to be carried to completion, was the adoption by the Colonial Office of the recommendation of Sir Bulwer Lytton, the then Colonial Secretary, that a corps of Royal Engineers be despatched to the Colony. This corps was composed of volunteers for this commission, who were segregated from the British army under a special agreement, to the effect that

NEW WESTMINSTER—COLUMBIA STREET BEFORE THE FIRE

upon the completion of seven years' service in the Colony they would receive their discharge with the privilege of remaining abroad or of receiving free passage to England as each person might elect. The corps, when finally completed, numbered two hundred and thirty picked men, and comprised a little world in itself, containing in its ranks representatives of every trade or profession necessary to a properly organized community. Their duties as formally enumerated were, to explore the country, to construct roads and assist by every means in the development of the Colony, and to perform civil or military duties as might be required. The command of the corps was entrusted to Colonel Moody.

The corps proceeded to the Colony in two detachments, with an interval of several months between their time of departure, Colonel Moody travelling with the second contingent. Upon the arrival of the first detachment at Victoria, Governor Douglas decided to employ them at once in locating a townsite on the Fraser, where might be built the future capital of the Colony. The site chosen was situated on the south side of the river, some thirty miles from its mouth and was eventually named "Derby." When Colonel Moody arrived on the scene he found that the townsite had been platted, a sale of lots had been held and several governmental buildings had been erected. The location, however, did not meet with his approval. He raised strenuous objections to it as lying on the wrong side of the river, as being too far from the mouth of the river, and as being altogether too adjacent to the territory of a foreign power, from which it was absolutely devoid of any natural protection. He was not a man to be easily turned aside in the exercise of his rightful authority, and he proceeded to alter the map by seeking a situation for the capital city more in harmony with his ideas of the fitness of things. Moving some fifteen miles nearer the mouth of the river, he found in the present site occupied by New Westminster, a location that answered what he believed to be the requirements of the case, and here at his orders was cleared and platted a townsite destined, in the estimation of all who participated, to become the capital city of British Columbia.

The first public sale of town lots was held at Victoria, in the month of June, 1859, the property meeting with such ready sale and excellent prices that the proceeds of that day were

NEW WESTMINSTER—COLUMBIA STREET AFTER THE FIRE

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMPSON—BY PERMISSION

ninety thousand dollars. Those who had purchased lots at unfortunate "Derby" were allowed the amount of purchase money already advanced, on any purchases made in the permanent city.

Approaching the mouth of the Fraser from the sea, its neutral waters are seen to roll into the blue depths of ocean through several channels flowing between the islands which constitute the Fraser River delta. These finally resolve themselves into two channels, following either of which you continue your way past one of the most productive and prosperous farming sections of a continent—only one who has actually visited this phenomenal Fraser River Valley, and has studied for himself the accompanying features, can form any adequate estimate of its wonderful fertility and its most enviable advantages—until, at a distance of fifteen miles from the Gulf, you clear the eastern end of Lulu Island and glide out upon the united waters of this magnificent stream. At this point the river is of moderate current and varies in width from one-third to one-half of a mile. The southern shore stretches away in straight and unbroken line, while the northern shore, at a distance of perhaps half-a-mile up the river, is cut away into a considerable indentation and then advances again in a regular and majestic curve, so that immediately before you lies a commanding breast of river bank, occasional glimpses of whose rising terraces have been visible for a distance of ten miles toward the sea. In this advantageous and regal situation, upon the southern slope of this rising bank of one of the noblest fresh waterways in the world, lies the city of New Westminster.

The ground rises in a rather stiff grade for a distance of several blocks from the water-front, while from the summit of the grade the townsite stretches away in unlimited area and with gently undulating surface, affording, if need be, ample accommodation for the largest population. In platting the townsite, the original designers happily avoided that extreme economy of land which is characteristic of many cities. The city may be described as "roomy." The streets are wide and spacious, while the lots are of liberal dimensions and easily accessible. Nor were the future possible requirements as to governmental, educational, religious and recreative facilities overlook-

ed. In the very heart of the city and occupying the most commanding position was reserved a square of ten acres intended for further occupancy by legislative building and "Governmental Office Gardens," while upon either side of this was reserved a square of five acres for educational purposes, the western square being occupied at the present time by the Public and High Schools. Elsewhere was a large square for church purposes, while in different locations were reservations

The first official buildings to be erected were located at what was known as "The Camp," which was situated upon the grounds at present occupied by the Provincial penitentiary, and consisted of the barracks, hospital, theatre, library, Government offices and Commander's residence. In addition to these there was also erected upon the site now occupied by the City Hall, a building to be used as a Government Assay Office and Mint. The Assay Office proved to be a most

NEW WESTMINSTER—THE ONLY REGULAR MARKET FOR FARMERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

for parks, such as "Queen's Park," "The Crescent," and "Moody Square."

Governor Douglas and Colonel Moody disagreed as to the name of the new city, one favouring "Queenborough" and the other "Queensborough." A higher authority was appealed to, and the wise and satisfactory arbitrament of our Most Gracious Queen was that the city should be known as "New Westminster." Thus it fell out that the city enjoys the distinction of having been named by Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

desirable institution, and so plentiful was the supply of Fraser River and Cariboo gold that the office was compelled to operate both day and night, in order to keep pace with the work. The gold bars were assayed and stamped and were then accepted at the banks in return for specie. These gold bars were then forwarded to San Francisco for coinage, and in order to obviate the necessity for this large exportation and foreign coinage of British gold, the proposition was made and was accepted by the Colonial

Office, that a mint be established. The building was accordingly erected by the Engineers, the designs were drawn, approved, and the dies forwarded from England, and all was finally in readiness for operations. The Colonial Treasurer journeyed to Victoria for the purpose of securing the signature of the Governor to the final document which would authorize the actual coinage of money, but for esoteric reasons it appears that this

Gradually there began to manifest itself upon the part of the civic population a sense of dissatisfaction with the system of government which obtained, and out of this there developed a strong and persistent agitation, led by Leonard MacClure, editor of the *Times*, the first newspaper on the mainland of British Columbia, and ably sustained by John Robson (afterward Premier of the Province), editor of the *British Columbian*, successor to

NEW WESTMINSTER—A LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN THE SHAMROCKS (MONTREAL) AND THE WESTMINSTERS, OCTOBER 2ND, 1902—ATTENDANCE 17,000

signature was withheld. The Treasurer returned to the capital city, and in order to prove what the mint was prepared to do, and possibly by way of protest that it was not allowed to do it, coined five ten and five twenty dollar gold pieces, then locked the doors, and the first and last Canadian mint to date went permanently out of business. The coins were excellent in design, perfect in workmanship, and are amongst the rarest of coins, being most highly prized by their fortunate owners.

the *Times*, seeking representative government and separation from the Island. The ultimate outcome was that Downing Street acceded to the popular demand, the corps of Engineers was disbanded, although their commission had yet some two years to run, and local autonomy was granted to the mainland under Governor Seymour. At the same time Governor Kennedy was appointed for the Island. Owing to the non-arrival of Governor Seymour, Governor Douglas convened the

first mainland legislature in the city of New Westminster, in the spring of 1864, the session being held in the barracks, which had been fitted up for the purpose.

This system of government was destined, however, to be of short duration, for an agitation early developed on the Island for the reuniting of the divided Colony, petitions for which purpose were circulated and forwarded to the Colonial Office. This movement ultimately prevailed, and about two years after the convening of the first mainland legislature just mentioned, the union was consummated, and the first session of the Legislature of British Columbia convened at New Westminster under Governor Seymour. Events moved on apace, and at the tide began again to flow in returning prosperity. The turning may be dated from the year 1873, when energetic measures upon the part of the local representatives in the Legislature secured much-needed appropriations for the construction of roads from the city through the farming sections contiguous to the Fraser. From this time the course of progress moved steadily forward. One by one the hitherto hidden natural advantages attached to the excellent location loomed out of the mists and took their place in the perspective of the now rapidly growing city, until she found herself in the enjoyment of an appanage of the most valuable order, yielding prosperity upon a scale the bare mention of the possibility of which a few years previously

FACSIMILE OF $10 GOLD PIECE COINED IN THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MINT—FIVE $10 AND FIVE $20 PIECES COMPRISED THE TOTAL MINTAGE

second session of this united legislature, the historic debate took place upon the question of the permanent location of the capital, with the result that the Victoria contingent was sufficiently strong to carry the day, and the capital was accordingly removed to that city, where it remains up to this present. Thus was the "Royal City" shorn of the very dignity for the sustaining of which she had been called into existence.

The removal of the seat of government was certainly a severe blow to the young town, and for many subsequent years the story is one of ever-increasing commercial depression with ever-decreasing population until utter stagnation was well-nigh reached, and the civic body was reduced to but a few hundred souls. The time ultimately arrived, however, when the would have been considered the fond product of an over-sanguine temperament. By means of steamers plying up and down the river, aided by roads penetrating districts somewhat removed from the river, the city became the centre of supply and distribution for the entire Fraser River Valley with its increasingly large and prosperous agrestic population. The attention of enterprise and of capital was arrested by the immense tracts of superb forest wealth found upon the very shores of this great stream, and also to the fabulous food wealth represented by the myriad millions of salmon swarming in the shoals that regularly sought the spawning grounds at the headwaters of the river. The result was the establishment of two great industries destined to develop to the largest proportions and, operating from this city,

PROVINCIAL ASYLUM

to be the means of greatly augmenting her prosperity. Out of these chief sources of increment (lumbering and salmon canning) sprang a host of minor industries and enterprises, the combined effect of which was to place the city in a position of enviable affluence. These conditions prevailed without interruption until the nineties, when the city was again subjected to misfortune, which manifested itself through two disastrous occurrences, viz., the "boom" and the great fire. The former developed during 1891, and endured throughout 1892, and was probably the outcome of exaggerated expectations arising from the long period of unabated prosperity which the city had enjoyed together with the rapid development of the Coast consequent upon the completion of the C.P.R. Whatever its causes, the results were certainly disastrous. The bubble burst and many investors were drawn into the maelstrom of financial ruin or of compromised credit. The city labours to-day under grievous disabilities, which are directly traceable to this unfortunate experience, although such is her wonderful recuperative power that the population at present exceeds that of the palmiest days of the boom.

HIGH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Then in 1898 came that sudden and serious disaster, the great fire. Starting at eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, September 10th, and fanned by a southerly gale, the flames hurled themselves with irresistible fury upon the doomed city, nor was the holocaust stayed until an area of some sixty acres was swept, in the course of which the entire water-front, the whole business section, and a great portion of the residential section of the city was reduced to ashes. So terrific was the onslaught of the flames that merchants barely succeeded in rescuing their books and ready cash, while household goods removed to a place of supposed safety were time and again overtaken by the conflagration; thus merchants lost their entire stocks and householders their entire possessions.

ROYAL COLUMBIAN HOSPITAL

SHIPS LOADING CANNED SALMON AT NEW WESTMINSTER

The aggregate loss was estimated at two and a quarter millions, with insurance amounting to about one-half that sum. The New Westminster Relief Fund, which was immediately established, met with prompt and liberal response throughout the Dominion, and proved of the utmost helpfulness to the stricken city. The total receipts of the Relief Committee were $53,276.50, and the disbursements up to December, 1901, were $53,218.27, at which time the books were finally audited and the fund closed, the balance of $58.23 being paid into the city treasury.

The strong vitality of the city manifested itself in the prompt manner in which a new town appeared on the ruins of the old. The debris had not ceased to smoulder ere building operations were under way, and but a short period of time transpired before Columbia Street presented upon either side a practically unbroken façade of business and office blocks fully occupied. The buildings were certainly less pretentious than those destroyed, but financial returns have proven that as an investment the two-story structure is much preferable to higher buildings.

New Westminster, as she stands to-day, has a population, according to the census of last year, of 6,950 adults, being in this as well as in other respects the third city in British Columbia. The total assessed valuation of property for 1902 was $4,715,075. The Customs returns for the fiscal year ending June, 1902, show imports $650,368, duties collected $153,797, and exports $5,291,119. To this latter sum, however, must be added exports in lumber and lumber products, fish and food products, etc., of not less than $550,000, making the entire export trade of the city for the period mentioned, at a conservative estimate, exceed five and three-quarter millions of dollars. In this connection, however, it should be mentioned that this period includes the record salmon pack accruing from the great so-called quadrennial run of 1901.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SALMON FISHING SEASON, THE INDIANS GO UP THE RIVER TO THEIR RESERVES—INDIAN BAND ON UPPER DECK

New Westminster at the present time is the source of distribution and supply for the agricultural districts lying south of the Fraser, comprising the most extensive and fertile arable tracts in the Province. She is likewise the commercial centre for a large proportion of the forty-nine canneries situated on the lower Fraser. Some idea of the magnitude of this valuable industry may be gleaned from the following summary of facts:—During the season of 1901 these canneries employed an aggregate of not fewer than thirteen thousand operatives. The total Fraser River pack was approximately 977,000 cases, with a value of $5,600,000. The record catch for one boat

for one night during this the greatest season that the industry has yet known was 1,700 fish, while the aggregate catch of the three thousand boats on the river that night could not have been less than 1,000,000 fish. The actual number of salmon captured and cured in one form or another in and about the Fraser during that season could not be computed at less than thirty or forty millions. The city has within her corporate limits two very large saw and planing mills, with an annual out-put (much of which is exported to Manitoba and the Northwest) of approximately 35,000,000 feet in the form of lumber and the various lumber products, representing a total value of $600,000. She possesses a large cold storage establishment, exporting frozen and fresh fish to the extent of 350 tons annually, while in addition to these already mentioned there are many other manufacturing industries such as creamery, iron works, car shops, shingle mills, can factories, box factories, and so on. Here are located also the Provincial Asylum for the Insane, and the Penitentiary, representing a constituency of from five to six hundred persons. She is to a considerable extent an educational centre, possessing, in addition to excellent public and high schools, two colleges, viz., Columbian Methodist College, and St. Louis (R. C.) College.

THE COURT HOUSE

The completion of the magnificent

NEW WESTMINSTER POST OFFICE

PHOTO BY CORNISH

governmental railway and traffic bridge, which will span the Fraser, and whose northern landing lies in the centre of the city water front, will mark the fulfilment of a long cherished desire of the citizens. This bridge, upon which the construction of the substructures is well advanced, will be a steel truss structure, nineteen feet wide and 1,781 feet from shore to shore. It will consist of eight spans of varying lengths, resting upon concrete piers. The draw span will be 380 feet in length, turning on a pivot pier twenty feet high above low water. The structure will cost approximately $900,000, and is expected to be completed in one and one-half years.

When this bridge comes into use, it will render the city much more easy of

NEW WESTMINSTER—CITY HALL

access from the districts lying south of the river, and will further bring the trains of the G.N.R.R. directly into the city, making it yet more evident that she is destined to become a railway centre, inasmuch as she is already on the line of the C.P.R., and also on the line of the Coast Kootenay R.R., upon which construction is about to begin, and likewise on the Westminster, Vancouver and Yukon R.R., the contract for the first section of which has been awarded.

From a manufacturing standpoint, New Westminster is possessed of exceptional advantages. Her magnificent riparian privileges accord her an unlimited waterfront on one of the world's great waterways, the still immense available supply of timber adjacent to the Fraser places raw material within easy reach, her docks are accessible for ocean-going craft, giving her the valuable advantages of a fresh water seaport, while the converging railway and shipping interests confer upon her ideal transportation facilities.

While New Westminster is old in point of years, as compared with other mainland towns, she is built on solid foundations, endowed with unexcelled natural advantages, alert to apprehend every portion of acquired prosperity that may present itself, and in the judgment of many is destined to occupy a position of commanding influence in the commercial and industrial development of British Columbia, analogous to that which she was created to occupy in affairs political.

MOODS

BY EMILY McMANUS

SILENT and sombre gleamed the bay,
A loveless sheet in the dusk outspread
'Twixt two dull points of changeless gray
And a leaden sky o'erhead.

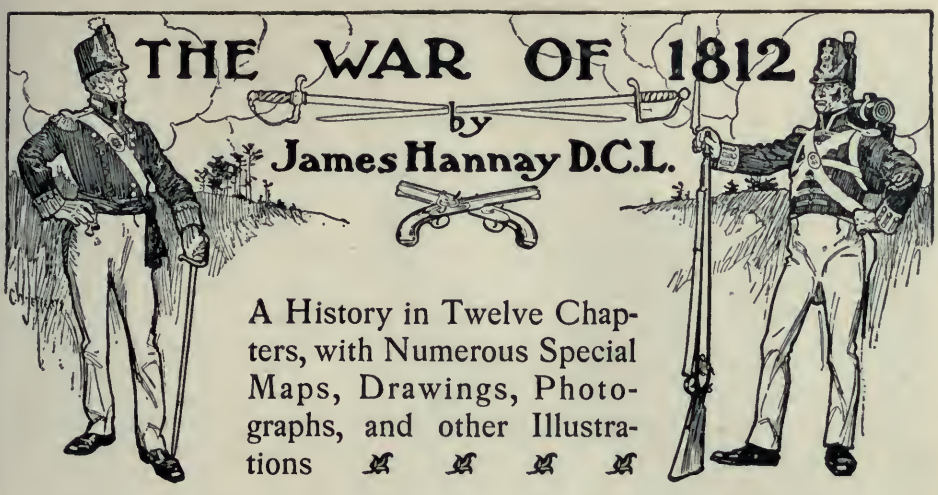
Afar on an island, bleak and bare,
A grudging light from a lonely cot
Gleamed as a lamp Love lighted there,
But long ago forgot.

Noiseless a phantom sail slipped by
In the wake of a seagull's western flight,
While over the wave with the peewit's cry
Came loneliness and night.

. . . . . .

A step, a click of the garden gate,
And the moon rose over the island's rim
To make with her million stars in state
A silvery path for him.

In that love-lit cot on the farther shore
How flashes the beacon clear and strong !
And hark ! to the time of the dashing oar
A happy voice in song.


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Chapters, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

CHAPTER IX—STONEY CREEK, BEAVER DAM AND FORT MEIGS

IT is now time to return to General Vincent's army which we left encamped at Beaver Dam, the night after the capture of Fort George. With the detachments from Fort Erie and Chippawa and the two companies of the 8th Regt., which had arrived from Twenty Mile Creek, the number of regulars present was 1,600 rank and file. On the following day, the 28th, the retreat was continued to Forty Mile Creek and from there, the same evening, General Vincent wrote his official account of the battle. The Militia had been mustered at Beaver Dam and given their choice to remain behind or follow the army. All whose business did not imperatively require their presence at home adopted the latter course. On the 29th the army encamped at Burlington Heights.

A rumour now reached General Dearborn at Fort George that Procter was marching from Amherstburg with his army to reinforce Vincent. It seemed to the American general necessary that the latter's force should be destroyed or captured before this junction took place. General Winder, a Baltimore lawyer, who, although without military experience, had been appointed to high command for political reasons, was anxious to undertake this duty, and was accordingly sent in pursuit of Vincent with his brigade of infantry, Burns' dragoons and Archer's and Towson's artillery. He advanced as far as Twenty Mile Creek, where he was informed of the position of the British army, and halting there he sent back to Dearborn for reinforcements. He was joined on the fifth of June by General Chandler with his brigade, and the latter being the senior officer took the chief command. Chandler was another general who had been appointed for political reasons, and who had never seen any previous service. The whole force then advanced to Forty Mile Creek, from which they drove away a few Niagara Dragoons under Captain Merritt. From this point they moved to Stoney Creek, where they were within seven miles of Vincent's camp at the head of Burlington Bay.

The American army had been very demonstrative in its advance, and detachments of it had indulged in the comparatively safe amusement of chasing such British pickets as they encountered on their march. Their countrymen who have written histories of the war, describe in glowing terms how two pickets, which possibly aggregated as many as 20 men, were driven in one after the other, and how "the victors pushed on in pursuit un-

LAURA SECORD'S MONUMENT IN THE GRAVEYARD AT LUNDY'S LANE

PHOTO BY ENGLAND, NIAGARA FALLS

til they saw Vincent's camp." "Then," we are told, "they wheeled and made their way leisurely back to Stoney Creek." The remarkable character of the battle which followed before the rising of another sun has made patriotic American writers very reticent in regard to the numbers of the American troops encamped at Stoney Creek. Lossing, who had acquired an audacity in falsification not easy to parallel, states their numbers at 1,300. Now it is admitted that there were 250 dragoons, and there were nine guns fully manned by artillery, while some of the latter were acting as light infantry. It is therefore safe to say that the artillery of the 2nd U.S. Regt., present, was at least 350 strong. Deducting the cavalry and artillery from Lossing's 1,300 would leave but 700 for the strength of the two brigades of infantry. These two brigades comprised seven regiments, which, according to Lossing, could have numbered only 100 men each. It is not necessary to enlarge on the absurdity of such a statement. The two brigades must have numbered at least 3,000 men, in addition to cavalry and artillery.

When the presence of the enemy at Stoney Creek became known, Lieut.-Col. Harvey, the Deputy Adjutant-General, went out with the light companies of the 8th and 49th Regiments to reconnoitre their position. He reported that their camp guards were few and negligent; their line of encampment long and broken; their artillery feebly supported and several of their corps placed too far in the rear to

LAURA SECORD—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LATE IN LIFE

aid in repelling a blow which might be rapidly and vigorously struck at the front. He therefore advised a night attack on the enemy's camp, and his advice was adopted. Half an hour before midnight General Vincent moved out of his camp with the force selected for this daring enterprise. It consisted of the 49th Regt. and five companies of the 8th, numbering in all 704 rank and file. The night was extremely dark, so that the British were able to approach without being discovered, and at 2 o'clock in the morning with fixed bayonets they rushed into the centre of the American camp. Lieut.-Colonel Harvey led the advance but General Vincent also engaged in the charge in person. The American centre was instantly broken, and Major Plenderleath, at the head of 40 men of the 49th, fell upon the artillery and bayoneted the men at the guns. The American left, composed of the 5th, 16th, and 23rd Regts. of U. S. Infantry, was assailed by one-half of the five companies of the 8th under Major Ogilvie, and utterly routed and driven from the field. This flank attack decided the contest. The remainder of the 8th joined in the main assault on the enemy's centre, which became completely demoralized and fled. General Winder was captured by Sergeant William Fraser of the 49th, and General Chandler was also taken a few minutes later under one of the guns, where he had fallen in the struggle. Four guns were captured, three iron six-pounders and a brass 5½ inch howitzer, but as there were not enough horses captured to draw them, two of the six-pounders were spiked and left behind.

LIEUT.-COL. (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) HARVEY, WHO SUGGESTED AND LED THE NIGHT CHARGE AT STONEY CREEK. HE WAS AFTERWARDS GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The enemy had been completely defeated and scattered, but daylight was now approaching, and it was not deemed prudent to let the Americans know how small a force had effected their discomfiture. The British therefore marched back to their camp, taking with them two brigadier-generals, one major, five captains, one lieutenant and 116 non-commissioned officers and privates. Besides these living trophies of their valour, they had the two cannon with their carriages and nine artillery horses to draw them. In addition to the prisoners taken the Americans lost 17 killed and 38 wounded. The British loss amounted to 23 killed, 136 wounded and 55 missing. Major Ogilvie and Major Plenderleath, both of whom took a conspicuous part in this brilliant affair, were severely wounded.

The defeat of the Americans at Stoney Creek, and the capture of both their generals, was one of the most remarkable achievements of the war. Coming, as it did, after three severe reverses, all due to the neglect and incompetency of the Governor-General, it showed that the soldiers of the army were capable of succeeding in any enterprise, however daring, if properly led. It was a blow struck at a truculent and boastful enemy at the moment of his imagined triumph, and the

shock of it deranged and demoralized the whole American plan of invasion. To Lieut.-Col. Harvey, General Vincent, in his official report, justly gave the credit of suggesting this gallant exploit, and making the arrangements which resulted in such a signal success. But he was also able to state with entire truth, "that every officer and individual seemed anxious to rival each other in his efforts to support the honour of His Majesty's armies, and to maintain the high character of British troops."

The American troops were so much demoralized by the result of the battle at Stoney Creek that they had ceased to be an army and had become a mere mob. When it became light enough for them to see that the British had departed, they returned to their camp, but only to destroy the larger part of their stores. They then fled to Forty Mile Creek with such haste that they left their dead unburied and their severely wounded uncared for. Fortunately for the British the fears of the enemy prevented the work of destruction from being completed, and when they occupied the deserted American camp at 11 o'clock the same forenoon, they found an abundant supply of stores and ammunition to relieve their wants. At Forty Mile Creek the retreating Americans were joined by Colonel James Miller with 400 men of the 6th and 15th Regts. of infantry from Fort George. In a letter written to his wife he aptly describes their terrified condition. "I can assure you," said he, "I can scarce believe that you would have been more glad to see me than that army was." The arrival of this reinforcement seems to have put sufficient courage in the retreating force to induce them to halt, and they encamped on a level plateau at Forty Mile Creek, with one flank resting on the lake and the other on the creek which skirts the base of the "Mountain." On the following afternoon they were joined by Generals Lewis and Boyd, and the former assumed the command. After making due allowance for the losses suffered at Stoney Creek and the reinforcements which had arrived under Colonel Miller, it is safe to say that the American army then encamped at Forty Mile Creek must have numbered at least 3,700 men. Unfortunately for them they had lost what alone makes an army efficient, their moral power. They had no longer any confidence in the officers who commanded them or in themselves. Scarcely had they settled themselves comfortably in their new camp when an unexpected and much-dreaded enemy appeared. At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 7th of June the white sails of vessels were seen far out on the lake, and as they approached nearer it was observed by their rig and flag that they were war vessels, and that they were British. It was the fleet of Sir James Yeo.

This vigilant and active commander had, by the addition of the *Wolfe* to his fleet, acquired what Chauncey deemed so great a superiority that the American commodore fled to Sackett's Harbour and remained there until the 21st of July, when his new ship, the *Pike* was ready for sea. From this incident the reader will be able to judge of the amount of aid the invading American army would have received from Commodore Chauncey had the *Wolfe* been on the lake at the beginning of navigation, and had the other new ship destroyed at York, which was of equal force with the *Wolfe*, been built at Kingston. On the 3rd of June Sir James Yeo left that port with 300 men of the 8th Regt. and supplies for General Vincent's army. Having discovered the American camp at Forty Mile Creek, early on the morning of the 8th, although it was too calm for his heavier vessels to approach, he had two of his schooners, the *Beresford* and *Sidney Smith*, towed in to attack the enemy. The long guns of these vessels, which consisted of one 24, two 12's and a 9-pounder, were replied to by four American cannon with red-hot shot. Sir James sent in a summons demanding the surrender of the American army, but General Lewis seems to have been of the opinion that such

a proceeding was unnecessary so long as his men possessed the ability to run away. At 10 o'clock the same morning this invading army was in full retreat to Fort George. Their baggage and camp equipage was embarked in 19 batteaux, and the men in charge of them attempted to proceed towards the Niagara River, but they were chased by a British schooner and 12 of them captured. The other seven, which were ashore and abandoned by their crews, also became a prize to the British. The American army fled in such haste that when Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp's advanced party entered their deserted camp he found there 500 standing tents, 140 barrels of flour, 100 stand of arms, a considerable amount of other stores and seventy prisoners. The American army, in its flight to Fort George, lost heavily by desertions, and many prisoners were taken by the Militia and Indians, who hovered on its rear. It was estimated by American writers at the time that fully 1,000 men were lost in the unfortunate expedition under Winder and Chandler. Its result was to compel General Dearborn to abandon the entire Niagara frontier except Fort George, and concentrate his forces there, where he remained virtually in a state of siege.

On the same day that the Americans fled from Forty Mile Creek Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp reached there with the flank company of the 49th Regt., and a battalion company of the 41st. The reinforcement of the 8th which Sir James Yeo brought with him raised his strength to nearly 500 men, and with these he held the deserted camp of the Americans until joined by the main body. In the meantime Sir James was very active with his fleet in intercepting and capturing all army supplies going to the Americans at Fort George. On the 13th he captured two schooners and a number of boats laden with valuable hospital stores and supplies, at Eighteen Mile Creek, east of the Niagara River. On the 16th he carried off the contents of a depot of provisions at the village of Charlotte, on the Genesee River, and on the 19th he landed a party of marines at Great Sodus, and took 600 barrels of flour.

The 104th Regt. having arrived from Kingston to reinforce General Vincent's army, Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp, who commanded the advance, pushed forward detachments to hold Beaver Dam and Ten Mile Creek. Half a company of the 104th occupied a stone house owned by one De Cou at the former place, and General Dearborn considered the position of this little force so menacing that he resolved to capture it. Accordingly on the evening of the 23rd June he detached Lieut.-Colonel Boerstler of the 14th U.S. Infantry for that purpose, with a force which, according to the general's official report, numbered 570 men. It comprised the larger part of the 14th Regt., a company of the 6th and one of the 23rd, with a few cavalry and artillery, and two field pieces, a 12 and a 6-pounder. Boerstler proceeded by way of Queenstown and St. David, and on the following morning when near Beaver Dam Creek, encountered a party of 200 Indians under John Brant and Captain Kerr. After a sharp skirmish which lasted a couple of hours, Boerstler determined to retire and abandon his attempt on the post at Beaver Dam, but while endeavouring to gain the road leading to Lundy's Lane his path was crossed by Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark with 15 men of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, who at once opened fire. Boerstler halted and sent a courier to Dearborn for reinforcements. Lieut. Fitzgibbon of the 49th, with 46 men of that famous regiment, now arrived and added to the embarrassments of the bewildered Americans. Fitzgibbon had been warned of the intended attack by Mrs. Laura Secord, a resident of Queenstown, who had overheard some of the American soldiers speaking of it. Mrs. Secord walked from Queenstown to Beaver Dam, making a long circuit through the woods to avoid the American guards, and warned Fitzgibbon of the impending danger. Fitzgibbon, with an audacity akin to genius, sent in a summons to Boerstler

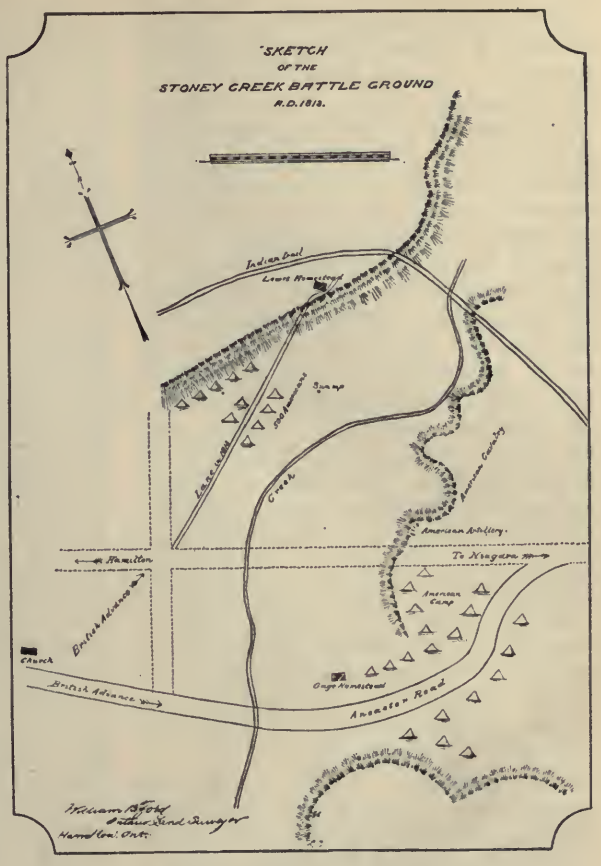
GRENADIERS OF THE 8TH, KING'S REGIMENT

The peculiar headgear is a waterproof cap cover used during rough weather. Five companies of this regiment were in the night attack under Harvey at Stoney Creek, when 704 British defeated more than 3,000 Americans and captured two brigadier-generals, 7 other officers and over one hundred men, besides guns and stores.

demanding the immediate surrender of his force, in the name of Major De Haren of the Canadian Regiment. Boerstler, whose powerful lungs, in the affair at Frenchman's Creek the previous autumn, were, according to American accounts, so terrifying to the British, now seems to have lost not only the use of his voice, but of his reasoning faculties, for he at once complied with Fitzgibbon's demand. It was fortunate that as the articles of surrender were being drawn up, Major De Haren did appear with the light company of the 8th Regt., and two flank companies of the 104th and a few Militia Cavalry under Capt. Hall, the whole numbering about 220 rank and file. He was just in time to sign his name to the paper by which 512 officers and men of the United States army and thirty militia were surrendered to the forces of His Majesty King George III. The surrender included the two field guns already spoken of, two cars and the colours of the 14th U.S. Regt. of Infantry. This made the fourth body of American invaders of Canada that was captured by the British.

The history of Boerstler's surrender, following closely on the defeat at Stoney Creek, and the flight of the

American army to Fort George, produced great irritation among the valiant men at Washington who made laws for the people of the United States. The recall of General Dearborn was loudly demanded, and that Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States was removed under the polite form employed by governments of being requested to retire until his health should be re-established. Dearborn was a political general and had no qualifications whatever for high command. He took no active part in any of the operations that were conducted in his name, but entrusted the execution of his orders to others. He was succeeded in the command of the army of the north by General James Wilkinson, who was then in command of the Gulf region. General Wade Hampton, who had been stationed at Norfolk, was also ordered to the Northern frontier. Both men had been active officers in the war of the Revolution, Wilkinson being on the staff of General Gates at Saratoga, and Hampton having been a partisan ranger in South Carolina with Marion. It would have been better for both these generals if there had been no War of 1812. That contest was responsible for much evil, but it also did some good in shattering to pieces the manufactured reputation of a large number of the buckram heroes of the Revolution.



THE STONEY CREEK BATTLE GROUND

It is a little to the east of the present village of Stoney Creek. The United States encampment, on the night of June 5th, 1813, was on both sides of a small stream. The British approached from the west, having left Burlington Heights about 11 p.m. About 2 a.m., Sunday morning, the attack was made. The small camp was first rushed and then the larger one.—From "Journal and Transactions of the Wentworth Historical Society."

Although the Americans at Fort George must have numbered at least 5,000 men, the pressure put upon them by the British was so great that they were restricted to the vicinity of their encampment. The latter had formed a cordon, extending from Twelve Mile Creek on Lake Ontario to Queenstown on the Niagara River, and within the limited triangular area which this line enclosed the Americans were hemmed. It was at this time that the Government, whose Secretary of War had boasted that he could take Canada without soldiers, was forced to call in the aid of the Indians of Western New York. As early as November, 1812, the Senecas, at the instigation of that debauched and cowardly old vagabond, Red Jacket, had called a bogus council of the Six Nations, and issued a decla-

ration of war against Great Britain. It was due to the mere pride and obstinacy of General Smyth, the American "Van Bladder," that they were not at that time found fighting side by side with the soldiers of the United States. But that boastful nation had become humble-minded by reason of its numerous defeats, and in July 1813, was glad to accept the services of the Senecas and Tuscaroras to fight its battles. This act shows the utter lack of sincerity of those professions of horror at the employment of Indians by the British, which fill so many pages of American histories. When Lord Chatham in December, 1777, made his famous speech in the House of Lords, against the employment of the Indians by his countrymen in the war in America, he could not have been aware that at the very beginning of the revolutionary contest, Washington solicited the alliance of all the Indian tribes, and that from the early part of 1775 to the end of the war, the colonists employed as many Indians as they could persuade to join them.

Some minor enterprises on the Niagara frontier at this time now demand notice. On the night of the 4th of July Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark, of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, with 40 of his men crossed over in boats from Chippawa to Schlosser, captured the guard there and brought back to the Canadian side of the Niagara river 15 prisoners, a brass 6-pounder, 50 stand of arms, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, as well as flour, salt pork and other provisions. They also carried off a gunboat and two bateaux.

This daring and successful enterprise suggested another on a more extensive scale. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of July, Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp with a detachment consisting of 20 of the Royal Artillery, 40 of the 8th Regt., 100 of the 41st, 40 of the 49th and about 40 of the 2nd and 3rd Lincoln Militia under Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark, in all 240 men, embarked at Chippawa for the purpose of attacking the enemy's batteries at Black Rock. They landed there half an hour before daylight without being perceived, and at once proceeded to attack the batteries, which were carried with little opposition, the artillerymen who had been in charge being overpowered, and the Militia, 200 in number, taking to their heels. The blockhouses, barracks and navy-yard, with one large schooner, were then burnt, and the British proceeded to remove the stores to their boats. This took a considerable time and, before the work was completed, the Americans, reinforced by a body of regulars from Buffalo and a band of Indians, had returned in force. The British in the midst of their work were attacked, and a sharp contest ensued, but finding the Indians could not be driven from the woods in which they had posted themselves without a greater loss being sustained than such a victory would have been worth, it was deemed prudent to retreat to the boats, and the British crossed the river under a very heavy fire. The object of the expedition had been fully accomplished. Eight cannons were captured, of which four were destroyed, and four others, including two brass 6-pounders, brought away; 177 muskets, a quantity of ammunition, 123 barrels of salt, 46 barrels of whiskey and a quantity of flour, blankets and clothing, with seven large bateaux and one large scow, were taken to the Canadian side. The British loss was, however, severe and amounted to 13 killed, 25 wounded and six missing. The latter were six privates, who were wounded and had to be left behind, along with Capt. Saunders, of the 41st. The Americans put down their losses at three killed and five wounded, which may be correct, as the greater part of the British loss was sustained after they had embarked, the American Militia, who had shown such alacrity in running away, having then found sufficient courage to enable them to fire on a retiring enemy.

Among the wounded was Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp, the leader of the expedition. He died five days later at Lundy's Lane. Bisshopp was a gallant young

man, and his loss was a severe one to the army, but in the Black Rock expedition his contempt for the enemy, who were only capable of firing at the British soldiers from ambuscades, seems to have made him careless, and induced him to keep his men ashore too long. In this contest the Americans were indebted to their savage allies, the Indians, for any partial success they achieved in inflicting loss upon the British.

The strengthening of Chauncey's fleet on Lake Ontario by the completion of the *Pike*, made the Commodore anxious to distinguish himself by some notable enterprise. The British had a depot of stores and provisions at Burlington Heights, which was guarded by 150 men of the 104th Regt., under Major Maule. It was thought a sudden attack on this post might succeed, and accordingly, on the 28th of July, Chauncey, with his fleet of fourteen vessels, set sail from Fort Niagara for the head of Lake Ontario. He had on board 300 regulars under Colonel Winfield Scott, which, with the men who manned his fleet, more than 1,000 in number, made a very respectable force. Fortunately, Colonel Harvey had been informed of the design of the Americans, and ordered Lieut.-Col. Battersby, who commanded a detachment of the Glengarry Regt. at York, to march with his whole force to the relief of Maule. He had not arrived when Chauncey and Scott got to Burlington Bay, but the prospect of his coming was quite sufficient to prevent any attempt being made on the depot of provisions. Five hundred Americans, who had landed to attack Maule, retired again to their vessels without firing a shot. It was thought that glory might be won at a cheaper rate by a raid upon York, which was entirely bare of troops, so sail was at once made for that place. On the 31st, Chauncey's fleet entered York Harbour and Col. Scott landed his troops without opposition, as the Militia were still bound by their parole. Scott's party opened the gaol and liberated the prisoners, including three soldiers confined for felony. They then went to the hospitals and parolled the few men there who could not be removed. They next entered the stores of some of the inhabitants and seized their contents, chiefly flour, the same being private property. The next day they again landed and sent three armed boats up the Don in search of public stores, but being disappointed in this, they set fire to the small barrack, wood-yard and store-house on Gibraltar Point, and sailed away at daylight on the 2nd of August. The only property they obtained in this raid was owned by private parties, the public stores having been removed to a place of safety, and the only prisoners secured were felons and invalids. The principal inhabitants of the town, knowing that neither their non-belligerent character nor the protection of a parole would save them from insult, had wisely retired when the enemy appeared. The amount of plunder obtained at York was scarcely greater than the amount of glory won. It was little to the credit of the Americans that, having fully 800 men available for an attack on Major Maule's weak detachment, they should have abandoned their attempt against him without a shot being fired, and gone off on a stealing expedition to York.

In singular contrast to the timid conduct of Chauncey and Scott on this occasion, was the bold enterprise of Colonel Murray, the same week, on Lake Champlain. The Americans held command of this lake when the war commenced, and were thus enabled to transport their men and stores to the very frontier of Canada, without any possibility of the British hindering their movements. In the spring of 1813, they had on the lake two armed sloops, the *Growler* and *Eagle*, each mounting 11 guns, and six galleys, mounting one gun each. The British had a fortified post at Isle-aux-Noix, on the Richelieu River, 13 miles from the boundary line, which was garrisoned by detachments of the 13th and 100th Regts., under the command of Major George Taylor, of the latter corps. There were also three gun-

boats at Isle-aux-Noix, which had been built at Quebec and transported to the Richelieu. Early on the morning of June 3rd, the *Growler* and *Eagle* were seen in the river near Isle-aux-Noix. Major Taylor at once got his three gunboats ready, manned them with Canadians and an artilleryman for each vessel, and sent them against the enemy, while he set out with a small detachment of Regulars in boats. The soldiers were landed on both sides of the river, and from its banks they kept up a galling fire on the enemy's vessels, while the gunboats pounded them from a distance. After a conflict which lasted about three hours, the *Eagle* was struck by a 24-pound shot, which ripped a whole plank off the vessel so that she filled and her crew ran her ashore. Lieut. Sydney Smith, who commanded the vessels, then surrendered. The American loss was one man killed and 19 wounded. The British lost three men wounded, yet in the face of the official return of his loss, made by Major Taylor, Lossing has the impudence to say, "The loss of the British was much greater, probably at least 100." The fact was that the total number of men engaged on the British side was only 108, most of them being of the 100th Regt. The capture of these vessels was a handsome achievement and highly important, for they carried between them two Columbia 18-pounders, 10 long 6-pounders, and 10 18-pounder carronades. Their united crews numbered 112 men.

The captured sloops, which were renamed the *Chubb* and *Finch*, gave the British the ascendency on the lake, and rendered possible an important enterprise against the American frontier towns, where large depots of provisions had been gathered and barracks built for the use of the army of invasion. On the 31st of July, the same day that Scott and Chauncey appeared at York, Colonel J. Murray landed with a British force at Plattsburg. He had with him 900 rank and file of the 13th, 100th and 103rd Regts., which he had embarked at Isle-aux-Noix on board the *Chubb* and *Finch*, the three gun-boats and a number of bateaux. The Militia force at Plattsburg, numbering, according to some accounts, 400 men, and according to others, 1,500, under General Mooers, ran away the instant the British landed, without firing a shot. Murray at once destroyed the enemy's arsenal and block-house, commissary buildings and stores at Plattsburg, and also the extensive barracks at Saranac, capable of containing 4,000 troops. The troops re-embarked next day carrying off with them a large amount of naval stores and shot, and equipment for bateaux. From Plattsburg Murray went to Swanton, on Missisquoi Bay, where the barracks and stores and a number of bateaux were destroyed. A detachment was also sent to Champlain town, where the barracks and block-houses were burnt. Capt. Everard, of the *Wasp*, then lying at Quebec, who had volunteered for this service with Captain Pring, had in the meantime crossed the lake in the *Chubb* and *Finch* with a gunboat to Burlington, which is about 20 miles from Plattsburg. There General Wade Hampton was stationed with an army of 4,000 regulars, intended for the invasion of Canada, and there also was Commodore Macdonough with three armed sloops, two of them ready for sea. The American commodore had also two gun schooners, lying under the protection of a 10-gun battery, and two armed bateanx, yet with all this formidable force neither he nor General Hampton made any attempt to interfere with the British in their operations. Capt. Everard destroyed four vessels at Burlington and its vicinity, without any attempt on the part of the enemy to prevent it, and then returned to the foot of the lake. This well-conducted enterprise resulted in the destruction of an enormous amount of public property, and was effected without the loss of a single life, thanks to the extreme prudence of General Mooer's militia and of General Wade Hampton and his army.

After Chauncey's second raid upon

York he deemed himself strong enough to dispute the command of Lake Ontario with Sir James Yeo. As the safety of Canada largely depended on the British fleet being able to traverse the lake with troops and supplies, the struggle for preponderance on this great inland water became extremely important. The Americans had many advantages in their favour in the fact that with their larger population they could obtain the services of a greater number of workmen and sailors, and thus build their ships and man them more readily. They were also nearer their base of supplies than the British, so that Sir James Yeo had heavy odds to contend against, and is entitled to a great deal of credit for being able to maintain himself on the lake at all. There never was a time when Chauncey offered him battle that the American commander was not greatly superior, and therefore Sir James, as a rule, wisely refused to risk everything in a decisive engagement. It would have been the height of folly to do so where so much was at stake, and where some trifling accident might have involved the loss of all.

When Chauncey appeared on Lake Ontario at the beginning of August he had fourteen vessls, two ships, the *Pike* and *Madison*, the *Oneida* brig, and eleven schooners. This fleet measured 2,576 tons, carried 112 guns, was manned by 980 men, and threw 1,399 lbs. of metal as a broadside. Sir James Yeo had six vessels; two ships, the *Wolfe* and *Royal George*, the *Melville* and *Moira*, brigs, and two schooners. Their aggregate tonnage was 2,091 tons, their guns numbered 92, their crews 770, and their broadside weight of metal 1,374 lbs. These figures on their face would show the American fleet to be one-fourth superior to the British in tonnage and number of men, and but slightly superior in weight of metal. But the figures only show part of the truth. To quote the words of President Roosevelt: "The Americans greatly excelled in the number and character of their long guns." They threw at a broadside 806 lbs. of long gun metal and 584 lbs. of carronade metal, while the British threw from their long guns only 180 lbs. and from their carronades 1,194 lbs. If Roosevelt's suggestion that a long 12-pounder is equal to a 32-pounder carronade be correct, then the American fleet was superior in broadside weight of metal as five is to three, or doubly superior if tonnage and number of men are taken into account. This superiority, however, was more marked in calm weather than in rough, for the schooners, each of which carried a very heavy gun, were not so effective in a seaway as when the water was smooth.

The two fleets first caught sight of each other on the 7th August, off the Niagara River, and their commanders went through a series of manœuvres so as to engage with advantage. Early on the morning of the 8th a heavy squall struck both fleets, and two of the American schooners capsized and foundered, all the crews being drowned except sixteen men, who were picked up by the boats of the British fleet. It is quite like the unreliable Lossing to say of this accident: "This was a severe blow to the lake service, for these two vessels, carrying 19 guns between them, were of the best of it." This is the same as saying that the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, each with crews of 50 men, and throwing 80 lbs. of metal at a broadside, were more powerful than the *Pike*, with a crew of 300 men, and a broadside of 360 lbs., or the *Madison*, with 200 men, and a broadside of 364 pounds.

After much manœuvring the two fleets came to an engagement on the evening of the 10th, the wind being from the south-west. Chauncey formed his fleet in two lines on the port tack with his larger vessels to leeward. Yeo approached from behind to windward in single column on the same tack. At 11 o'clock the weather line opened fire at a very long range, and a quarter of an hour later the action became general. In a few minutes the weather line broke up and passed to leeward, except the schooners *Julia* and *Growler* which tacked. Yeo cut off these ves-

sels and captured them, while Chauncey with the rest of his fleet made all sail for Niagara. The *Julia* and *Growler* were each about 80 tons, carried 80 men between them, and had each a long 32- and a long 12-pounder mounted on swivels.

On the 11th September there was another partial engagement between the rival fleets, at very long range, which was prevented from being decisive by the fact that Chauncey avoided close action. On the 28th the two squadrons again met off York, and a sharp combat ensued in which the *Wolfe*, Sir James Yeo's flag-ship, lost her main-topmast and mainyard, and became too much disabled to manœuvre so that she had to be put before the wind. Her retreat was ably protected by Captain Mulcaster in the *Royal George*. The British fleet ran into Burlington Bay where Chauncey did not venture to follow them. The American commodore, however, had some compensation for his failure to destroy the British fleet by his capture a few days later of five small vessels having on board 250 men of De Watteville's Regt., on their way from York to Kingston.

About the beginning of July, Major-General De Rottenburg succeeded General Sheaffe as President of the Upper Province, and as such took the command of the troops from General Vincent. During the latter part of the same month he had pressed the enemy back, so that he had his headquarters at the village of St. David, which is about eight miles from Fort George. His advance posts occupied a position not more than four miles from the American camp, but no movement of any importance took place in either army, unless the fruitless demonstration made by Sir George Prevost on the 24th of August is entitled to that designation. The Commander-in-chief had arrived from Kingston a few days previously, and the ostensible object of the demonstration was to ascertain the extent of the enemy's works and the means he possessed of defending the position he occupied. The British drove in the enemy's pickets, and even gained possession of the town of Newark, but as General Boyd, who commanded at Fort George, declined to permit his troops to leave their intrenchments, nothing resulted from this advance and the British forces were withdrawn to their works. One cause of the inactivity which prevailed on the Niagara frontier during the summer and autumn of 1813, was the great amount of sickness which existed in both camps, owing to fever and ague, by which about one-third of the men were prostrated. This malady not only hindered active operations about Fort George, but also seriously delayed another important enterprise which General Wilkinson had planned, which involved nothing less than the capture of Montreal.

It is now time to turn to the operations of the right division of the army of Upper Canada under Major-General Procter. After the failure to capture Fort Meigs there was a considerable period during which the army remained inactive at Sandwich awaiting reinforcements. There Procter was joined by a part of the remaining effective strength of the 41st Regt. and, as he had a large body of Indians with him, it was determined to begin active operations against the American North Western army. The necessity for this step was one of the penalties which the Indian alliance imposed on the British. It is obvious that, considering the very limited force that could be spared for the occupation of the Detroit frontier, and the enormous difficulties involved in the transportation of supplies to the army there, a defensive campaign was the one best suited to the circumstances of the case. But the Indians were not satisfied to conduct a merely defensive war, and to retain their friendship it became necessary for Procter to agree to attack the enemy in their own territory. There was a double disadvantage in this, for not only had such an attack to be made on ground which the enemy had selected for defensive purposes and fortified, but it had to be undertaken without the aid of the In-

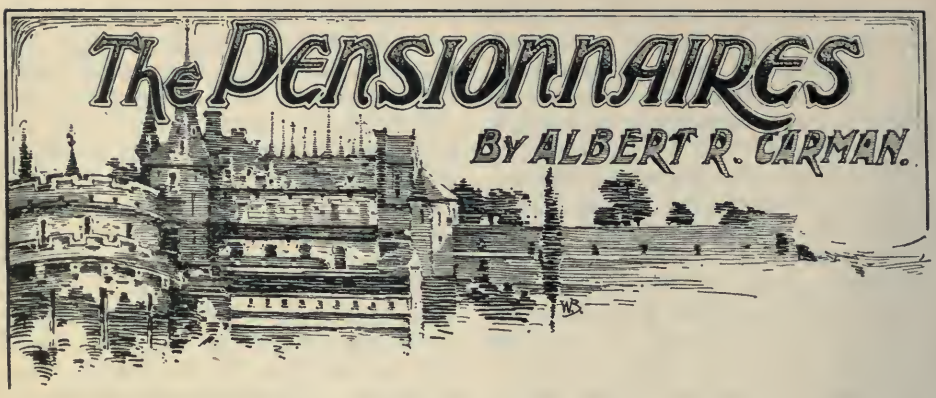
dians themselves, who were utterly useless when a fort had to be assaulted. To the truth of this fact the numerous Indian wars that have been waged on this continent bear ample testimony.

The North West Indians particularly desired the reduction of Fort Meigs, and of Fort Stephenson on the Sandusky River. This fort had been erected in the summer of 1812 and consisted of a square picketed enclosure three hundred feet long and one hundred and eighty wide. At three of the angles there were block-houses, on one of which a six-pounder was mounted. The pickets around the fort were from fourteen to sixteen feet in height, and outside of them was a dry ditch twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. As a further protection from assault each picket was armed at the top with a bayonet. Fort Stephenson was garrisoned by 160 Regulars under Major Croghan. General Harrison, who commanded the American North Western army, had his head-quarters at Seneca town, nine miles from Fort Stephenson, where he had 1,200 Regulars and a large force of Militia under McArthur and Cass. Fort Meigs had a garrison of about 2,000 men.

General Procter landed at the mouth of the Sandusky River, on the 1st August, with a detachment of the 41st Regt., numbering 368 officers and men, and 23 artillerymen. He had also 200 Indians with him, the others under Tecumseh having gone off towards Fort Meigs. As Harrison's large army was but nine miles distant, this attack on Fort Stephenson with so small a force, certainly showed a great deal of boldness, but its wisdom may well be doubted. On the morning of the 2nd the British opened fire on the fort, at a distance of about 200 yards, with two light six-pounders and two 5½ inch howitzers. The guns were too light to produce any marked effect on the blockhouses, so the same afternoon Procter ordered the works to be stormed. At five o'clock Lieut.-Col. Short advanced directly against the north-west angle of the works with 180 men of the 41st Regt., while 160 rank and file of the same regiment under Lieut.-Col. Warburton made a circuit through the woods to attack the fort from the south side. Short's storming party approached under a severe fire from the musketry of the garrison, but nothing daunted, bravely pushed forward over the glacis and leaped into the ditch to cut away the pickets. At this instant the six-pounder, which had been placed in the blockhouse on the north side of the fort, so that its fire would sweep the ditch, was discharged with dreadful effect. It was loaded with slugs, and when fired was only a few yards' distance from the head of the column. Lieut.-Col. Short and Lieut. Gordon were instantly killed, and with them more than 20 privates, and a still larger number were wounded. The brave survivors rallied and again advanced, but it was found that the ditch was so completely commanded, both by the cannon and the musketry of the enemy, that success was impossible. The assaulting column retired with as many of their wounded as they were able to remove. The column under Lieut.-Col. Warburton, did not reach the south side of the fort until the first attack had failed, and therefore there was nothing for it but a retreat.

In this affair the British loss amounted to 26 killed, 29 wounded and missing, and 41 wounded and brought away, a total of 96. The American loss, according to their own accounts, was but one killed and seven wounded. Among the British wounded officers were Captains Muir and Dixon and Lieut. McIntyre. The Indians with Procter, took no part in this attack and therefore suffered no loss, although it was in deference to their wishes the expedition had been undertaken. The attempt on Fort Stephenson was abandoned and General Procter and his soldiers returned to Sandwich. The Americans were able to treat this repulse of the British as an unparalleled exploit, and to exalt Croghan almost to the level of Hannibal.

TO BE CONTINUED



Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art.

CHAPTER V.

THAT night the Wagner "Ring" began at the opera, and everyone went; but the next it was whispered about at dinner that there was to be music in the drawing-room in the evening—that a young Pole was coming in to play the violin and that possibly Miss Murney would sing.

"I wonder why it is," marvelled the lady from Maine, settling herself on the sofa after dinner with her cup of coffee, "that Poles are always so musical."

"It is their soul-essence," said Herr Werner, "crushed out of them by oppression."

"What! You say that, and you a German!"

"My mother was a Pole."

"Indeed! Well, I met a Pole once in—let me see!—"

"I think," said Hughes, *sotto voce*, turning to Jessica, "that it is their long hair. Long hair has always meant something from Samson down."

"Yes," laughed Jessica. "That's nearer it, I guess."

"You don't endorse the essence of soul theory then?"

She shook her head, looking apprehensively and not without hostility at the tall German who was attending to the Maine lady's account of Poles she had met. Then in a yet lower tone—

"Don't you think some people lay it on a little thick at times?"

"Seems so to me," said Hughes; and they exchanged understanding glances.

"My! I'm so tired to-night," sighed a young lady with bright eyes and a worn face—one of a party of five from Vassar.

"Galleries are always tiring," explained the tireless German teacher in charge of the party.

"It appears to me," drawled another of the quintette, "that touring is just bed and Baedeker—"

"Yes," laughed the first girl; "and there's too little bed and too much Baedeker."

"Nonsense!" said the leader of the party. "You didn't come over here for a rest cure."

"How did you like the gallery?" asked Herr Werner.

"Oh! perfectly *lovely!*" said one of them. "That Sistine Madonna is too sweet for *any*thing."

"Yes," and the German's face was a-light. "There is so much in the eyes—so much—but I cannot say it." Then, after a moment's thought, he went on—"They are wise—wise as the Mother of God, and yet so sweet as a peasant woman with her baby."

"And those cunning cherubs—*aren't* they cute?" joined in the girl enthusiastically.

"You should not have seen them," said Herr Werner severely, "the same day that you saw the Madonna. They are of another spirit."

"They are the comedy of the picture, I think," joined in the white-haired Irish lady. "I rest myself by looking at their dear little mischievous faces and their tousled hair."

"We were over at the International Exhibition to-day," remarked the Scotch gentleman, "but it was spoiled for us—the trail of the 'impressionist' is over everything."

"There is one thing about the 'impressionist' painters that I like," said Hughes. "They are not mean in the matter of paint."

"I should say not," agreed one of the Vassar girls. "I always wonder how an 'impressionist' knows his picture from his palette."

"But do you not think," a black-bearded French gentleman asked of her, "that the 'impressionists' do not get fair play by being hung so close to you in a small room?"

"They are often better when seen from the next room," she admitted.

"You must get them in focus, so to speak," he went on.

"Most pictures," said the Scotch gentleman, "should be seen from the next room—or the next century."

"Or, as a gentleman I met in Paris said once, from very far back and well around the corner," contributed the lady from Maine.

Then it was seen that the young Pole was making ready to play, and conversation died away. He plied a nervous bow, and his copious black hair shook loose over his knitted forehead as he straightened and bent again with the music. His violin seemed as much a part of him as the song does of a bird, and you felt that his mastery of the instrument must have been born with him — teaching always leaves something of its method in sight. As he finished, a patter of applause went around, but the real thanks came in the shower of congratulatory ejaculations in various languages. An Italian signora kissed her hand to him, and a group of Danes near the piano beckoned him into their midst. Then he played again, shutting the windows to keep out the street sounds that had visibly annoyed him during the first selection; and then again, something of his own composition.

"Who is the young man's teacher," the Irish lady asked of Frau Lüttichau.

"He never has had any teacher," she whispered back. "He is here taking a commercial education, but he wants to have some violin lessons very badly."

"Bless me!"

"His father won't hear of it, though. He has just taught himself."

Now Jessica was begged to sing, and she went to the piano, tossing gay remarks into the English-speaking group while her mother fussed with the music she was to play as an accompaniment. A song of misty German folk-lore was her choice; and from the moment her voice rose on the air, admiration sat openly on the faces of the company. The Danish corner listened with a critical ear, for two of them were professional singers from the opera at Copenhagen; and they smiled to each other their appreciation of Jessica's skill. They had looked at no one but the Pole himself when he played—they had hardly known there was any one else in the room to look at. Jessica's singing was to them a finished performance; it reached their critical sense, and satisfied it—but not their hearts. There was quite a formality of applause when she stopped; though it curiously lost heart almost immediately, for Jessica had laughed a swift, deprecating comment over at the English group, and thus reminded the room of her jolly, unfanciful self. A strange thing was that people were always a little ashamed of their ardour over Jessica's singing in the presence of Jessica herself.

Herr Werner felt this to the extreme, though he never failed to respond from the depths of him to her singing. He seemed to hear another Jessica, and be satisfied—a joy that was not given to Herr Vogt. Even now he was still under

the spell of the song, and crossed to the piano to ask for one similar to the last.

And a nervousness fell upon Jessica as she refused; for she had begun to feel that his approach was a menace to her cheerful sanity. But she summoned a round-chinned smile and told him that she had not "taken" the song that he named, and that she did not practise her music on innocent people, when he went back to his seat with a moody face—this was the woman of earth.

Then Jessica sang again, something Italian; and the dark signora listened for whole bars with so motionless a pose that only her eyes seemed alive. Then she would stir impatiently. It was almost— But it was not—

"Ah! you English have no souls," said the signora to herself when Jessica had finished.

"Won't you sing an Irish song, dear?" asked the old Irish lady; and she sang "Sweet Vale of Avoca" so that there were tears in the old blue eyes; and Hughes said heartily "Irish music is good enough for me." One felt that even Jessica herself enjoyed the singing of this.

Then the Pole played again, and one of the Danes sang a high, trumpeting Danish song, and the Vassar quintette said that they had enjoyed the evening *immensely*, but that they must *really* beg to be excused, for they had a hard day before them to-morrow.

"We have little time for mere enjoyment," laughed one of them, as they filed out, not without stiffness. Then others began to go; so there was no more singing, but gusts of gay chat, now in German, now in French, now in Danish, and now in English, sounded from different parts of the room, as with slow reluctance the little party thinned out.

The last to go was the lady from Maine, who stayed to tell Frau Lüttichau that her trip to Meissen, the seat of the manufacture of "Dresden china," which had been fixed for the following day, was again postponed because some of the party could not go.

"I want them all to come," she said, "for I feel that it is my mission in life to give frivolous tourists proper ideas of porcelain."

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CHAPTER VI.

During the days that followed that first torrid afternoon in the Grosser Garten, when it was seldom cool, but only occasionally "not quite so hot," Jessica and Mr. Hughes—Theodore Hughes, known to intimates as "Teddy"—grew to be what she termed, in writing to her latest chum, "great friends." Mrs. Murney was a firm believer in the doctrine of passive resistance to heat, and liked to keep her room from luncheon to dinner, while the active Jessica stifled in the house, and hailed with joy Mr. Hughes' invitation to the freedom of the tennis courts. So on broiling afternoons they would sally forth together in the lightest of clothing and walk gaily along the wide Burgerwiese to the courts, where, with a few other unconquerables, they would play madly at a game that may be a "love game" even when both score. Then they would sit in the shade of the trees that line the courts on one side where the air came out of the green depths of the Grosser Garten a little more coolly, and comment on the play of the others and discuss their individual likes and dislikes, and exchange amusing incidents of foreign travel with the growing intimacy of open-minded, non-secretive, not-too-deep people.

Jessica got to know that Mr. Hughes was a son of a family that had "an estate"—not that he ever said so as an isolated announcement—and that he was travelling abroad with much leisure, but without much definite plan before "settling down in life"—whatever that might mean. There was a long list of things that "he did not go in for"—not that he condemned others who did go in for them; but Jessica knew that, at the seat of his precise private judgment, he thought them really very foolish. He did not

"go in" for art very much; especially "willowy, wallowy modern art." Old statuary he liked, however, when it was not too battered. He had been in Rome during the winter, and enjoyed "brushing" up his history and his classics; and his mild interest in antique statuary had taken him twice to the Capitoline Museum and twice to the Vatican. He had run down to Naples, but it was "a nest of beggars." He liked opera, but he did not worship it the way these Germans seemed to. "Why, an opera here is like a church service, by Jove!" he said. Had Miss Murney ever seen a Christmas pantomime in London? No? Well, that was the thing. In fact, they knew how to stage nothing on the continent. You had to forget that there was such a place as London if you wanted to enjoy the theatre here.

"Or New York," said Jessica.

"I quite believe that," he agreed, "but I have never seen New York."

"You should come over before you 'settle down.'"

"It is very possible that I shall," was his response. "I want to have some 'cookies,'" he went on, with the air of teasing her. "I've heard so much of them from Americans."

"'Cookies' are all right," said Jessica heartily, with a round face of happy recollection. "But you won't get them in New York—you'd better come up to the White Mountains for them."

There was an uncalculated touch of personal invitation in this which was at first a little pleasing and then just a little embarrassing to them both, which showed how very well their growth into "great friends" was getting on. But the sense of pleasure in venturing upon possibly dangerous ground predominated, and Jessica went on:

"And we'll give you green corn and show you how to eat it."

"Is it puzzling?" he asked, laughing.

"Well, they say it is to strangers," said Jessica. "To me, it is as natural—and, oh! so delicious—and we'll miss it all this fall"—this last in sorrowful tones, not without a ring of genuineness.

"It is like pop-corn, is it not?"

"Yes; only bigger, and sweeter and juicier—and you eat it on the cob."

"The cob?"

"Don't you know the cob, you poor, benighted Englishman? Why, it is the—the stock the kernels are set round in."

"Oh!"

"And then I'll make you a pie;" and she smiled merrily at him.

"Oh, I know a pie," he said, indignantly. "Not that I wouldn't like to see you make one," he added, his eyes falling upon her rounded arms as they shone, flesh-tinted, through her gauzy sleeves. He fancied them free even of the gauze, and spotted here and there with flour.

"No, you don't," she contradicted, shaking her laughing face at him. "You know a scrappy meat affair with a dough covering, and you know a 'tart'—a thick slab of pastry spread thin with jam. But a pie is a different thing."

He waited for her explanation, his usual quizzical smile in his eyes.

"A pie," she went on, "is an abundance of rich and juicy cooked fruit—perhaps cherries, perhaps long blackberries, perhaps apples—in a thin envelope of crisp, browned crust. The crust should only hold the fruit, and then dissolve in your mouth, giving it a rich, buttery flavour."

"Do you write for the cookery books, may I ask?" was his comment. And then, when she disclaimed this occupation—

"Well, you certainly must prepare the advertisements for some yeast, or the only sanitary substitute for lard, or something of that sort."

"Oh, you're envious," she said. "You want some pie—that's it."

"Can you make this ambrosial dish yourself?"

"Sure!" she responded. "Though it's dangerous in our country to tell a young man that." And no sooner was this last spoken than she wished that

she had not said it. "Why?" he promptly inquired, to see what she would say, for he knew as well as she the meaning of the remark.

"Oh, nothing!" laughing confusedly. "I sit here and rattle on and say silly things." And she got up and stood strumming on the net of the racket with her live, pink-cushioned fingers. Hughes rose with her, though his eyes still rested on her averted, flushed face. His first impulse was to tell her with a laugh that he knew what her remark implied, and see what then would come from her quick tongue. But, for some reason, as he watched her, he could not quite make a joke of it. The embarrassment in her attitude appealed to something new in him, and he felt an answering shyness. The flush on her face did not touch his sense of amusement, but rather stirred a certain tender pity in him, so that when he spoke, all he said said was—

"Shall we walk?"

And there was that in his voice that conveyed to her maiden sensitiveness all that he had been thinking and feeling; and as they set off together in silence toward the shaded walks of the Grosser Garten, she turned her eyes upon him for a moment in an appreciative glance, in which there was gratitude for his forbearance, mingled with a recognition of a more delicate intuition than she had known he possessed.

In Jessica the spirit of play was never held long in subjection to formality. One day they wandered farther than usual and found an abundance of long-stemmed wild flowers—some of them new to her, but others, old friends of the New Hampshire hill-sides—and down she sank into their midst and began weaving them into loose chains, while Hughes stood helplessly by at first and then assisted by gathering great bunches farther afield, and piling them at her side. Then she made him sit down and take off his hat, while she wound him round and crowned him with her floral wreaths, singing with bursts of frank laughter snatches of child-time songs as she worked. And very content he looked when he was not teased by the thought that some one might come.

To end with, she dared him to wear his chains home; but he revolted, alleging that his bondage was plain enough without that. So she wound them all carefully off, and coiled them as a sailor does his ropes in a little recess beside a knoll, and said that he must come there every fair day and wear his chains for a while.

On another afternoon she found some tall dandelions and shouted a happy welcome to them.

"Now I'll show you what I used to do when a little girl," she said, picking several carefully by pushing her fingers deep into the grass toward their roots.

"Sit down there where you can see and learn," she directed, motioning to a place in the grass. "Now," seating herself opposite to him, "watch!" And she put the tube of the dandelion's stem against her full, pursed-up lips, and split it cautiously with the red tip of her tongue that just flashed into sight for a moment. Then she curled each half back and back until, after many mock-serious examinations, she was satisfied. This operation was repeated with three others, while Hughes dutifully watched, though not without a running comment that delayed the business by bringing frequently to the pursed lips the relaxation of a laugh. When the four were done, she put the tight circles on what had been left straight of the dandelion stems into her mouth and drew them out again, laughing girlishly at her own girlishness, when they hung in long, twisting ringlets like the curled hair of a child. Then with great care she adjusted one behind each of their ears, the ringlets hanging over their cheeks in front. Sitting back, they regarded each other with deep, hardly-preserved solemnity, until laughter broke riotously through and they shook loose from their curls like prankish children with a common merriment.

"I will try to think of more games

to play with you," said Jessica, "for I never saw you forget so completely the necessity of maintaining 'that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.'"

"Do, please," he said; but in the saying of it, he stiffened into his habitual calm that seemed ever on the edge of boredom.

Other days of like kind followed—days when the heat imprisoned "Mamma" and two white-clad young folk battled with each other on the soft turf of the tennis courts, calling "fifteen-love" and "thirty-love" and other things across the net, and then strolled off in search of coolness along the heat-emptied paths of the Garten. They were taking the good poet's advice and dwelling in the living present, thinking nothing of the future, though their chat ran often to the past. Into Jessica's conversation there dropped occasionally a reference to "Jack"; and one day it came out that "Jack" was an opera singer and wanted Jessica to go on the stage. Mr. Hughes was dispassionately of another opinion, and incidentally critical of the theatrical profession.

"It's all paint and paste-board on the stage," he said; "and if I had a sister"—he looked very solemn as he said this—"I would advise her to stay off it."

Jessica was silent for a moment. Was that his opinion? Or was it—was it—Jack? It couldn't be. Why, she and Mr. Hughes hardly knew each other; and then Jack—Jack of all persons—it was too ridiculous. But then Mr. Hughes did not know Jack.

"Jack," she said, as if changing the subject, "is to be married to a friend of mine next month."

Mr. Hughes felt that this was more satisfactory even than if he were already married to a friend of hers, but he did not say so. He merely remarked—

"Opera, of course, does give opportunities."

Jessica looked at his square-jawed face, but it revealed nothing save an access of cheerfulness. Yet, being a woman, she measured the change of temperature to a nicety; and it was a dangerous eye that she turned upon the strolling young Englishman. There was mischief in it, but there was a new interest, too; there was a touch of conscious superiority—of a knowledge of the other's weakness and how to play upon it—but just back of it lay the faintest suggestion of a coming shadow, the shadow of a woman's eternal yearning to submit. Hughes, belonging to the blind sex at its blindest age, saw nothing of this; but when he next met Jessica's eye, even he knew that they had passed another stage on the winding path of acquaintanceship.

When, later, they arrived at the upper hall of the "pension," they met the lady from Maine, who said excitedly—

"Can you go to Meissen to-morrow? Now don't say no. All the others can. I've got them rounded up at last. I was almost despairing."

"Why, I can go," said Jessica, "if Mamma can."

"Well, she can go, for I've seen her; and I think she said 'Yes' to get rid of me."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to take so much trouble," observed Hughes, though he did not look convinced of his own statement.

CHAPTER VII

"I am sorry that that Vassar party got away," said the lady from Maine to her "personally conducted Meissen party," as they were breakfasting together next morning, so as to get an early train. "They never went out to Meissen at all," she went on. "They will go home, having been to Dresden, knowing nothing of 'Dresden china.'"

"Well, they must know a good deal about Dresden," said Mr. Hughes; "for they seemed to me to be going round and round all the time, stopping off at the 'pension' occasionally for some hurried refreshment."

"That's just it," replied the lady

from Maine; "they trail round on the beaten track, seeing what Baedeker tells them to see; but they never use their heads at all to pick out characteristic things. Not that I should criticise, for I used to do that, too, but now I never 'do' an art gallery—I go to see this picture or that—and I go into the shops and talk to the people and learn things all the time." And she took another roll and asked for the marmalade—provided for the English tourists. "Eat plenty," she advised, "for you may get a slim lunch at Meissen."

"I won't 'do' galleries, either," said the Scotch gentleman to his moustache, "when I've done them all to satiety."

There were in the party Mrs. Murney and Jessica, Mr. Hughes, an English lady and her daughter, who had just come to Dresden and who took advantage of the chance to go to Meissen "in a pahty," a firm-chinned American lady, her son and her weary-eyed husband, the Scotch gentleman and his wife and Herr Werner.

"There is rather a good schloss at Meissen, is there not?" asked the young English girl.

"Beautiful!" said the lady from Maine. "Better than the one here, I think."

"It has much of the romance of history," added Herr Werner. "It is that I chiefly go to see."

"There are schlosses everywhere in Germany," said the lady from Maine, with a fine air of impartiality, though it was a hostile eye she turned on Herr Werner, "but there is only one Royal Porcelain Manufactory."

"Pouf!" ejaculated Herr Werner. "Little daubed clay figures!"

The rigid patience on the Maine lady's face was beautiful to see. Mr. Hughes took refuge from the necessity of rebuking such discourtesy by looking as if he had not heard a word.

"I have always heard that the Dresden china is rather artistic," said the elder English lady.

"It is—where it copies Sevres," (he pronounced it "Sever") joined in the Maine lady's husband, with the emphasis of the long-suppressed. He was taking breakfast with the party, but he was decidedly not going to Meissen "for the fifth time."

"But you don't see anything of the manufacture at Sevres, I am told," put in Jessica.

"Not a thing!" corroborated the lady from Maine, who always seemed to have been everywhere. "They show you one man who pretends to be working with clay, and he gives you a little unglazed cup to hold which breaks in your fingers—they always do that; and that's everything you see, except the museum and the finished work, of course."

"But the finished work!" said her husband, compressing his lips, "that's prime, I can tell you. None of this fried cake business, but art—real art."

"Painting on porcelain," observed Herr Werner, "is difficult, but it is not art. It is a copy of art sometimes, but art seeks the best, not the worst materials. Art does not expend itself in overcoming needless difficulties; it takes the smoothest, shortest road to produce the best picture."

"What do you call porcelain painting, then?" asked Jessica, who felt a desire to protest against so much dogmatism.

"Ornamentation, if you like," returned Herr Werner, coldly, and then moved, perhaps unconsciously, by the feeling that she had the soul of an artist within her to which she should give heed, he cried in a tone of open disgust—"But *you* know it is not art."

"I know nothing of the kind," returned Jessica in prompt resentment, at which some looked up and some looked down, and everybody felt the embarrassment of an approach to a "scene." Herr Werner shrugged his shoulders and poured for himself another cup of coffee.

After breakfast, they all walked over to the great Hauptbahnhof, bought their tickets, and then climbed to the first story, which is on a level with the railway tracks. There the polite Ger-

man officials, in their neat uniforms and their round-peaked caps, showed them the train to Meissen, and they clambered into neighbouring compartments, Mr. Hughes going with the Murney ladies and Herr Werner stalking away to the other end of the car. Jessica had considerable to say, while they waited for the train to start, about the German's rudeness. Her mother said soothingly that she need have nothing more to do with him, and Mr. Hughes added that what such chaps said really did not matter, did it?

The train drew out over a long viaduct, with the city at the right, across the Elbe, and then by level market gardens and low hills and curious German villages, until the grey schloss on the heights above Meissen was to be glimpsed in the distance. Arrived, they all went first to the porcelain works, mounting a stumpy horse-tram at the station, and rolling along through the winding streets of the still mediæval town. There was a fair in progress, which filled the "Grosse Markt" with canvas booths in which every sort of merchandise was sold, from wonderful German cakes to piles of boots, which purchasers sat down on the paving to try on, while long rows of rough-made crockery lay in a bedding of straw strewn down the neighbouring streets. When they reached the porcelain factory, they paid their "mark" each and were conducted over the rambling place by a studious-looking, spectacle-wearing German, who knew enough English nouns to name the things he showed, but who could no more construct an English sentence than he could enjoy English ale. However, the lady from Maine more than made up for his lack, until at last he never seemed to speak except to contradict her. Then they went into the showroom to price "souvenirs" and marvel at the costliness of the simplest cups, while Herr Werner sat on a bench outside in the sunlight, waiting until they should be finished.

When that would have been it would be hard to say, if the firm-chinned new-comer—she was Mrs. Drake, of Jersey City, U.S.A.—had not consulted her watch, and announced that they must go if they wished to lunch on the schloss hill. Whereat Mr. Drake got up from his chair at the end of the showroom nearest the door, in a prompt, well-trained manner, and walked out to the roadside to wait for a tram. His son idled up beside him and stood ready to signal the tram driver with an umbrella.

"What! are they going already?" asked the lady from Maine, peering out of the window.

"Yes," said Mrs. Drake, who was buying another placque while awaiting the waving of her son's umbrella. "It's time for lunch."

"By Jove! so it is," exclaimed Mr. Hughes, straightening up hopefully from a case he thought he was looking at.

"But I haven't shown you half what I wanted you to see yet," protested the lady from Maine pathetically.

Still they all moved out, telling her how grateful they were to her, as they politely carried her along; but she told them of things they had not seen, all the way up in the tram and up the side of the schloss hill, until the massive, battlemented bridge leading into the schloss enclosure filled their attention; and many of them were things the missing of which meant "missing the best of their trip."

The bridge once carried, a division arose. Some were for lunching first and then "doing" the church and the schloss afterward; others favoured visiting the schloss at once, lest a black cloud which was rising in the northern sky, bring rain and spoil the view. Herr Werner and Mrs. Drake led the "now" party, while Mrs. Murney and the lady from Maine were for luncheon first.

"Well, we can divide," said Herr Werner. "They will take a party of five through; so if four others will come with me we can go now, and then lunch while the others are visiting the schloss."

"That's so," said Mrs. Drake brisk-

ly. "There are three of us; you make four, now who will be the fifth?"

Mr. Drake heard this enrolment of himself with the "schloss first, luncheon any time" party without either surprise or enthusiasm, and, sitting down on the wall, he looked sadly far over the fruitful valley and then at the open restaurant window.

"I think we shall go, shall we not, Mamma?" said the English girl.

"We will go to luncheon," said "Mamma," moving off in that direction.

"Well, mayn't I go, Mamma?—I'm not the least bit hungry," asked the daughter in a sweetly submissive voice.

"Just as you like, dear," said her mother, "but you would be the better of a chop."

Then they both smiled lovingly on each other, and the mother went off to the restaurant, and the daughter went and stood, as if for chaperoning, by Mrs. Drake.

The path of the five, with Mrs. Drake and Herr Werner at their head, and Mr. Drake, carrying Mrs. Drake's cloak and the Baedeker, bringing up a slow-paced rear, lay away from the restaurant door, around a gray mediæval church, rising in the centre of the schloss enclosure, and up to the foot of a round corner tower, within which wound a stone spiral stairway—the famous Grosser Wendelstein—to the upper stories. Herr Werner fetched the girl who was to show them through, and she unlocked a heavy door which gave upon the bottom of the stairway, and they disappeared into the gloom of the turret and the Middle Ages.

The others found their way through the restaurant to a garden beyond, which, perched upon its aerie at the edge of a sheer cliff, hung over the red-tiled town far below. But their view to the north was entirely shut off by the blank wall of one of the old religious buildings in connection with the schloss. So it happened that they lunched in peace, not knowing that the black cloud had mounted and spread over the northern sky like the rising of an inky curtain, and that the world visibly cowered under its oncoming shadow, the air sluggish in fear, the winding river far below complaining hoarsely of the overhanging menace. The grim schloss alone fronted the threatened assault from the lofty top of its rugged crag with no change of face, the sunshine still lying, sickly and pale to death, on its gray mass. About it had played the fires of many a storm, heaven-born and man-made—that was its business in life.

The Murneys and Mr. Hughes finishing first, they crossed the court, still yellow with sunlight, and awaited the others just inside the stairway tower. Down tramped the people from overhead, Mrs. Drake leading.

"There's a big storm coming," she announced, as she swept into the court; "but it may be over before you get through with the schloss"—and she was off toward the corner of the church, around which lay the path to the restaurant. Mr. Drake followed in a downcast manner, though there was now a little glimmer of anticipation in his eye as he thought of luncheon; but young Drake was quite perked up, telling the English girl some fun he had had while rooming in the Latin Quarter in Paris. She patted his self-approval with eager, pleased questions until they were just entering the restaurant door, where her mother still was, when she said in a meek voice—

"Mamma does not like Paris!"

While the Murneys stood waiting with Mr. Hughes just within the shadow of the tower, the first big drops of the storm came and then a swirl of rain. The new darkness lightened a moment, and then the thunder boomed.

"We can't stay here," cried Mrs. Murney. "This place will be struck sure."

"Nonsense, Mamma," said Jessica. "We're as safe here as anywhere."

"You stay if you want to," replied Mrs. Murney, "but I'm going to ask Mr. Hughes to take *me* back."

"But I can't stay alone," protested Jessica, wanting to humour her mother

and yet fearing that they would be shut out of the schloss until too near closing hour, if they once let the storm get between them and this door.

"No," admitted Mrs. Murney, and she showed a determination to stay in the schloss and dare the lightning. But another reflection of an unseen bolt glimmered and the thunder crashed again. "The others will come presently if you *will* stay," she cried, and started out into the now heavily falling rain.

"I'll come back," whispered Hughes, and, running after Mrs. Murney, he took her arm in order to help her pace. The slanting rain showed thick against their hurrying backs, and then they disappeared about the gray buttress of the church. A couple of minutes passed, during which the downpour seemed to increase with every second. The big bullying drops fought each other for right of way, and Jessica stepped back within the tower to avoid the spray flung up from their mad self-destruction on the pavement outside. Then gusts of wind swept this way and that across the court, carrying the rain like charging columns before them; and one, dashing in at the deep tower door, drove Jessica several steps up the stairway.

A minute or two more and Hughes should be back. But Hughes and Mrs. Murney had reached the restaurant in a drenched condition; and the party all joined in telling him that it would be simple folly to go out again until this passionate downpour was over.

"It will slacken in a minute or two," said Mrs. Drake, confidently. "Then you can all go."

"I knew of a young man in Buda-Pesth once," said the lady from Maine, "who got wet in a rain, caught pneumonia and died."

But Hughes was for going. He did not mind a little rain.

"You shouldna' restrain an eager young man wi' his lady-love imprisoned in a castle tower," said the Scotchman, smiling knowingly all round.

That decided it. "Waters cannot quench love," but scoffing can make it ashamed to be known. So Hughes awaited with a calm mien but an impatient soul for the "slackening" of a rain that beat down the harder with every minute. It surely must soon exhaust itself.

Once Jessica ventured down to the gusty door to see if he were coming; but she saw only a gray church shouldering up out of sight in a tempest of tumbling rain. Then the deluge swept in at the door, and she ran, with wetted face and spotted dress, up to the first dry turn in the stairway again.

Some one spoke to her in German from behind, and she turned and saw that it was the young girl who acted as guide. She plainly wanted her to do something; and finally Jessica made out that it was to go up into the first room and wait, as she (the guide) must shut the tower door against the storm. Jessica tried to explain that she expected the others back, but the girl apparently said that she would let them in when they came; for she went down and shut and locked the door.

Jessica stood in the half-light for a moment, and then thought that she might as well see the first apartments up-stairs at her leisure. So she climbed the winding stair, grim in its nakedness of heavy stone, and passed into the great hall. She saw the massive columns from which the vaulting sprang; the dim reaches between them peopled with dark, stiff old portraits; the great windows fronting the black north!

And at one of them stood Herr Werner, motionless, watching the raging of the storm.

CHAPTER VIII

Jessica stopped instantly and would have turned back, but at that moment the girl, coming up behind her, said something about "Fraulein" in that high, carrying voice tourist guides cultivate; at which Herr Werner turned sharply away from the window and saw her, hesitant, at the doorway. This cut off all possible retreat; for to turn back now to the dark and comfortless turret would be to confess to a

fear of him. So she walked across the shadowed, echoing hall, to a window at the other end, quite away from the silent German. Herr Werner watched her until she reached her window, but neither spoke. Then he asked something of the girl in a growling German, and got quite a lengthy answer, to which he said "Zo!" in mild surprise, and turned again to the wild scene outside. Jessica had noticed, however, when he looked at her first that his face was alight with that rare, inborn glow, which shone from it in his moments of earnestness and exaltation; and she wondered a little at it, for certainly there could be nothing more annoying than this inopportune thunder-storm.

She leaned upon the wide window-sill, and looked out upon the black, wind-harried prospect. It did not look like stopping, did it! she said to herself, unconsciously copying the Hughes form of assertion. The upper sky was a billowing sea of ink, across which scudded torn fragments of cloud, like the tattered battle-flags of a flying army. This she would see; and then the rain would thicken before her eyes, and all become a dark steel-gray. Swirl and dash—and it was beating on the window-glass; and then the charge would pass, and the round, gray-stone tower that shouldered out just beyond her window, dripped and ran with the broken columns of the rain. Right down the steep cliff that fell away almost sheer from the foundations of the castle, the wide tops of the precariously rooted trees bent to the wind, and then fought sturdily back when its pressure lessened. At intervals, the rain seemed to pass, and a wide prospect opened out; far across the narrow river at the foot of the cliff and the hamlet-dotted country, to a watery horizon, banded with a murky yellow.

At the first of these pauses, Jessica thought of Hughes, and turned to hear if he were not coming up the turret-steps. But there was nothing behind her save the empty, twilight hall. The dark old portraits of dead and gone Saxon kings, looked stolidly, indistinctly, out from the walls; the heavy columns and the rich wooden vaulting they supported, showed in dim aloofness from all human interest. What cared they whether Hughes came or stayed, or that a maiden shrank, half-fearful in her loneliness, by one of the great windows, or that the Prince of the Power of the Air marshalled his black cavalry against the storm-scarred outer battlements? In her instinctive turning to human companionship, she glanced quickly to where Herr Werner had been standing, and there he was still, leaning motionless on his window-sill, unconscious of everything but the sweep of the storm. Over him on a side wall was a fresco, which the poor light would not quite unveil; but as she looked at it in idle fascination, there came out of the massed, dull colouring, figures in armour, then faces of iron determination. A flicker of lightning played over it, and she saw a woman kneeling—and was it a child held high on a mailed arm? Ah! those were savage days! And this old schloss on its inaccessible crag had seen its share of them. The familiar rain outside was kindlier far. So she leaned again on the window-sill, watching the high-riding clouds, starting instinctively back at the sudden charges of the rain-laden wind and dazzled by the swift lances of the lightning thrust out from the bosom of the storm.

But, as she watched, her heart grew sensibly greater within her, and her spirits rose to meet the onslaughts of the tempest. She listened for Hughes in the pauses, but there was less and less anxiety for his coming as the minutes went by. The feeling of nervous loneliness was passing from her, and she began to partake somewhat of the sturdy spirit of the schloss itself, lifting its towers to meet the fury of the attack. Let the gusts dash at the window! She straightened herself and faced them. "I am getting brave," she said to herself; "what has come over me?" The rain rushed at the massive tower near her window, and for a moment she could not see it; then it swept on and she looked eagerly out,

and the tower stood grimly unmoved, while the bleeding remnants of the assault dripped from its rough stones. She could have cheered in her sense of personal victory. Surely Herr Werner saw it, and she looked toward him; but he was motionless at his window. Well, she was not alone, for the Saxon kings gazed triumphantly at her from their walls, and she knew that they all rejoiced in the impregnability of her common fortress.

Grim days were they, when men in armour clanked through this great hall and clustered on the upper battlements! Yes, truly; but great days, too, when it was man to man, when danger rode at one from every corner, when a woman was deemed worth dying for, and when there were many things that a knight feared more than to die.

Then, in a flash, it came upon her that this feeling was the soaring, all-seeing consciousness which rose in her in mid-song—which Herr Werner's playing had called up; and for one mad moment she battled against it as a mind fights for sanity. But the wild wind at the great window, the dim reaches of the ancient hall, the spirit of the hour and place fought against her, and she slowly, half fearfully, wholly glad, let her eyes rest again on "the vision and the dream."

Surely that was a step on the turret stair? She turned — apprehensively. Could it be Hughes with his ever-ready amusement at enthusiasm? He would be very wet and very caustic, and very quick to make light of these quaintly decorated rooms with their shadowy memories. The step came to the door —and it was the German girl. Jessica laughed softly at herself. So she did not want Hughes now? Yet she could see a Jessica Murney who would have thought his witticisms very funny, and these dark-panelled walls and stiff portraits very poky and ridiculous. But that was an unworthy Jessica, she decided; a silly school-girl. And how fortunate she was to stand in this great hall alone without the others—the peering, questioning, itemizing, matter-of-fact others, who never saw the spirit of a thing, so busy were they checking off the thing itself in their guide-books. All thought of loneliness or fear had now left her, and presently she ventured back into the great hall, gradually growing lighter with the lessening of the storm, and walked from portrait to historic fresco and from fresco to portrait, living in the spirit of the mediæval time when it was the doing of things that counted and not the talking of them. Before one fresco she stood quite a while, hardly catching its meaning.

"Do you know the story?" asked Herr Werner at her shoulder. She had not known that he had come up; but she said quite frankly, forgetting all her antipathy to the German:—

"No! what is it?"

Then he told her a tale of plotting, of scaled battlements, of stolen princes and of peasant courage, that stirred her blood as always must a bit of plumed romance made real by saying "and there is where he climbed," and "here is where he dared death."

"How splendid!" she cried, looking up at him with shining eyes. "Ah! those were the days, Herr Werner, when there was no mistaking the manner for the man."

"Yes! yes!" he agreed heartily; but there was wondering surprise in the look he turned on her.

"How full this old schloss is of the spirit of that time!" she went on, half dreamily. "I have been standing at the window watching it battle with the storm; and it fought like a true knight, relying on itself and never asking quarter."

"Good! And you saw it!" cried Herr Werner. "The songstress has come to life then!"

Jessica looked at him with understanding eyes. A sub-consciousness told her that she should be very much offended at his frank outburst, but she knew that she was not.

"Ah! then come and I will show you this schloss, for you will see it," the German went on, his face shining joyously upon her. He turned to lead her to the lower end of the hall, but

stopped in a moment and, bending towards her, added in a half whisper—

"Most people come and look and nod and rush on to another room and look and nod and hurry away; but they see nothing—nothing. Mrs. Drake—would you believe it—she stood in this hall. 'Portraits,' she said. 'Let me see! One-two-d'ree-four-funf-six-and so on to eleven,'" pushing his finger pudgily at each one as he counted. 'But my guide says there are twelve,' she complained. And then 'Herr Werner, Herr Werner! Please ask the Fraulein to show us the twelve portraits.' I asked the Fraulein, and she told us that one has been removed. I tell Mrs. Drake. 'All right,' she said. 'What room comes next?' and off she went. I stayed here." And he waved his arms as if banishing all such folk, and strode off down the hall with Jessica—a wide-eyed, eager Jessica—at his side.

If ever a man was made to tell a legend as if it were very truth, and to breathe into rugged history—history of the mailed hand, the dagger and the dungeon—the pervading soul of reality, that man was Herr Werner. Six feet, erect, a face that out-talked his tongue and kept pace with his eyes, eyes of a sincere blue and a flaming earnestness, the hands of an emotional actor, and a perfect genius for "posing" unconsciously as the central figure of his story, he led Jessica from place to place in the great Hall, and then from room to room in the rambling schloss telling her thrilling tales of Saxon daring and of old-time cruelty and superstition, and the deeds of a might that thought itself the only right. Together they measured the thick, grim walls, and marvelled at their strength; and studied the old portraits with their heavy armour and hardly less heavy robes of office; and re-peopled the old rooms with the court ladies and their cavaliers; and talked of the days when men played the game of life with the highest stake always on the table, not having syndicated their courage nor entrusted their safe-keeping and their ladies' honour to the police.

"That is the one priceless inheritance you European peoples have," said Jessica; "the one thing we can never take nor buy from you, the tangible homes of these mediæval memories."

"They are the inspiration of what is best in us," answered Herr Werner. "Our poetry, our art, our high thinking. But they have a new foe, a foe that, perhaps, you have brought them—the spirit of commercialism."

"The Midas touch," breathed Jessica.

"Yes—though I should rather call it 'the Judas kiss,'" said Herr Werner. "It is that that I fear. Commercialism is very kind to these old piles. It embraces them, it restores them, it flatters them, it advertises them like—like a new soap; and all the world comes rushing to pay its entrance fees and buy its cheap pictures, and tramp through their most sacred places with ignorant questions and blind eyes, hurrying from a porcelain factory to a schloss, and from a schloss to a beer garden, so as to get in a full day." And the blonde head was shaken in disgust.

Jessica was silent; for she saw that other Jessica who looked so like her, but who was of a spirit so dull-sighted, so heavy-footed, hurrying—sightless—to see the sights with all the world.

"And with the tramp of their crowding feet they frighten the familiar spirits of these sacred places away," went on Herr Werner. "Formerly only those came here who had eyes to see—whose hearts had at these shrines worshipped for long, long years. They as pilgrims came—reverent, seeking, seeing. They came alone; and in the hush of a sanctuary from which all modern life was shut out, they communed with the mightiest of the past; and then they went out to write an immortal poem or paint a deathless picture or do a splendid deed."

"And now," said Jessica, with bowed head, "we come in droves for no higher purpose than that no one shall have seen more than we."

"But," protested Herr Werner, "you must not say 'we.' That was yester-

day. To-day you may say 'I,' for you have become an individual—you dare your own life to live—you are at last the woman who sings with your wonderful voice."

"Am I, do you think?" said Jessica, humbly, looking up at him with clear eyes, from which she tried to throw back the last maiden curtain that he might see and judge her truly—for in that brief afternoon Jessica had recognized in Herr Werner blood-kin to her better self.

"Ah!—yes!—yes!" he answered slowly, his whole face deadly earnest with his reading of her. "It is a great thing to say," he went on, "for the woman who sings in you is one of the queens of earth; but, on my soul, I think you are she—and to know you," he added in a lower voice, "is to me a great happiness."

Jessica slowly lowered her eyes, thoughtful and content. Then a long sigh rose on her breath.

"What a wide, beautiful world it is," she said, half to herself, "when the clouds have lifted."

Then, prompted by her simile, they both turned to look out of the window, and they saw that the clouds were really lifting and that all the north was streaked with blue; but they did not know that three times had Hughes walked over through the drenching rain and beaten with furious fists on the lower door, and that nothing but his perpetual fear of being absurd had kept him from summoning the police to have the lock forced.

TO BE CONTINUED

A BY-GONE LOVE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I KNOW a hero living in a book,
A dusty, dingy book, well hid away
Behind the problem novels of to-day,
In some far corner where but few would look.

Courtly he is in person, pure in thought,
Cleanly in life, of manner somewhat grave,
Never less gentle when most truly brave,
Reverencing woman as a hero ought.

I know a maiden also, passing fair;
Her sweet face blooms from out the dusty page,
A lovely creature of a by-gone age;
To call her "heroine" I hardly dare.

For, though assuredly the hero's mate,
So good, so pure, so womanly is she,
From strange and twisted oddities so free,
I fear that you would find her out of date.

Her laughing glance the hero's pulses stir,
He loves her madly; any one can see
That he aspires to her hand, and she—
She blushes when the hero looks at her.

O dusty little book of charming lore,
Of maidens fair and lovers brave and true,
Go, go, we have no further use for you—
The Realistic Novel has the floor.

HIS FIRST PROPOSAL

By Graham Douglas

THEY were seated in Annette Ford's boudoir, Mrs. Ford and Annette and John Stanway. Through the open window came that indescribable fragrant breath of spring which seems to call for open windows, whispering of purple violets and pure snowdrops soon to come. From the street rose the cheerful notes of a piano-organ, made almost sweet by distance; and the only break in the restful silence that had fallen on the three was when Annette, having exhausted her own supply, borrowed nickels, first from her mother and then from Stanway, to throw at the swarthy Italian down below.

The room was furnished with a certain quaint originality which bespoke the owner, while a delightful irregularity of arrangement, almost Japanese in its expression, carried a delicious repose to the artistic senses and charmed the eye of the favoured few who were allowed to enter in.

Mrs. Ford was the first to break the spell that held them speechless.

"Annette has the most extraordinary tastes," she said, smiling, "and organs are not by any means the worst thing in her category."

Annette laughed. "Mother means cigarettes and golf," she explained to John; "she never did them when she was young—and you taught me both."

Stanway did not look very much concerned at this appalling charge. "Golf's good for you," he said laconically.

"U'm, u'm," from Annette.

"——and the amount of smoking you do will never hurt you. I believe in your heart of hearts you hate it! You only do it because you think it's smart. Isn't that it?"

"I believe I do," said Annette tranquilly, "but I like it, too—I think."

Then she threw another nickel, and the room was still again.

Mrs. Ford sat watching the two young people before her, and thinking of them rather impatiently, if the truth be told. Why was John so slow and Annette so absurdly blind, though she admitted it would be hard for John to be aught else but slow while Annette continued in her present frame of mind, treating him, as she did, like an adored elder brother. If a man had sat and looked at her in her young days, she told herself, as John was looking at Annette now, well—!

As for Annette, she was thinking only of how nice it was *to feel* the spring—and have a hand-organ playing—and know that golf would soon begin. And to have health and happiness. To have plenty of admirers, and a few lovers—and in addition a friend like John Stanway, who was neither admirer nor lover, but just "John." An indefinite jumble of thoughts which might have been summed up in the three words, "youth and beauty."

John Stanway's thoughts were of one person, and one person only—Annette—Annette in short socks and sunbonnets; Annette with fuzzy curls and brief Mother-Hubbards; Annette making the calm request after the many swimming lessons he had given her of "button me up behind, please," for those same Mother Hubbards; Annette, a schoolgirl wrestling with dates and unpronounceable French words; Annette, a debutante, sweet and dainty, in filmy white, and lastly, Annette of to-day—an Annette who seemed to have no thought of him beyond the one that he could be of "most tremendous use to her, because she'd known him always, and he was so much—oh, much, much older" (six years) "than she was."

It was a peaceful but terribly unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Mrs. Ford broke the silence again.

"Annette, if you don't have that window shut you'll be responsible for

my death—I can feel an east wind—your own, too, for that matter, not to mention John's."

"Oh, Mamma—no! How can you? It's hot! I can smell the spring, can't you?" to John; then as Mrs. Ford showed no signs of yielding, she announced her intention of going out to sit on the rail of the little balcony.

"Annette, are you perfectly crazy?" her mother inquired a little crossly. "Do you want to get a cold in your head and have a red nose, or drop over into the street and break yourself to pieces?"

Annette looks disconsolate for a minute; spring had fairly got into her, giving her a positive longing for fresh air and sunshine; then she brightened up and began to quote mischievously, though in a slow, dolorous tone, "Nobody loves me—God hates me, and I'm going into the garden to eat worms. One nice, big, green, slimy worm for ten cents. Two little, brown, fuzzy—"

Mrs. Ford fled.

"Leave the window open," she said as she went; "John will be able to get down more quickly when he goes to pick you up."

"Now," said Annette, "let us go out. It *is* pretty disgusting, isn't it?"

"But it's very useful; I can always clear the room in one minute with that thing."

So they went out on the balcony, and she settled herself on the rail with a swing that caused John to make a frantic grab at her.

Annette laughed.

"Look out you don't go first," was all the thanks he got for the attempted rescue, "and give me a cigarette, I just feel like smoking! Nobody can see up here."

It was John's turn to laugh.

"Miss Perversity! This is to prove you like it, I suppose. Come off that place and you may have all you want."

It seems almost unnecessary to state that Annette stayed where she was and got what she wanted; while John stood by, keeping a firm hold on himself and his hands in his pockets so that he would not clutch at her every little move she made.

Once she turned her head to nod to the departing organ-grinder, and almost lost her balance, which frightened a little cry from her, and wrung a passionate "*Dearest, take care*," from Stanway's lips.

It startled her to hear such words from him, and even more to feel the throb her heart gave answering his words and the pressure of his arms. John—, she had never thought of such a thing. She wondered why not, now. She slipped to her feet, and looked at him through a new light in which happiness and a vague fear were strangely mixed.

As for John, he only saw the first startled glance, and savagely calling himself a fool, set about in his masculine way to cover up the mischief he had done.

He talked of everything and anything on the face of this earth except himself and the last few moments; and Annette watched him, her eyes opening wider and wider with each fresh topic.

What was the man thinking of? Wasn't he going to propose?

Then her mind wandered back over their many years of friendship.

Of course—he must have loved her always; she could see it in a hundred different ways now. But he had never told her—perhaps he never would, and Annette saw a vision of old maidenhood; of long years, with no better consolation than tea and cats, stretching out before her. Then she thought again, and this time recognized the deep love of his reticence.

And still John held forth.

He would have to get rid of his bull terrier, he was getting too cross to have about with safety. Annette must have that new Brassie he was speaking about; Fenlow said it was just the greatest thing.

On and on he went perseveringly, almost exhausting himself in the effort, and Annette listened and laughed—and laughed again, till John in some surprise asked what it was.

"I was only laughing," she said demurely, "at how much I love you—and you love me."

. . . . . .

"No person can see us," he said a few moments later in answer to her protests; "you said so yourself. Sweetheart, how long—how long have you *known* you cared for me?"

Annette paused. "One—two—three—four—"

Stanway waited breathlessly; would it be months, or only weeks?

"Minutes!" said Miss Annette Ford, triumphantly.

OVER THE BORDER

A UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST STORY

By E. Seton Valentine

A CLEAR young falsetto rang out in the gathering gloom.

"Ride hard, Capt. Philip Aldin, you have enemies on your track!"

"Who are you? And whence do you come?"

"To question number one, a friend. To question number two, the Governor's Mansion at Albany."

"You speak fair, boy? But be careful, give me but the slightest sign of treachery—you see, both my pistols are loaded—and—"

"You would shoot me through the body?"

"Zounds! I would be under that painful necessity."

The youth who had overtaken Aldin now galloped along the stony road abreast of him, laughing.

"Heaven preserve us, but you are bloodthirsty, Captain Aldin."

"*Mr.* Aldin, if you please. Yes, these are parlous times for a loyal subject of the King, but harmless ones for traitors, even though the Washingtons and Adamses and Putnams and Schuylers are chuckling and swigging their port in this new mock kingdom of theirs. But I doubt not the tables will be turned some fine day."

"And you will be there to help turn 'em?"

"'Fore God, I hope so. But I think *you* turn off here, young gentleman."

"Do I?"

"It would be prudent, sirrah. *I* take this road."

"How odd," quoth the youth, laughing. "So do I."

Aldin, biting his lip, drew up for a moment irresolute. Then he dug the spurs into his horse's flanks, turning in his saddle so as to keep his companion in view meanwhile. In his fingers he clutched a pistol, cocked and loaded.

"Very well," he said, addressing himself grimly to his tenacious fellow-traveller, "*I* shall not be the first to quarrel."

"I doubt if you'll be the last, monsieur. I'm glad you take my advice to make haste, for if you had continued to amble at the pace at which I overtook you, your mare's head would have pointed another way ere this."

"What mean you, boy?"

"Why, that Van Tyne learned of your plot for an unceremonious departure this afternoon. He trumped up a charge of treason to the Confederacy and an officer was sent by General Gates to arrest you twenty minutes before I left."

"Good heavens, the scoundrel! I might have suspected it." Aldin muttered a few words to himself. "Look here, sirrah, before I waste my breath in thanks for your service, who are

you? I don't remember ever having clapped eyes on you before, although the light is dim here."

"I—oh," the other gave a laugh, "I'm General Morris's stable-boy—hostler — postilion, carriage-lackey — what you will—!"

"Zounds! I thought your voice had a somewhat familiar ring in it. Why didn't you say so before?"

"I was afraid to put you out of countenance with a recital of my dignities."

"You have a pretty wit. Are you not ashamed to serve such a traitor, sirrah—such a black traitor as—"

"Stay, you are confounding your parts. It is an old failing with Capt. Aldin. Have you forgotten the play of "The Two Lovers" at Lady Trimmer's in Pine Street?"

"What, were *you* there?"

"I helped dress my Lady Trimmer for the part of Sophia."

Aldin laughed. "Well, well," he cried, "I can but repeat—you have a pretty wit, for a traitor's lackey."

"It needs greater wit to be a traitor's ally."

"How? What mean you?"

"Why, that the war is over and done with these two months—and he is no traitor who serves the reigning powers on this continent. General Gates may be a great American lord some day, with as good a title to his patent of nobility, as he that sits at Westminster."

"Zounds, I have heard all this before—from Mistress Jessica Morris, at Alwood. Reigning powers—this continent—American nobility—pooh, stuff, fiddlesticks. Look you, youngster, if you were General Washington himself riding on a white horse beside me, with his long legs clanking against his nag's ribs and his cocked hat rubbing the skin off his ruddy nose, I would tell you this: Yonder, twenty miles ahead, is a body of 250 men, women and children whose fortunes stand impoverished by this fearful war, yet proscribed and forsaken as they are, those fortunes I would more proudly, gladly share, than consort with any of these canting time-servers to whom allegiance to King, flag and the Motherland means no more than a suit of clothes they wear to-day and throw off to-morrow. I would rather serve such men in labour and poverty than sit with your Continental Congress in purple and fine linen with a dozen black varlets to scrape and snivel before 'em. *Continental*—forsooth! Go back and take this message to your Governor Morris, that not all this continent is given over to Yankee malcontents, republicans, aye and hypocrites. Tell him for me that thirty thousand loyal Englishmen, good subjects of King George, are on their way north to where, thank God, the old red cross still flies. It will go hard with us, but we will make a nest for ourselves in the wilderness as good as that our forefathers made here.

"Bravely spoken," cried the youth, "although your picture of General Washington is hardly flattering."

"I am no flatterer."

"Yet you are a courtier."

"I say I am no flatterer, and to prove it I tell you bluntly, youth, I begin to tire me of your company."

"So soon? I thought we had been companions together for an hour longer."

"Frankly, I suspect you."

"Me? Suspect me? Of what, pray?"

"Let me see if you are not armed."

"With all my heart. Look!"

"'Tis well. But now tell me what is your object in following me?"

"First, to warn you."

"You are kind. I thank you. I feared my flight would become known. And afterwards?"

"And afterwards? Oh, well, how how could I tear myself away from such agreeable company."

"I warn you not to be facetious. If you are really going my way, I suppose I cannot in decency use force and hinder you. But why are you interested on my behalf?"

"Ah, truly, that is a secret."

"You will not tell? Stay, was it she? Is it her doing?"

"Whose?"

"You know well. If it be she—if you have a message from her, let me know it at once. Stay, I see you have—you falter—you avert your gaze—you—"

"What a wizard you are, *Mr.* Aldin, but in sooth you have guessed rightly."

"And the message—God bless her—don't delay a moment. Give it to me."

"What is your haste? Suppose I have instructions not to deliver the message except at a certain time and place."

"Pooh. 'Tis impossible. She would make no such conditions."

"I' faith she *has*, though!"

The ex-captain, now a fugitive headed for Canada, muttered audibly to himself.

"My heart reproached me with the manner of my leave-taking. But how could I help myself? Alas, no there was nothing to be done! The die was indeed cast and I had only to obey the dictates of my honour and conscience, even though it cost me my happiness and all that I held dear on earth. Come, boy," he said aloud, "look, here is a guinea. I have not many such, and I can ill spare it, but give me your message, if it be indeed from Mistress Jessica Morris and then—begone! Do not trifle with me any more."

"Shall I really give it you here—now—on this spot?"

"Certainly."

"Even if she told me not to give it until we reached Schenectady."

"Pooh—what can it matter?"

"She may have had a reason."

"What woman has not."

"Yet she is different from other women."

"Yes, you speak truly there! But come—the message—where is it—in your belt?"

"Nay."

"By heavens you will drive me to vexation in a moment with your yeas and your nays. Do you take the gold I proffer or not?"

"If I do, she shall know you bribed me."

"Tell-tale! Then you shall not have it until ——"

They rode on silently in the darkness. In twenty minutes more they had passed Schenectady fort.

"Who goes there?" bawled a sentinal out of the unseen.

Aldin was about to answer, but the voice of his companion rang out in a rich, clear treble, which caused Aldin to start in his saddle.

"Travellers to Syracuse."

"And the countersign."

"Liberty Hall," replied the youth, flinging him a coin, rare in those days of paper currency.

"'Tis well; good night, gentlemen."

They cantered on at an easy pace until they were clear of the hamlet.

"Why did you do that?" demanded Aldin.

"Rash sir, if I had not, you would have been apprehended by a corporal's guard and sent back."

"And she learnt of this and sent you?"

"Yes."

"And this—*this* is your message?"

"Not quite." There was a strange falter in the youth's voice.

"For heaven's sake, do not keep me in suspense!"

As Aldin spoke he reached out a hand and clutched the other's bridle; both horses came to a standstill.

"I must know and *now?*" He spoke imperiously.

"And you shall. It is this: Jessica Morris loves you, Philip Aldin, and in spite of father, mother, sister and brothers will fly with you to the ends of the world."

So saying the youth flung off the hat, revealing a cluster of yellow curls, flung back the military cloak and laid a soft trembling little hand in Aldin's.

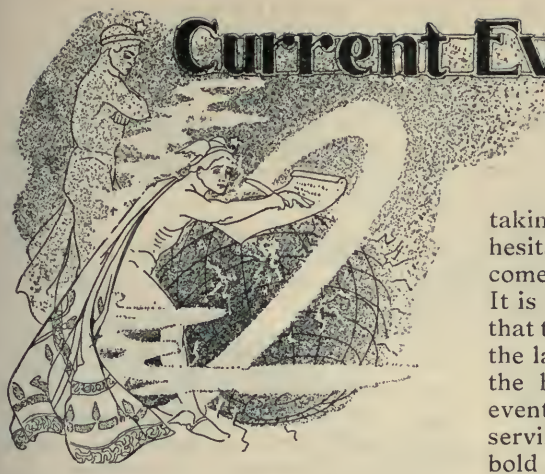
He gave a cry.

"Jessica! my darling!"

The answer came with a sob.

"Philip!"

And the ride to the border was interrupted.



Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

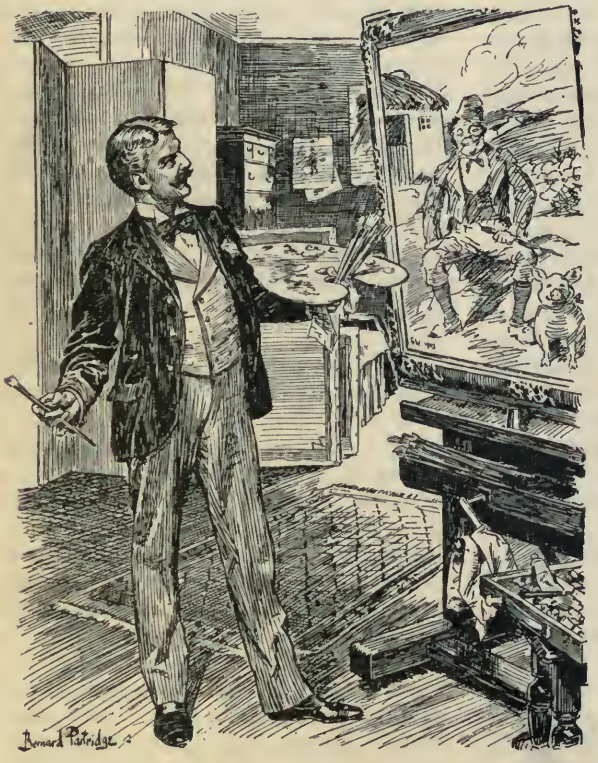
THE Irish Nationalists have with singular unanimity accepted the land bill in its main outlines, and as it is pretty certain that the Unionists will with few exceptions follow their leaders, there can be little doubt that the great measure will in a short time be law. Those of us who are old enough to remember a number of measures which were expected to settle Irish disaffection once for all, and nevertheless failed to make the least impression on the distressful island, may be pardoned for entertaining some misgivings as to the results of this measure. There can be no doubt, however, that most of the woes of Ireland have sprung from unhappy land conditions. This bill will cure some of them, and if it will transfer the ownership of the soil to the actual cultivators of it, and secure them in the possession of it, we may well believe that three-fourths of Irish irritations will have passed away. For we may well believe that when a great majority of the people of Ireland have a landlord's interest in the maintenance of peace and order, these two indispensable conditions of civilized life will be more likely to prevail than when the peasant feels that he has no particular interest in either. When the great proportion of a people feel that they would be as well off under anarchy as under rule and order, the probabilities of securing the latter are not good. Events, however, have such a trick of taking unexpected courses that one hesitates to be too sure as to the outcome of so radical a new departure. It is possible to conceive, for example, that the new proprietors having escaped the landlord may throw themselves into the hands of the mortgagee. At all events, the Imperial authorities are deserving of credit for having adopted so bold a plan for pacifying and redeeming Ireland. One fact alone establishes it as proceeding from true statesmanship. Mr. Wyndham said in his speech introducing the measure, that the annual charges upon the £12,000,000, which is granted in aid of the carrying out of the scheme, will be £300,000. But the promotion of good will and better feeling will enable reductions to the extent of £250,000 a year to be made in the appropriations for preserving the peace in Ireland. Surely it is better to spend £250,000 in making the peasant a landowner than in paying policemen to prevent him becoming a felon.

The Czar has again shown that he possesses the instincts of a benevolent reformer. The chief points of his recently issued manifesto are the proclamation of religious toleration, and the provision by which a peasant may sever himself from the village community to which he belongs. There is a rumour to the effect that these reforms have followed from the Czar's intimacy with M. Demtchinsky, a savant who first attracted the Emperor's attention by the accuracy of his weather forecasts. It is said that after a conversation on the condition of the people, the Czar asked M. Demtchinsky to communicate his views frankly in a written report. This the courageous scientist did, and the result is said to be the manifesto already

mentioned. The fact is, that Western thought is beginning to pierce the masses of Russia. The growth of industries has largely increased the number of people who earn their livelihood in factories, and as might be expected, modern ideas have grown there very rapidly. Among men who have been oppressed for ages it is the more violent ideas which find a lodgment. The Czar's reforms would seem to be a concession to the spread of these ideas, although he tries to persuade himself or his readers that the principles which he seeks to establish are not principles which have intruded themselves from outside, but are, in fact, distinct and indigenous products of Russian life, having always existed therein, though for a time inoperative or lost sight of. The present Czar will be remembered as the legitimate successor of that ancestor who performed for Russia a more memorable and enduring emancipation than that with which the name of Abraham Lincoln is associated.

The commission which was appointed to hold an enquiry into the conduct of the South African war is sitting from day to day, and among the witnesses are names which were familiar as household words a few short months ago. Several of the witnesses have declared that the marksmanship of the regular soldier was in the main as good as that of the Boer. The British officer may flatter himself that this was the case, but no one who read the despatches or who saw the result of encounters between the two, will help him to maintain his self-delusion. It is customary to explain the large preponderance of casualties on the British side by saying that they were always under the necessity of attacking. This was undoubtedly the case in the early stages of the war, but in the latter months of it the Boers did some attacking. It may be quite admitted that the burghers who remained in the field under DeWet, De la Rey and Botha, were the flower of the fighting men of the two nations. They were undoubtedly the stout-hearted, and they were also likely to be the men most accustomed to the hunt, to the trek, and to the camp, and therefore best used to live in the open and handle a rifle effectively. It is no use blinking the fact that a body of these men were more than a match for an equal num-

"PUNCH'S" VIEW OF THE IRISH LAND BILL



HIS CHEF-D'ŒUVRE

(For the Westminster Royal Academy)

MR. G-RGE W-NDH-M—"'The contented Irishman'! It's a good subject—best thing I've done. If *this* isn't accepted, well, I don't know what they *do* want!"—*Punch*.

"APRIL FOOLS"

"Make vay, you Englisch ox pig; von't you see
Zeese leetle bits of map were meant for we!"
"Prance on my coat-tails, pummel, pinch and pull!
You're all just April fools!" guffawed John Bull.

—*John Bull*, April 1st.

ber of British soldiers. Time and again during the long, irregular warfare in the Free State the men of the guerilla generals made rushes at bodies of their foes greatly outnumbering them, and generally got away from the encounter with insignificant loss, while leaving scores of their opponents dead or wounded on the ground. While there is some unconscous exaggeration in DeWet's book, there can be no doubt that in the main it is a narration of fact, and how the British army officer in view of it can persuade himself that his men were as effective rifle-handlers as the enemy, may be left to be explained.

Surely it will not be said that the British soldier could not be expected to be as handy with his weapon as a Boer voortrekker. We confess, however, that that is what we would expect. Here is a man set apart for the purposes of war. He does nothing else but learn his business. Disguise it as we may, the main duty of a soldier when on active service is to kill as many of the opposing force as possible. The way to accomplish this purpose is to make the man a deadly shot. The rifle, in the hands of rapid marksmen, cool and collected in the confidence of their own powers, has been found to be more destructive than shrapnel, pom-poms, machine guns, or any other form of destructive enginery. Even a small army of such men would demoralize the swollen battalions of Europe. It is not merely shooting at a mark, but shooting in the way in which it has to be done in modern warfare. Judgment of distance, shooting almost from the hip, shooting at the right time and not before or after the fateful moment—these and a score of more similar acquirements need to be taught the British soldier. Good marksmanship of the right kind should be encouraged. It should mean extra pay to the soldier, and when this has been done he will

not at least supply the dead meat for the vulture, as was too frequently the case in South Africa.

The Newfoundlanders are beginning to lose hope of getting a treaty with the United States. When this fact is made quite plain it ought to be a good time for considering the inclusion of the island as one of the provinces of the Dominion. There is a feeling in Canada that the advances should come from Newfoundland, but it should be made abundantly clear that Canada would welcome the islanders. The maritime interests of the two countries are so identical and interwoven that it would be statesmanlike to unify them. Canadians are quite aware that the big island is not quite all that some of its patriotic sons describe it, but be it what it may, it is a natural geographical adjunct of the Dominion. We believe that union with Canada would mean much for Newfoundland, and that some of its most harassing questions would quickly be settled with the force of the Dominion behind them.

The great Russian autocracy is decidedly busy these days. The rumblings of the long-delayed dissolution of Turkish power in Europe calls for constant alertness on her southern border; Britain has notified the world that the attempt of any other nation to establish itself on the Persian Gulf will be resisted by the whole power of the Empire, and in Manchuria she finds her designs not only opposed by England and Japan, but also by the new world-power, the United States. The attitude of the latter is the most novel feature of the international politics of the month. It is evidently quite a surprise to the Russian Foreign Office. It is true that in 1899 the United States was assured that Russia would maintain the "open door" in Manchuria, and when the allies occupied Chinese territory, following the massacre of 1900, there was a further assurance that in due time Russian troops would be withdrawn from Manchuria. Count Lamsdorff, in January, 1902, sent a note to Mr. Tower, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, saying, among other things, "It is true that Russia has conquered Manchuria, but she still maintains her firm determination to restore it to China and recall her troops as soon as the conditions of evacuation have been agreed to."

Now the Chancellor seems astonished that the United States insists on the implementation of these assurances. The disturbing element in the situation, however, is that there was an evident resolution to do something that could not fail to rouse Japan to a very dangerous mood, and put the Anglo-Japanese alliance to a severe and immediate test. The calculation seems to have been that after the heavy financial sacrifices entailed by the Boer war, Great Britain would be very unwilling to be dragged into a still more costly quarrel. A failure to do something resolute would, on the other hand, strain the alliance with Japan to the breaking point. In addition to Japan and Britain, the Bear unexpectedly finds himself face to face with the United States. It is not so much the material strength that the United States can throw into the scale, it is the impartiality of the position they occupy. These States have not been mixed up in the antique feuds of the old world, and no one, therefore, can impute Secretary Hay's position to old grudges or spites. He is in the strong position of one to whom a promise has been made, and who demands that the other party shall keep it. The hands of Britain and Japan have been enormously strengthened. Secretary Hay is very generally supported by public opinion. The general view of the Republican press is voiced by the New York *Tribune*, which concluded a leading article on the matter as follows:—"It is the indisputable treaty right of America to enjoy in every part of China every privilege that Russia enjoys. The scrupulous maintenance of that

THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP

How *Punch* views King Edward's visits to European capitals

right is all America asks. It will be satisfied with nothing less." This is thorough enough, and if the American demand is conceded it cannot be refused to any other nation, and the Russian pretences virtually fall to the ground.

The three facts that plainly shadowed forth the Russian intentions was the massing of troops at New Chwang and along the Lias river, and the opening of a special customs-house at Dolny, altogether independent of the Imperial maritime customs of which Sir Robert Hart is the administrator. This opening of what is virtually a Russian customs-house is even more significant, more declarative of sovereignty, than the occupation of Manchuria by Russian troops. Had the Russians been able to carry it through, the filching of Manchuria from China would have been complete.

It must be exceedingly irritating to the great Northern Power to read simultaneously with this Lord Lansdowne's proclamation of Great Britain's interest in the Persian Gulf. Some one has said that it is the application of a Monroe doctrine to that part of the world. It certainly resembles the position of the United States towards South America. Britain does not want to appropriate territory on the Gulf, but merely announces that she will allow no one else to do so. The declaration has been forced by reason of the insidious efforts that have been made for a long time past to stir up two of the petty princes of that coast against each other, one of them being a protege of Great Britain. It was decidedly better to make such an announcement of policy than to let matters drift into an entanglement out of which there might be no peaceful self-respecting way. Nevertheless, it must be rather a bitter pill for Russia just at the moment when she is bidden to relinquish her designs on Chinese territory.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

TIME'S PACES

When as a child I laughed and wept,
Time *crept.*
When as a youth I dreamt and talked,
Time *walked.*
When I became a full-grown man,
Time *ran.*
When older still I daily grew,
Time *flew.*
Soon I shall find in travelling on,
Time *gone.*

—*Selected*

THROUGH the powerful influence of popular custom, "the leafy month of June" has come in recent years to be more suggestive—to the feminine mind, at least—of orange blossoms and bridal veils than of the roses and filmy summer clouds with which the poet's pen has long associated it.

This is the month of months for great Hymen who for the space of four short weeks will reign supreme, while his chief high priest, Cupid the Capricious, offers up before him an endless procession of white-robed brides who, one after another, cheerfully immolate themselves upon his altar, smiling and unafraid.

And by the way, forty or fifty years ago the smiling bride was an unknown quantity. It used to be considered "good form" not only for the bride to appear to be submerged in woe, but for the entire wedding party to weep copiously throughout the ceremony.

In 1827 this lachrymose fashion was at its height, and we are told by one of the wedding guests that when Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton married Miss Rosina Wheeler, both bride and bridegroom were "overcome with sensibility, pale, tottering and tearful."

A weeping bride is a sufficiently distressing spectacle, but a tearful bridegroom must indeed be a sorry sight.

We have cause to be thankful that omnipotent fashion kindly permits us to-day to make of our weddings what one would naturally suppose them to be—happy, joyful festivals in which neither tears, regrets nor misgivings have any part or place.

Apropos of the wearing of orange blossoms with the bridal veil, the introduction of this custom amongst us is comparatively recent, having come with

many other fashions in dress from Spain, to which country it is said to have been brought by the Moors many centuries ago.

There is, however, an old Spanish legend which gives a different account of its origin. According to this story, soon after the importation of the orange tree by the Moors, one of the Spanish kings had a specimen of which he was very proud, and of which the French Ambassador was extremely anxious to obtain an offshoot. The daughter of the king's gardener was aware of the ambassador's desire and in order to obtain the dowry necessary to enable her to marry her lover, she managed to secure a slip of the tree which she sold to the Frenchman at a high price.

On the occasion of her wedding she acknowledged the important part played by the orange tree in bringing about her happiness by binding in her hair a wreath of its blossoms, thus inaugurating a custom which has since become almost universal.

◒

As we are on the subject of weddings, prospective brides may learn with interest that there are thirty-two days in the year on which it is supposed to be unlucky to marry. They are: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; February 6, 7, 8; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 7, 15; July 5, 19; August 11, 19; September 6, 7; October 6; November 15, 16, and December 15, 16, 17.

The ungallant supplier of this important information adds the superfluous remark—to which, of course, no one will pay the least attention:—"According to some masculine testimony, there are 365 days in the year on which it is unlucky to marry; except in leap year, and then there's one more."

◒

With the first month of summer begins the yearly exodus from city to country, the tired dweller in cities "made by men" turning instinctively for rest and refreshment to the country "made by God."

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" journeys the weary citizen, to settle down with a sigh of relief in some peaceful village or lonely hamlet, happy in the thought that here in a blessed land of blue, unclouded sky, tranquil lake and whispering trees, there can surely be no room for the sin and suffering, cruelty and oppression that stalk on the highways and lurk in the by-ways of the teeming city. "Here," he thinks, "may one indeed be at peace, with naught to distract and harrow one's soul."

And yet, since by man sin and suffering came, wherever man sets his foot the trail of the serpent can be found; and my experience and observation have led me to the sorrowful conclusion that much more unnecessary suffering is inflicted upon animals in the country than in the city, where the arm of the law is long and strong.

In almost every city a vigilant humane society is doing splendid work, and although the penalty inflicted upon torturers of animals is usually absurdly inadequate to the offence, yet the knowledge that prosecution and conviction will follow a too flagrant abuse of one's power must be somewhat of a deterrent to the savages of the city.

Out in the country, however, and in small villages, where the magistrate is fain to curry favour with one and all of his fellow-townsmen, there is nothing to stay the hand or check the temper of anyone who, "drest in a little brief authority," feels himself free to work his will upon whatever helpless animal may be in his power. Personally, I have never heard of such abominable cruelty elsewhere as I have witnessed in the country.

Ignorance as to where to appeal in behalf of suffering horses and tortured cattle, and a general feeling of helplessness in regard to the whole matter, led me to send to Ottawa for a copy of the last Dominion Act respecting cruelty to animals. From this Act I quote the following:

2. Every one who wantonly, cruelly or unnecessarily beats, binds, ill-treats, abuses,

overdrives or tortures any cattle, poultry, dog, domestic animal or bird—or who, while driving any cattle or other animal is, by negligence or ill-usage in the driving thereof, the means whereby any mischief, damage or injury is done by any such cattle or other animal—or who, in any manner, encourages, aids or assists at the fighting or baiting of any bull, bear, badger, dog, cock or other kind of animal, whether of domestic or wild nature, shall, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labor, or to both.

Province, shall confine the same in any car, or vessel of any description, for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unlading the same for rest, water and feeding for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unlading and furnishing water and food by storm or other unavoidable cause, or by necessary delay or detention in the crossing of trains.

The Act also provides for the proper care of cattle (which term includes all live stock, horses, sheep, mules, goats, swine, etc.), while being transported in train or vessel, and for the proper care of the cars they occupy. Prosecution for any violation of the Act must be brought within three months

A JEWISH WEDDING—THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE MALE GUESTS WEAR THEIR HATS DURING THE CEREMONY IN THE SYNAGOGUE. A JEW NEVER OFFERS PRAYER WITH THE HEAD UNCOVERED. THE CANOPY IS STYLED "CHUPPAH"

4. If any such offence is committed, any constable or other peace officer, or the owner of any such cattle, animal or poultry, upon view thereof, or upon the information of any other person (who shall declare his name and place of abode to such constable or other peace officer), may seize and secure, and forthwith, and without any warrant, may convey any such offender before a justice of peace within whose jurisdiction the offence was committed, to be dealt with according to law.

8. No railway company in Canada whose railway forms any part of a line of road over which cattle are conveyed from one Province to another Province, or from the United States to or through any Province, or from any part of a Province to another part of the same, or owner or master of any vessel carrying or transporting cattle, from one Province to another Province, or within any Province, or from the United States through or to any

after the commission of the offence. If every man and woman will this summer constitute himself or herself an individual humane society, the outlook for animals everywhere will be immeasurably brightened.

The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire have never had a more successful or more interesting annual meeting than that held last month in Toronto, to which the gracious presence of her Excellency Lady Minto lent special brilliance.

The work being done by the Order, as a whole and by its various chapters

as individual units, is too wide and varied to be described here in detail, but the writer was particularly impressed by the reports of what is being done amongst the children of the Order, especially that branch of the work known as the Correspondence, Comrades and School Sinking Schemes, the excellent influence of which it would be hard to overestimate.

This seems, indeed, to be a subject of such Empire-wide interest that the Editor of *Woman's Sphere* obtained permission from Mrs. Strathy, the Convener of the Junior Branch Committee to reprint in these pages that part of her report explanatory of the scheme and its results, as follows:

"In the last few months the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire have been directing much of their energy to fostering a scheme that will bind more closely together the children of the Empire all over the world. The plan is officially known as the School Sinking Scheme. Its headquarters in England are 67 Great Russell St., London, and in Canada, 5 Elmsley Place, Toronto. The idea is to link schools with each other in every quarter of the globe. Schools of a like general character are paired and exchange letters, essays, photographs, natural history specimens, etc. It only needs a moment's reflection to enable one to realize what a source of interest and education this may be made for the children. The younger generation have not yet learnt to dread the postman's ring; letters to them spell joy and interest. Think of the little country school in the heart of Manitoba or New Ontario put into touch with a little village in the old land or a big board school in London united to one of our large city schools. How much the children will unconsciously teach each other of the unity of the Empire, and what a strong bond the links may make in the years that are to come.

"A common bond of union is the motive with which the Daughters are always working. In this Canada of ours the divisions are so multiplied—religious, social, political barriers so meet us at every turn that almost every dozen people we find draw 'the line at —' so and so. The Daughters represent a body that knows no distinction in creed or race, social or political; to be a British subject is the only essential for membership, and to be universal is its one ambition. In two years it has attained a membership of almost three thousand women.

Not long ago a certain inquisitive individual decided to ascertain what attribute, according to the masculine mind, was most potent in determining a girl's popularity, and would be most prized in his spouse by the average husband. The question being put to a number of men brought the almost unanimous answer "cheerfulness;" and if the same number of women were asked what quality they most admired in men, it is safe to predict that the consensus of feminine opinion would fix upon the same virtue.

The universal craving for brightness and optimism in others, at least, is without doubt one reason for the great popularity attained by Alice Hegan Rice's little stories of the happy-hearted denizens of "The Cabbage Patch." The charm of *Mrs. Wiggs* lies in her unfailing preaching and living of the gospel of cheerfulness, and her simple philosophy of life is one that every woman, high and low, might accept with comfort and profit to herself and her fellows.

"If you want to be cheerful," *Mrs. Wiggs* admonished *Lovey Mary*, "jes' set your mind on it and do it. . . . . When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gettin' sour!'. . . Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile. . . The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin',' and to keep on believing the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

ONE evening in the fall of 1896, I dined with the Hon. David Mills at the Walker House, Toronto. Afterwards in his room, he told me he had been asked to take a vacancy in the Senate—he had been defeated at the general elections of that year. He apparently did not relish being banished to the upper chamber, feeling that his influence would be limited, and because he had always been opposed to the constitution of that body. He was struggling with the necessity of making a decision. The one strong influence which he could not wholly resist was that of Sir Oliver Mowat, and he exhibited a long letter from Sir Oliver which he had just received. The Laurier administration was getting into working order, and the developments were not wholly pleasing to Sir Oliver. He desired Mr. Mills's assistance and co-operation, and he desired to have it at once. I do not know whether that letter will ever be given to the public, but it should be, because it throws a strong light upon the events of that year. It was a mere accident that I should have seen it, and the importance of it is my only excuse for recounting this personal experience. The death of Sir Oliver Mowat on Sunday, April 17th, and of the Hon. David Mills, May 8th, recalled the incident.

THE LATE HON. JUSTICE MILLS, WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT OTTAWA ON MAY 8TH

Canada has lost two good men in Mowat and Mills. And yet the memories of them will live in the minds of those who knew them and in every properly written history of the country. They were quite different in many ways, but similar in others. Each was a high-minded, honourable, just and Christian patriot. Each preferred to serve his country rather than to engage in selfish money-getting. Each had a broad knowledge of history and constitutional law, and each left his impress on both. Sir Oliver Mowat assisted at the making of Confederation; Mr. Mills assisted Sir John Macdonald in the constitutional development which followed upon the formal act of union.

The life of the Hon. David Mills was slow in working out its high development, for he was not a brilliant man. He began life as a school teacher and became superintendent of the Kent county schools. He entered parliamentary life in 1867, and sat in every Parliament that has since been held at Ottawa, missing only two sessions. In February, 1902, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, which position he held at the time of his sudden death. He was Minister of the Interior during the last two years of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's administration (1876-1878), and Minister of Justice for a little over four years under Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Summed up in this way Mr. Mills's progress seems sure and sufficient. It was not satisfactory to himself, however. He was ambitious to be higher in the political ranks than it was destined he should be. He was regarded as a theorist and a book-worm, and somewhat resented the attitude towards himself maintained by the less scholarly, but more practical, politicians who controlled the destinies of his party. He despised practical politics, by which he would have meant the handling of government patronage so as to bring friends and funds to his party. He knew when he was right, and would have appealed for public support on this ground alone, trusting to the good sense and reason of the people. Appeals to these qualities have seldom been tried in this country without the use of the accessories, so it is difficult to say what the result would have been had Mr. Mills ever been the leader of a party.

Mr. Mills's best work for his country was done in his speeches, his magazine articles, and the admirable lectures on constitutional history and law which he delivered to the students of the University of Toronto between 1888 and 1897. He was, during the last fifteen years of his life, our foremost authority on constitutional development and international law, and here his loss will be keenly felt.

THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT, G.C.M.G., WHO PASSED AWAY ON APRIL 19TH, AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO

Of Sir Oliver Mowat, I cannot speak with the same personal knowledge. Yet one who has read the record of his life, and who has witnessed the scenes which took place at his death and burial, cannot but feel that he was a mighty influence in his day —and that an unusually long day. When the four black horses, heavily draped, drew his remains up Yonge St., Toronto, to the cemetery, which lies on the bluff over-looking the city, they were followed by the leading citizens of the land and a vast concourse of sorrowing personal friends. A man who in death could command so much respect must in life have been not only great, but good. And men who are both great and good are not numerous.

One of the latest appearances of Sir Oliver Mowat was at a banquet of the Canadian Club of Toronto, in January, 1898, at which the writer was chairman. Sir Oliver complimented the

PHOTO BY GALBRAITH

FUNERAL CORTÉGE OF SIR OLIVER MOWAT PASSING UP YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Club upon its object of uniting Canadians for the study of Canadian arts, literature and institutions. He recalled his first days in the old Canadian Parliament before Confederation, when there was little Canadian spirit and little real union of the provinces. He described the effects of Confederation with the precision and knowledge of one who had seen both periods in our history. He rejoiced over the growing manifestation of unity in the more enthusiastic Canadian sentiment and in the selection of a French Canadian as Premier. He re-affirmed his confidence in the great future which lay before the greater Canada of which he was one of the fathers. This was the summing up of his simple and patriotic philosophy.

Sir Oliver was not great in the ordinary sense of the term. He was clever, shrewd and tactful. The opportunity was not too great for him, nor did it find him diffident and shrinking. He was small of stature, yet confident and courageous. But he was not a constructive statesman, else he had been in Dominion politics instead of being Vice-Chancellor of Ontario from 1864 to 1872, and Premier of Ontario from 1872 to 1896. He was a splendid administrator, but conceived no large and striking policy. It was perhaps a blessing that Ontario should have had such a man through the trying years of her political childhood. A man with larger ideas and more initiative might have burdened the Province with debt and discontent.

At the dinner given to Mr. Sydney Lee by the Canadian Society of Authors on May 11th, a letter was read from Professor Goldwin Smith. This letter is worthy of preservation, since in it the Professor quietly intimates that Canada is not wanting in culture and in a knowledge of the past and present literature of the English-speaking world; that the outskirts of the Empire possess men as keenly alive to what is good in letters as are those who live at the centre. The letter is as follows:

THE GRANGE, May 8, 1903.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—The vestiges of a recent illness, combined with the increasing infirmities of age, oblige me to refrain from attending public dinners, and deprive me of the opportunity, which I should otherwise have most gladly embraced, of taking part in the homage which you are paying to the literary eminence and achievements of Mr. Sydney Lee. In the Preface to a historical work of my own, I have acknowledged the noble service rendered to English history by

the editors and writers of the National Biography. Let me very heartily repeat that acknowledgment as a tribute to your present guest. He will, I am sure, find literary Canada in full sympathy with literary England on this point. I hope that Mr. Sydney Lee's stay among us will be pleasant, and that he will carry back to England agreeable reminiscences, with an assurance that we are not wanting in love of literature or in gratitude for high literary service.

Yours very truly,
GOLDWIN SMITH.

If any proof of this were required it was furnished by the gathering which greeted Mr. Lee on this occasion. It was representative in every way, and most of those present were the peers of the guest in knowledge and culture if not in opportunity and reputation. Nor was Mr. Lee ungenerous in his remarks of Canada and of her writers. With delicate tact and graceful generosity he paid his tribute to Canada's historical record and growing importance as well as to her prose-writers and poets. He referred particularly to Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Sir Gilbert Parker, J. S. Willison and Professor Edgar. Nor did he forget to pay homage to the unsurpassable prose style of Professor Goldwin Smith.

Any Canadian city that has accepted the money of Andrew Carnegie has done something of which its citizens will eventually be ashamed. Mr. Carnegie made his money under conditions which, while perhaps fair and honest, are not the ideal conditions of industry. Millions made from stock-watering are not honestly made. This however is not a fault confined to the millionaires of the United States.

A greater objection to this multi-millionaire's money lies in the opposition which Mr. Carnegie has always maintained to Canada and Canadian nationality. He has belittled us whenever opportunity offered, and has done his utmost to persuade the people of the United States that it is their duty to annex Canada. He has spurned us with his foot. He has traduced the fair name of the Dominion. He has intimated that our national progress is only a figment of our imagination, that our natural resources are not worth consideration, and that our national ambitions are those of "mere colonists."

In the face of such an attitude, he has ventured to bestow his largesse upon us. We have grovelled in the dust to secure the glittering coins which he has thrown to us. We have bartered our national pride and our self-reliant spirit for a few hundred thousands of his millions. We have to some extent proven ourselves to be exactly what he claims we are—hypocrites, weaklings, time-servers. If Andrew Carnegie laughs at us, we have only ourselves to blame. If the world despises us for having erected Carnegie libraries as monuments to our bartered manhood, to the glory of this stock-manipulator, and to the greatness of the United States where he accumulated his wealth, we cannot accuse it of injustice.

May has been, as usual, productive of a large number of strikes and lock-outs. The labouring men of Canada are keen in their pursuit of affluence. To attain this end, they are endeavouring to keep out of Canada any British or foreign immigrant possessing industrial skill, to keep out cheap Chinese and Japanese labour, and to force Canadian employers to pay higher wages.

No person will deny the right of mechanics or any other class of people to form a union and to work for their own advancement, socially and financially. Yet all this endeavour must be subject to the best interests of the country. Whether the trade unions are making exorbitant demands in the way of wages, power to combine, and immigration restriction is a difficult matter to decide. So far this season's strikes have not resulted in notable victories, and this would seem to indicate that wages are as high as industry and commerce can bear.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

SUMMER READING

PEOPLE are now planning their summer reading. This process consists of collecting bargain paperbacks at the departmental stores and borrowing current fiction from their neighbours' winter collections. Little judgment and less knowledge are generally displayed by these collectors since they believe that reading is in itself a useful and meritorious occupation, aside from any consideration of the quality of the matter read. All of which is foolishness.

A young business man asked my advice the other day about reading, his complaint being that he found little leisure to acquire general knowledge. I suggested that he look backward instead of forward, and decide what had been published in the past that appealed to him—history, politics, biography and fiction, make a list of the titles and divide into yearly parts of twelve titles each. If there were fifty books among the masterpieces of the world which he desired to read, he would thus cover the ground in four years and two months. He was much impressed with the idea that in less than five years, by reading one book a month, he could become familiar with fifty great books.

The trouble with most people is that they read without a plan, without a purpose, and they read indiscriminately. Many a woman has wasted some of the most precious hours of her life poring over cheap, tawdry fiction in a vain, silly attempt to keep abreast with current literature. She is afraid to admit to her friends that she does not read the novels of the day. Why she should have this fear, this cowardice, she cannot explain. She desires her reading to be as up-to-date as her slang, her gossip and her millinery—all evidences of her weak devotion to fashion.

For the summer every man or woman should arrange to read regularly one or two good magazines. These reflect the current events and current thought, besides keeping the reader posted on new books of a noteworthy character. In addition, there should be a selection of books from the general list, some history, some biography, some fiction, and at least one volume of good verse. For the Canadian reader, the following suggestions may be useful as a guide:—

1. A good work on some period in Canadian history.

2. One novel by Parker, Laut, Fraser, Roberts and Connor.

3. One volume on the Northwest by McDougall, Young or Maclean.

4. A volume by Dr. Drummond or Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion."

5. Several well-selected volumes by the best writers of England and America—trash excluded.

CURRENT NOVELS

The novels issued recently are of small importance. "Lady Rose's Daughter," reviewed last month, may be an exception. There is nothing else striking.

The student of the War of 1812, if he has time to spare, will find "The Trail of the Grand Seigneur"* a readable book. It deals with the events which centred about Sackett's Harbour, but also includes some adventures at Little York and in the Niagara peninsula. The writer is an American, but tolerably fair. For example, in speaking of General Brown, he says:—

"Had the reins of power been held by Brown's fingers, I believe that in place of those Canadian campaigns which must forever, through the crass blunders and cowardice of monumental military weaklings, be my country's shame, there would have been one grand movement, complete in project, everwhelming in achievement. . . ."

Of course, he is unfair to the British and the Canadians at times, but these little offences will occasion only smiles. He spells Prevost's name "Provost," but few Canadians will be inclined to resent the insult. On the whole, however, Mr. Lyman has preserved a tolerably accurate picture of the part of the campaign which he has studied, besides making a fairly romantic story.

"Darrel, of the Blessed Isles,"† by Irving Bacheller, comes near to being pure fiction. "Eben Holden" and "D'Ri and I" found many readers in Canada, and the author's newest book should have a similar blessing. Darrel, the clock tinker, is a wit, philosopher and man of mystery. Like Eben Holden, he is a lovable creation; a man endowed by the novelist's art with unusually god-like qualities, yet strong, rugged, manly—a man's man. It is good to know him. His life is a poem, and its story, as Mr. Bacheller tells it, is a poem. The reader without imagination would be foolish to attempt it. The scenes are laid in the country just south of the St. Lawrence, and the story revolves about the mystery of the tinker and the young boy of the unknown parentage whom the tinker befriends.

The historical novel is still with us. William Stearns Davis has written "A Friend to Cæsar,"* which is a tale of the fall of the Roman Republic. It may prove interesting reading to those who have found Gibbons' four volumes too lengthy and too ponderous. Mr. Stearns attempts a picture of Cæsar and an analysis of the motives which led him to cross the Rubicon, to change from Cæsar the Proconsul to Cæsar the Insurgent, and to Cæsar the Emperor.

"Calvert of Strathore," by Carter Goodloe, is the title of an historical study which the author and the publisher have apparently thought was a novel. If either of them read the MS. one cannot understand how the mistake could have occurred. There is a coloured frontispiece by Howard Chandler Christy, which still further adds to the deception, but surely the public is not so foolish as to buy a novel because it happens to have a Christy frontispiece. As an historical study of the relation of France and America in the Revolutionary period, the book is worth reading.

Guy Boothby's latest novel, "Connie Burt,"* tells of the adventures of a young English aristocrat, whose circumstances make it necessary for him to leave the country. He goes to Australia under an assumed name. The night he leaves England a popular music hall singer is murdered, and while he is at sea he hears some of the ship hands mention the murder, and learns that he, Sir Maurice Ogilvie, is suspected of having committed the terrible deed. The story then goes on to tell how he becomes manager of one of the largest sheep-runs in the country, and in the end proves himself innocent of the charge against him.

"The Chameleon,"† by Jas. Weber Linn, is a flat United States story of doubtful literary value.

"The Man who Lost His Past,"‡ by Frank Richardson, is an English story which is supposed to be funny and is.

* Trail of the Grand Seigneur, by Olin L. Lyman. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.
† Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Co.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
‡ London: Chatto & Windus.

"The Ballad of the Soul's Desire," by Vernon Knott, is issued by Greening & Co., 20 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

EDUCATIONAL

The Kindergarten is a recognized institution. In it the children combine learning with play. They make "things" in order to know their names and the ideas they represent. Instead of drawing the outlines of a cube on a blackboard and telling the pupils it is a cube, the teacher helps the little one to make a cube. So they learn circles, squares, angles, hexagons and trapezoids at five and six years of age. How to carry out this system in the higher classes of the public school is being solved in manual training and other branches of industrial school-activity. A discussion of the reasons for this extension of industrial activity to all school classes, the principles underlying it and the philosophy of it are well set forth in an admirable volume, "The Place of Industries in Elementary Education," by Katherine Elizabeth Dopp.*

CANADIAN PUBLICATIONS

"In the Days of the Red River Rebellion," † by John McDougall, gives a personal account of life and adventure in Western Canada between 1868 and 1872. It is breezy if unpretentious, illuminating if not historical, and readable if not literary.

"Sixty Years in Canada," ‡ by William Weir, is printed and bound in the style of ten years ago, so far behind the times are the publishers of Montreal. It is a collection of reminiscences, historical documents and newspaper clippings compiled by a busy business man without much care for logical arrangement or unity of purpose.

The *McGill University Magazine* for April contains some excellent material. R. C. Jebb replies to Mr. Bourassa's anti-imperialistic articles; Principal Peterson sums up the controversy concerning longer sessions for McGill; D. C. McCallum gives some medical college reminiscences; Helen Rorke continues her study of the habitant, and there are other readable pages. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman.)

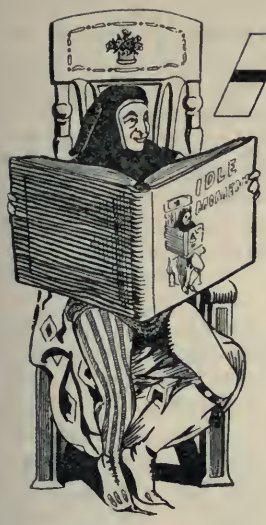
The Toronto University publications now total some twenty-five volumes and a list may be secured from the Librarian. The latest addition is in the "Physical Science Series." It contains "Induced Radioactivity Excited in Air at the Foot of Waterfalls," by J. C. McLennan, Ph.D., and "Some Experiments on the Electrical Conductivity of Atmospheric Air," by J. C. McLennan and E. F. Burton.

D. M. Duncan, Classical Master in the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute, has written a most entertaining short "History of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories,"* for use in the Public Schools of the West. Even the general reader will find this volume worth adding to his library. The main facts of the story of the West are clearly and succintly stated, while the heroes of two two centuries of adventure, exploration and settlement are vividly portrayed. The maps and illustrations add to the interest which Mr. Duncan has infused into his 140 pages.

"The Founder of Christendom" is the title of an address by Professor Goldwin Smith, now published in neat form by George N. Morang & Co. In it the Professor seems to lean to the Unitarian point of view and to regard Christ as a great man and a wonderful peasant prophet. Christ proclaimed a personal God performing actions which are now explained as nature's order. He knew nothing of science, but He is not yet, even after nineteen centuries, displaced by science. Whether He will eventually be displaced the Professor does not undertake to say. The address is written in the Professor's inimitable style.

* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.
† Toronto: William Briggs.
‡ Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

* Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE JEW AND THE ANGLICAN

RABBI GUSTAV GOTTHEIL, who died recently at the age of seventy-six, was quick to think on his feet. His humor was kindly, and his gift of expression of the readiest. Greek met Greek at a friendly dinner one evening, when the talk over the coffee and cigars had taken on a bantering tone, and Bishop Potter essayed a description of a curious dream he had had the night before. Presenting himself at the door of Heaven, he had saluted St. Peter, and then found it necessary to refresh his memory.

"I am Bishop Potter, of New York," he had said.

"I know, but—well, you see—oh, well, come in, Bishop, come in," was the answer.

He had strolled down a street paved with gold and found everything quite to his mind, when, in search for his own particular heaven, he knocked by mistake on the wrong door.

"This is the Hebrew Heaven," said the doorkeeper; follow this street for the Episcopal Heaven and take the second turn to the right."

"Oh, I thank you," said the Bishop. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you. But since I have, perhaps you would let me look about."

Such a concourse of people, the Bishop told the Rabbi, he had rarely seen; old men and young men, bald heads and curly heads, old women and girls, but, alas! all were neglecting the tabors and the harps—all this assemblage were driving bargains!

"Strange," cried Rabbi Gottheil, "but that is much like a dream I had last night."

The Rabbi also had presented himself before St. Peter.

"I am Rabbi Gottheil," he had said.

"What of that?" was the somewhat snappish rejoinder. "I am St. Peter! Here, somebody open the gates!"

Then the Rabbi, wandering through the golden streets, chose a wrong door and found it was the Episcopal Heaven. Might he look in? He might. Rarely had a more gorgeous sight greeted his eyes. The walls were of jaspar, the floor of burnished gold and the ceilings in mosaics of chrysolite and porphyry.

"But, Bishop," said the Rabbi, "it was empty!"—*Selected.*

■

ROOSEVELT BESTED

Apropos of President Roosevelt's fondness for large families, a story of his experience as Police Commissioner in New York is told by a sergeant. It seems that the wife of a policeman who had just been fined a week's pay for drunkenness appeared one day in the Commissioner's office, accompanied by three neatly dressed and attractive-looking children. Her pitiful story of back rent, which the subtracted wages was to have paid, and the sight of the children moved Mr. Roosevelt's sympathy, and taking out his pocketbook he gave to the woman the am-

SHE—"If there is any thing in the theory of opposites, how did these two ever happen to marry?"

HE—"Quite a romance there. They were together in an accident, fell in the water, you know, and had a great struggle. Of course, that settled it."

SHE—"I should have thought it would have stirred it up."

ount her husband had been fined. The next day the husband appeared at headquarters and was asked by a brother officer:

"Say, how many children have you at home?"

"One," was the reply.

"But your wife was around here yesterday with three children."

"Oh, yes," said the culprit. "She borrowed two of them for the occasion."—*Selected.*

■

UNCERTAIN

At a social gathering, when he was still Bishop of London, the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, was approached by a lady, who came to him in great excitement and said: "Oh, Bishop, my aunt has had a wonderful escape. She was detained yesterday or she would have been killed in that terrible railway accident. Was it not providential?" "Madam," replied the Bishop, "I do not know your aunt, so I cannot say."—*Selected.*

■

JUDGE: "You deny persistently that you committed the act, and yet the description fits you exactly—a beautiful face, youthful appearance, pretty little foot."

WOMAN DEFENDANT: "Judge, I confess all."—*Tit-Bits.*

DOCTOR (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill): "Has he had any lucid intervals?"

MRS. PERKINS (with dignity): "'E's 'ad nothink except what you ordered, doctor!"—*Punch.*

■

TAILOR MADE

A tailor made a tailor-made,
And for it very well was paid.
'Twas padded, curved and overlaid,
Yet gave no sign of all his aid.
The dame who in it was arrayed
With perfect figure swung and swayed,
Although but eighty pounds she weighed,
Yet with his cotton, cloth and braid
He hid each jutting shoulder blade,
And wondrous plumpness she displayed.
Thus, with his splendid tailor-made
The tailor made a tailor maid.—*Life.*

■

ANOTHER MEAN MAN

Jinks: "Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that contemptible pug dog?"

Winks: "To please my wife."

Jinks: "But such a reward will be sure to bring him back."

Winks: "No, it won't. He's dead."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

HACKNEY ACTION

MANY a man admires a horse, and yet cannot tell anything exact about the style and conformation which pleases him. What is it that makes one horse worth $1,500 and another worth $100, though they are the same age, size and weight? The horseman explains the situation in the words "*conformation*" and "*action.*"

FIGURE 1

FIGURE 2

The most pleasing "action" to watch is the Hackney type. Fig. 1 shows two poor actions. "Short in Action" illustrates a horse with moderate style and speed. "A Daisy Cutter" (Fig. 2) is a horse without either of these qualities in any degree, one that shoves his feet along the ground instead of lifting them daintily like the wild deer of the forest. In Figs. 3 and 4 the artist has depicted the free movements now characteristic of stylish Hackneys. The front leg moves out straight from the shoulder, while the foot turns up easily until it nearly reaches the inside of the shoulder at the finish of each stride. For rear action the truest type is that shown in Fig. 4. The angles are graceful in motion, free and easy, and the propulsive power great. As a general rule there are more animals defective in the hock than in their fore action, and many a promising youngster has been relegated to the wrong side of the post just because it has failed in this, the primary feature of a harness horse. The reason why so much importance has been attached to good action, on the part of the breeder, is that good-looking horses with no action are a drug in the market, while a mean horse with no showy qualities beyond his action can always find a purchaser at a good price. It is action that sells. A hunting man, of course, regards true Hackney action as a thing to be avoided, but then the characteristics and the purpose of the two types of animals are so much at variance that his views have been moulded in a different school.

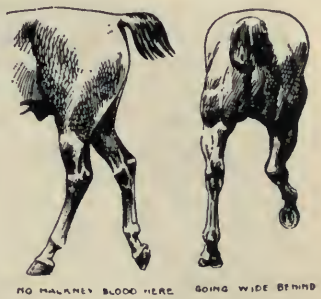


FIGURE 5

FIGURE 3

FIGURE 4

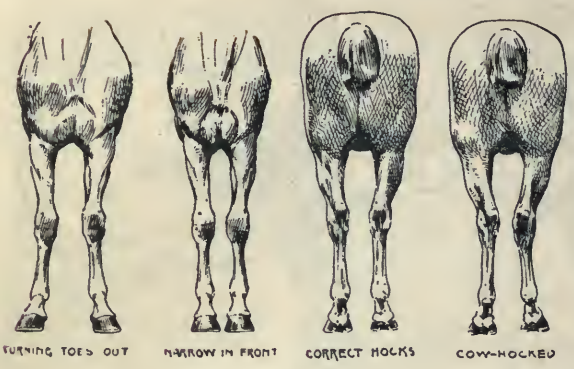


FIGURE 6

In Fig. 5 two defective styles are shown. One of the commonest defects of Hackney action is that of going wide. Apart altogether from its unsightliness, it is evident that the animal which does not keep its hocks close together has neither the propulsive power, nor are his legs calculated to stand the wear and tear of ordinary work for a lengthened period. Where this weakness is very pronounced, it is frequently the result of internal trouble. Another defect which is sometimes seen is what is known as the cow hock (Fig. 6); it is most unsightly when the animal is in a standing position. It is not, however, such a serious defect as the open hock, yet it very materially lowers the animal's chances in good company. The artist has sketched one or two other positions, and by a simple diagram shows how the correct angle of the hind legs (Fig. 7) may be ascertained.

The conformation of the horse has a great deal to do with the perfection or otherwise of its movements, and the horse which is narrow in front and turns its toes (Fig. 6) in can never be expected to make a perfect display with such imperfect formation. Many a notable animal, which has figured prominently in prize lists, has suffered from this physical defect, which has just been sufficiently apparent to prevent entry into the first flight in the show-ring. Conversely the animal which turns its toes out is invariably open at the knees in his action, and that is a very ungainly and reprehensible characteristic.

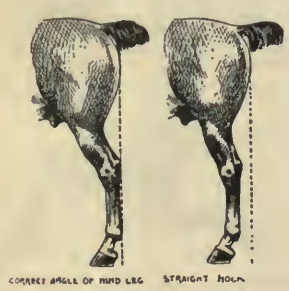


FIGURE 7

The Hackney is a beautiful animal, and is rapidly gaining ground as a show animal. Besides, a perfect hackney will do excellent road-work in spite of his flourishes, since there must be *range* as well as *height* in the action in order to satisfy modern ideals.

LUCKY HORSESHOES

Horseshoes, which have been regarded for centuries as dispensers of good luck, are being used for table decorations. When silvered or gilded, and made to stand up with the addition of a little wire, they make a very good frame for a menu. Everyone knows, of course, that the finding of a horseshoe is, under certain circumstances, supposed to be an augury of good fortune, but probably few are familiar with the origin of this belief. It was all due to the action of St. Dunstan, the patron saint of farriers. According to the legend, St. Dunstan seized the evil one with his red-hot pincers, and refused to release his prisoner until Satan promised that he would never work mischief where a horseshoe is displayed.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN SWITZERLAND

Switzerland is the country "par excellence" for coaching and mails by motor, and arrangements are being made under which it is expected that within three years there will not be a horse left in the coaching or mail service in any Alpine district of Switzerland. A great move forward in this direction will be made this spring.

IN April, 1902, 3,095 Britishers sailed for Canada; in April, 1903, 9,763 made the wise decision and took steamboat for this part of the Empire. During the first four months of 1902, 6,554 colonists left for Canada; while during the same period of the present year the number is 21,643. Australia is out of the running altogether, while South Africa got only 18,811.

The new Canadian offices in London and the new Canadian agents in London and elsewhere are doing good work. The Hon. Mr. Sifton is to be congratulated. His business-like policy is productive of excellent results.

And dear Mr. Colmer, C.M.G., has left us as a result of the transformation. He is gone with a presentation from his colleagues and a banquet at which Sir Gilbert Parker presided. Perhaps the colleagues who were so generous to Mr. Colmer will not be so fortunate when they leave—which will no doubt be shortly.

Apropos of this, it may be mentioned that one of these "colleagues" recently sent a letter to a Canadian in London asking for the names of two or three Canadian short-story writers. Apparently this official has not been reading THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE or keeping it on file, else he had been able to furnish the names of twenty or twenty-five very fair writers.

All Canadian story-writers are hereby advised to send their names and addresses to the Canadian offices in London where the information will be gratefully received, duly wrapped in red tape and forgotten. But perhaps this is uncharitable.

The number of homestead entries in the West for the first four months of 1903 has been over 10,000. Comparative figures are as follows:

	1902.	1903.
January	809	1,109
February	928	1,165
March	1,207	2,325
April	2,078	4,675
Total	5,022	10,274

During the whole of 1901 there were about 9,000 entries. The largest number of entries are at Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Prince Albert, Yorkton and Red Deer.

On May 9th it was announced that arrangements had been completed between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Government of Nova Scotia, the city of Sydney, and the Dominion, by which the Steel Company will accept from the two former the bonus offered for the erection of a shipbuilding plant, and from the last named the bonus offered for the establishment of a dry dock. From the city of Sydney the Steel Company will receive $250,000, from the Government of Nova Scotia $100,000, and from the Dominion Government toward the erection of a dry dock $1,000,000.

The idea of having a Dominion ship-

yard is an excellent one, but that is no reason why the Dominion Government should bonus one with a cash gift. The proper bonus would be an order for one or more battleships to be built on commission as British war vessels are. A cash bonus is rank nonsense. It has proven so in the case of the railways, in the case of various large bridges such as the Quebec Bridge, and in every other instance where it has been tried. Surely the steel bounties have taught Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding a lesson. Or is Mr. Fielding lenient because this is a Nova Scotia industry? Will Mr. R. L. Borden's criticism be mild for the same reason? It is hard to think that the announcement is true. At present it may safely be considered a "feeler" put out by those anxious to secure a slice of the millions now rolling into the Dominion Treasury.

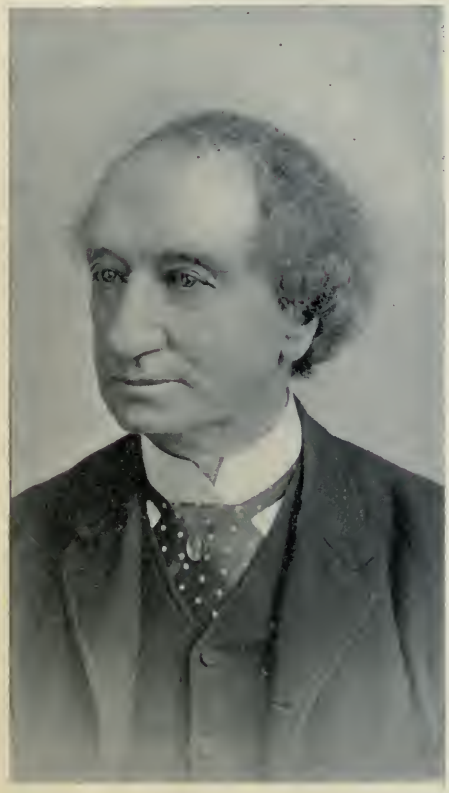
New Zealand recently received a setback when a new loan was offered to the British public. All Australian loans are now regarded suspiciously also, because they have been flying their kites rather high under the Southern Cross. In Canada more modesty has been shown. The franchise has not been given to women, nor has the Government assumed the general debts and obligations of the citizens. A few millions are given to favoured individuals occasionally, and another "divide" will be announced soon with Senator Cox as the recipient of the largest slice of cake. Yet our credit has been kept A1 at Lloyds or some other part of London, and our loans are well regarded by investors. This year Canada has already collected eleven million more than she has spent and the year is not yet closed. The national debt will be reduced a few millions shortly, just as an object lesson to the other parts of the Empire.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, thinks he may possibly be able to reduce the rate of postage on British newspapers and periodicals mailed to Canada. The rate is now fourpence or eight cents a pound. When Mr. Chamberlain took his portfolio last year his officials told him to say "No, sir;" now he says "Perhaps." Those Chamberlains are quick learners and fine students. Such progress in one year is most exceptional in an Englishman of the governing class.

When Mr. Munsey floated his New York publications last year at $10,000,000, he received a number of applications for stock from Canada. Quite a large sum of Canadian investment money went in that direction. So it should when United States magazines come in here free of duty while Canadian magazines and periodicals have to pay from 25 to 35 per cent. duty on the unprinted paper. Our purchases of United States periodicals total about three millions yearly, or about twenty times as much as our purchases of native periodicals.

Canada is looked upon as a narrow strip of fertile country bounded on the north by a wide strip of frozen and barren lands. It was once thought that Edmonton was the farthest habitable point in the Northwest, but, strange as it may seem, the Hudson's Bay Co. last year built a flour mill 400 miles north of Edmonton. In other words, this new flour mill for grinding wheat is 600 miles north of Calgary on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Peace River Valley promises to be a very prosperous part of the Northwest.

The development of Canadian trade is shown by the increased freight earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway. During the year ending June 30, 1901, they were $18,983,186; in 1902, they rose to $24,199,428; for 1903, President Shaughnessy expects they will total $28,000,000. The amount of grain carried increased 60 per cent. in 1902 over 1901, while 1903 will show a further increase of 97 per cent.



RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD
G.C.B., P.C., ETC.

FIRST PREMIER OF CANADA AFTER CONFEDERATION. DIED JUNE 6TH, 1891

RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER
G.C.M.G., P.C. ETC.

PRESENT PREMIER OF CANADA, FIRST TAKING OFFICE IN JULY, 1896

PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

CANADA'S GREATEST STATESMEN

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI TORONTO, JULY, 1903 No. 3

THIRTY-SIX YEARS OF DOMINION

By Norman Patterson

THIRTY-SIX years is not a long period in the life of a nation, and thirty-six years of national progress cannot be easily estimated. It is only the progress of centuries which can be dissected and weighed and valued with ease and precision. Nor must the centuries be too close to the analytic observer. A nation may seem to be doing well, yet later observation with more information and a broader vision may reverse the verdict. Australia's rise to prominence was swifter than Canada's, but those who have seen both countries think that Canada will ultimately play a larger part in the world's history.

Whether or not Canada's advance is permanent, there is no doubt that a development of some kind is proceeding. The evidences of her material, social and intellectual expansion are patent and indisputable. It is the purpose of this article to present these evidences in brief form, while leaving to the reader the right to decide whether this expansion is of small moment or indicative of the building up of a new nationality of first importance.

The population has certainly grown slowly since July 1st, 1867, the date of Confederation. The bulk of European emigration to America went to the United States, where new districts were being opened up, new enterprises inaugurated in great numbers and with start ing rapidity. Canada received little attention. Her lands lay farther north where the climate was apparently less inviting, and her possibilities were unknown. Even the brightest of the Canadian youth failed to recognize the possibilities and preferred to cross the line and assist in the development of the Republic. There was little national enthusiasm in the country. Nova Scotia was sure that Confederation was a mistake. New Brunswick was doubtful. Quebec and Ontario thought it would be justified in time. The Northwest Territory was purchased, and the Province of Manitoba was erected in 1870, British Columbia en-

HON. JAMES COCKBURN
First Speaker of the House of Commons

HON. EDWARD BLAKE
Minister of Justice 1875-1877

tered Confederation the following year and Prince Edward Island in 1873. Even with these accessions and expansions, the growth of population was slow, for the reasons stated. The increase from 1871 to 1881 was only a little over 800,000, while the two succeeding decades showed only about 500,000 each. The total increase from 1871 to 1901 was thus but 1,885,290, or a little over 50 per cent. In 1902 and 1903 there has been a distinct improvement, and the growth has been much more rapid. The emigration from Canada to the United States has been reversed, and the immigrant from Europe is looking to Canada rather than to the United States as the future Eldorado.

This is the least encouraging part of Canada's story. The wealth of the country has increased steadily and rapidly. In 1868, the deposits in the chartered banks, savings banks, loan companies and private banks was about $45,000,000. These have grown in the thirty-six years to approximately $517,000,000, made up as follows:

DEPOSITS, 1903.

Chartered Banks	$412,000,000
Savings Banks	80,000,000
Loan Companies	20,000,000
Private Banks	5,000,000
Total	$517,000,000

This is an increase from $12 per head of the population to about $90—a gratifying showing. During the same time the paid-up capital of the banks has increased from thirty to seventy-five millions, the bank notes in circulation from nine to sixty millions, and the bank assets from eighty to six hundred and thirty-five millions.

Growth in foreign trade is usually taken to indicate prosperity. If this be true, Canada is prosperous indeed. Mr. Fielding, in his recent budget speech, gives these figures:

Year.	TOTAL FOREIGN TRADE.
1868	$131,027,532
1870	148,387,829
1875	200,957,262
1880	174,401,205
1885	198,179,847
1890	218,607,390
1895	224,420,485
1900	381,517,236
1901	386,903,157
1902	423,910,441

RT. HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G., P.C.
Premier Dec. 1892 - Dec. 1894

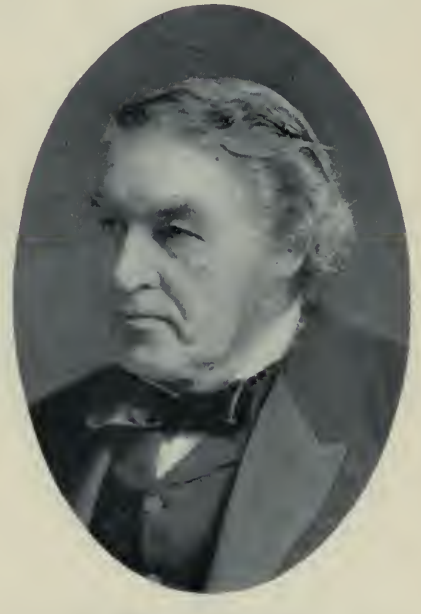
In the official report of Mr. Fielding's speech this table is labelled "Total Trade," which of course is misleading. These figures do not include the internal trade of the country, which has certainly expanded with equal rapidity and regularity. One point in connection with this development must be noted, which is that the exports have increased faster than the imports, so that our exports of home produce now equal our imports for home consumption. In other words, Canada buys from the world no more than she sells.

In the matter of railway progress Canada stands well. In 1867 there were two thousand miles of track; to-day there are nineteen thousand. In 1867 there was not a mile of railway in Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, the Territories or British Columbia, but since these districts came into Confederation, they have become the possessors of about six thousand miles of track. The total capital invested in railways is about one billion of dollars, and the gross earnings in 1901 were seventy-three millions, with the working expenses about twenty-three millions less. In 1867 there were 500 locomotives in use, to-day there are about 3,000. In 1867 there were 8,000 cars of all kinds, to-day there are ten times as many. In addition to the expansion in railways, over seventy millions of dollars have been spent on canal building, and the canals of Canada now cover 73⅜ miles. The tonnage of the vessels passing through the canals has doubled since 1885.

The net debt of Canada has increased from $75,757,135 to $266,179,089, an increase not to be eulogized, but not to be condemned. While other young nations have been increasing their debt enormously, Canada has been careful and conservative. It has risen from $25 per capita to $48 per capita, yet it is no more a burden to-day than it was in 1867. This year the public debt will be decreased by several millions, while Canadian Government bonds stand higher than any other colonial bonds with Britsh investors—

HON. JOSEPH HOWE

President of Council 1869, Secretary of State 1869-1873



RT. HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

Premier 1896

THE LATE SIR JOHN BOURINOT

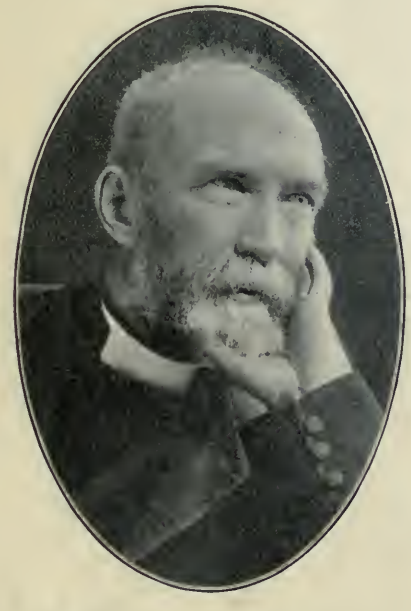
ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM DAWSON

THREE MEN PROMINENT IN CANADA'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

two noteworthy testimonies to Canada's fiscal soundness and stability.

Canada's intellectual progress has kept pace with her material progress. In 1867 the Post-Office carried eighteen million newspapers, in 1902 it carried one hundred and twenty million. Since 1867 the number of post-offices has almost trebled, while the number of letters carried has increased more than tenfold. Her universities, colleges and schools have multiplied, her literary and scientific societies have made themselves felt in learned circles, her litterateurs and scientists have taken rank with those of other lands, while her educational system has never fallen much behind the world's best progress. Sir William Dawson and Sir Daniel Wilson were foremost among the world's scientists in their day; Garneau, Todd, Kingsford and Bourinot have contributed to the world's history; William Kirby, Archbishop O'Brien, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Sir Louis Frechette and other poets, have won admiration from the whole Anglo-Saxon world; Sir Gilbert Parker and W. A. Fraser are known as novelists on two continents. Canadian art has not been vigorous, but the names of O'Brien, Harris, Watson, Walker and Reid are guarantees of future development as well as past progress. The names of Macdonald, Howe, Grant, Blake, Mowat, Mills, Thompson and Laurier are written in the history of constitutional development in self-governing countries. Fleming, Allan, Mountstephen, Strathcona and Van Horne are titles branded upon the tablet records of commercial enterprise and activity. And lastly, the records of the British army and navy are not without the names of Canadians who have done honour to their country and their country's flag. The diffusion of knowledge and the development of the higher virtues have



THE LATE G. M. GRANT, D.D.
Principal of Queen's University

kept pace with the progress in agriculture, mining, manufacturing and commerce.

Viewed purely as a self-governing British Colony, Canada has made an impression upon the world. Before 1867 hers were the problems of a small colony whose territory stretched only from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake Huron. After 1867 these became the problems of a greater colony. When the West was added in 1870 and 1871, these became the problems of a half continent. Could the people of Canada govern themselves, garrison their own forts, control their own tariff, settle and cultivate their newly acquired territory, direct their own postal system, build canals and railways, found schools and universities—could Canada do all these things without Imperial control and assistance? The colonies of France and Germany had never done it. Among British colonies only the Australian and Canadian were attempting it. The Canadian tariff had been made in London until 1847; the postal system had been directed from London until 1851; the Canadian forts were garrisoned by British troops even at the time of Confederation; what railways and canals were built before 1867 were directed from London or received Imperial aid. These circumstances raised doubts in the minds of many people in the late sixties and early seventies as to what success Canada would have in governing and sustaining herself. Yet the success of the colonial experiment has been so great, the governing of Canada is so smooth and the satisfaction of both Parent and Child is so evident, that we wonder why there were doubters in 1867. Canada has prospered under her democratic charter of liberties. Neither the Governor-General sent from Great Britain, the titles bestowed upon loyal Canadians by the Ruler at Windsor Castle, or the Crown-nominated Senate on the one hand, nor the democratic liberty-loving crowd of Canadian voters on the other hand, has been able to stay the legislative and administrative progress of Britain's banner colony. The Canadian system of government is new and unique, but it is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

THE LATE ANDREW ALLAN
Steamboat Owner

With a firm financial basis and an excellent system of government, the only missing requirements for Canada's progress is a supply of people. As her fame spreads this lack will be slowly overcome. The Icelander, the

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN
Railway Builder

HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR

A leading figure in the commercial development of British Columbia

Finlander and the other enterprising races of Northern Europe have heard the call and have sent their advance agents to spy out the land. The reports sent back are reassuring. Scotland is sending immigrants as freely as in the days of Sir William Alexander or in those of Lord Selkirk. England, Wales and Ireland have in 1903 broken all previous records for presentations of citizens. Even the Canadian who some years ago wandered across the line into the Western States to seek home and happiness, is putting his children and his possessions into the prairie-schooner and is wending his way northward to the Canadian wheatlands.

All these new arrivals are absorbing the national sentiment which is

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

Novelist

HON. JOHN NORQUAY

Premier of Manitoba 1878-1887

the result of thirty-six years of peace and prosperity as a united Canada, and are duplicating the energy and the ambitions of the older citizens. And this means much. More than three-fourths of the arable lands of Canada are still uncultivated. There is room within our boundaries for twenty-five millions of happy and prosperous citizens. But they must be good, law-abiding, crown-respecting, liberty-loving or the thirty-six years of Dominion will be undone.

ANDREW F. GAULT

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLIV.—ANDREW F. GAULT

IT would be difficult to say whether Mr. Andrew Frederick Gault is known better in the city of Montreal as a "Captain of Industry" or as a fairy godfather to the Church of England. Something would depend upon the point of view of the Montrealer whose opinion was asked. But he could hardly escape in any case the knowledge that Mr Gault was at the head of a great wholesale establishment, that he had under his control mills that are sprinkled with almost prodigal profusion across the country from Brantford, in mid-Ontario, to Halifax, down by the sea; that he is, in fact, a remarkable industrial exotic —a Cotton King in Canada; while, on the other hand, if our Montrealer will sit in Dominion Square of a summer evening he will hear the Gault chimes played at St. George's, and if he will then walk up toward McGill, and turn mountainward on the east side, he will pass the tasty and attractive buildings of the Montreal Diocesan College, which Mr. Gault erected and endowed. And even then our Montrealer will have only begun to reckon up the items which are to finally decide him as to the way in which he is to ticket Mr. Gault in his memory.

Mr. Gault is an Irishman. He was born at Strabane, Ireland, in 1833, and came to this country when a boy. Since then the record of his achievements is, perhaps, an indication of the battles he has fought with the world; but they have not been able to paralyze that impulsive generosity, that friendliness of manner, that innate inclination to

"love the brotherhood," which is one of the few gifts with which the Green Isle can still enrich her sons. Happily for the lad, he came thus early to a country where all paths are open to ability and where opportunity beckons from every hilltop; and when still but little more than a boy young Andrew went into a wholesale dry goods house to learn the business.

In Canada promotion does not wait on the almanac—especially when the candidate has the pluck to promote himself. So in 1853, when but twenty years of age, we find the young merchant setting up for himself in a small store on St. Paul Street, in partnership with Mr. J. B. Stevenson, under the name of Gault, Stevenson & Co. This arrangement lasted, however, only four years; and in 1857 Mr. A. F. Gault joined with Mr. R. L. Gault, his brother, under the firm name of Gault Bros. & Co. This was the title under which the hard fighting has been done, and many victories won. Mr. Samuel Finley, a brother-in-law of Mr. Gault, was a member of this firm for a time, but finally it was all thrown into the form of a joint-stock company when Mr. Finley retired, and Mr. Leslie Gault, Mr. R. W. McDougall and Mr. James Rodgers were admitted to active membership. The new company is known as the Gault Bros. Company, Limited; and it has established branch warehouses at Winnipeg and Vancouver. This indicates that there has been no slackening in the initiative of the Gault leadership. When Canada was practically bounded on the west by Lake Superior, a wholesale house in Montreal commanded the field; but to-day the new Canada of the West can only be satisfactorily fed from its two commercial capitals.

But "Gault Bros." is only one part —and by no means the best known part—of Mr. Gault's commercial command. Something like thirty years ago, he decided to go into the manufacture of cotton in this country, purchasing a small mill at Hastings, Ont., which he afterwards removed to Cornwall, where it formed a part of the Stormont Manufacturing Co. This had then the appearance of a "side line" to his successful dry goods establishment; but it has extended and absorbed until now it is one of the most widely ramified and best organized industries in the Dominion. An important step taken by Mr. Gault in 1875 was his entrance upon the directorate of the Hudon Cotton Co., which afterwards became merged in the great Dominion Cotton Co., of which Mr. Gault is now President. This corporation manages mills in Brantford and Kingston, Ont.; in the Eastern Townships, in Montreal and Hochelaga, and in Halifax, Moncton and Windsor, in the Maritime Provinces.

But a list of the cotton and woollen mills with which Mr. Gault is connected through his various companies would read like a page out of the industrial section of the census. He is the great organizer of this branch of Canadian industry; and when the cotton section of the Manufacturers' Association was formed the other day he was elected President as a matter of course. He is especially proud, however, of the Montreal Cotton Company mill—one of the finest mills for the manufacture of cotton in the world. The quality of work done here will challenge comparison with anything of the kind produced elsewhere, and is the sort of industrial output for which Canada should strive. It is not enough for us to simply produce goods which "will do;" we have now reached a stage in our development when our manufacturers must aim to produce an article which will suit the Canadian taste, at all events, better than anything offered in the open market of the world. This mill employs about 3,500 hands and has magnificent modern equipment.

So much for the bare bones of the Captain of Industry side of his character. It is easy to look at the young lad of twenty pitting himself fearlessly against the competition of "all-Canada" in his little store on St. Paul Street; and then to turn to the many evidences of his splendid success as a mer-

chant and manufacturer, and so judge the distance that he has come. But unless Mr. Gault should give us an autobiography some day, it will be impossible to fill in with certainty the flesh and blood of dauntless endeavour, of quick perception of opportunity, of commanding defeat to look like victory until the enemy retire and make it truly so, which go to the rounding out of this skeleton. Few successful men recognize the duty of autobiography. Sometimes they fear being accused of "blowing their own horns;" at others, they are skeptical as to the worth of such a book to the world; some few do it, but without the frankness, fulness and honesty which would make it valuable. Yet there is no inspiration for a young man at all comparable to the true life story of an older man of somewhat similar attainments who has succeeded. The duty of autobiography is akin to the duty of endowing a college.

And this latter duty Mr. Gault has performed with a splendid fidelity. The Montreal Diocesan Theological College has been his child from the first. He presented its first building to the Bishop some time ago, and then when these quarters became unsuitable, he built the institution its commodious and strikingly beautiful new home just east of the McGill grounds. Nor was he content to stop here, for he handsomely endowed the college for its work. Indeed, all along, as we said to commence with, Mr. Gault has been the fairy godfather of the Church of England in this diocese. St. George's owes its music to him, and many a church scheme owes him its existence. So long ago as 1894, a fine testimonial was presented to him by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, and many of the clergy and laymen of the city and district, in recognition of his widespread generosity to the church in this diocese. So unusual an honour marks more clearly than a recital of large benefactions, the extent to which he has assisted the church of his choice in ways that never get into the papers—but do get into the hearts of a hard-worked clergy and suffering people.

Mr. Gault has, of course, interested himself in other lines of both business and philanthropy. We have spoken incidentally of his woollen mills, and his connection with this branch of industry may be better appreciated if we add that he is President of two distinct woollen manufacturing companies—the Trent Valley and the Excelsior. Then he is a director of the Bank of Montreal and the Chairman of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co. Coming to the more philanthropic side of his work, we find him acting as President of the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge in Montreal, Vice-Principal of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, and a Governor of "Old McGill." Torontonians may remember that he was a member at one time of the "Empire" company, but this is as close as he ever got to active political life. He married in 1864 Louise Sarah, daughter of Henry B. Harman, of Surrey, England. Every visitor to Montreal knows Mr. Gault's attractive home on Sherbrooke street. The typical architecture of the city is heavy and gray—and nothing could be finer, especially when sifted over with a powdering of snow marking its roughness. But Mr. Gault has brightened up the gray stone with a light effect, and the tourist driving up Sherbrooke Street between the palaces of the millionaires is sure to exclaim at "Rokeby" when it falls upon his eye. There is a geniality—almost a vivacity—about it, and a frank challenge to the taste and admiration of the passer-by. One feels instinctively that a companionable man dwells within, and warms toward him. It is not often that the architects will let a man so write his character on the exterior of his home, but in this case it has been done, and the passing tourist who sees nothing of Mr. Gault but "Rokeby," and hears only the chimes of St. George's, goes away with no very inadequate notion of the man whose name has been mentioned by the "cabby" in connection with both.

A. R. C.

GRAIN FIELDS AND GRAIN ELEVATORS—A SCENE ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE

ELEVATORS AND MODERN GRANARIES

By Dermot McEvoy

EVERYBODY is familiar with the outlines of grain elevators. Their peculiar shape and enormous height at once attract attention. It required nerve to build the first, both from a financial and a physical standpoint, but the former has vanished since elevators have proved indispensable in grain handling, and only the latter remains. As years go by these buildings are projected on more daring lines, and it is not only carpenters and their labourers who have to work at dizzy heights, but bricklayers and boilermakers, for with the change in design has come a change in the material used in construction. The first elevator was built shortly after the opening up of Kansas, the Dakotas and Montana, and was the direct outcome of the resultant crops.

Forty years ago flat warehouses were used for storing grain, and in these it often covered the floors to a depth of three feet. The greatest inconvenience in this method was the loss of time in spreading and gathering up the grain when shipments were received or despatched. Another defect in this system was the large area covered in proportion to the amount of grain stored. On the prairie, where building material is scarce, this was found a serious drawback, but not more so than the cost of the real estate required in large cities where the grain had to be handled on its way through to distant markets. It was with a view to overcoming these difficulties that the first "elevator" was designed. It is a typical American invention, combining ingenious mechanical devices with natural laws. When grain is received at prairie elevators it is weighed on flat scales like those found in use by municipalities, and which are generally known as the "city scales." When the waggon-load is driven off the scales it is drawn up at the side of the elevator and shovelled or dumped into a pocket at the side of the building. A chute leads from this pocket into what is known as the "boot," an iron basin into which the wheat falls. In this boot a pulley is used as a guide for a belt. The belt has metal cups riveted to one side of it, and it is driven by a

FARMERS DELIVERING GRAIN AT THE VILLAGE ELEVATORS

pulley located above the highest working floor in the building. The incoming stream of grain is caught up by the endless belt of cups, and carried to a height of perhaps fifty feet, where the belt makes the turn at the upper end of its circuit. At this point the cups are inverted, and the grain is thrown out into a spout, which is placed in such a position that it can convey the grain into any one of several bins, where it is stored till the time comes for it to be loaded into box-cars and forwarded to the consumer.

It is seldom that the grain is forwarded direct to the consumer from the prairie elevator. In many cases it has to pass through several elevators. When a million bushels of Manitoba wheat is destined to be used in England, it is carried in waggons from the farm to the elevator on the prairie, where it is stored by the railway; the next journey will be by box-car, say,

A MODERN TRANS-SHIPPING AND STORAGE ELEVATOR—THIS ONE IS AT PORT ARTHUR, ONT., AND IS THE PROPERTY OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY—CAPACITY TWO MILLION BUSHELS

to Port Arthur, where it will be put through the same elevating process, but at this point it will be loaded into steamers which take it as far as Montreal. At Montreal it will be elevated again from the lake steamer and loaded into an ocean freighter, which may possibly run to the Manchester ship canal, where the grain will be elevated perhaps for the last time before it is distributed to the manufacturers of breadstuffs, who change its form and put it on the English market as food.

This shows in a measure how elevators have come into use as the best idea of their indispensability in the transportation of grain. As working drawings are sometimes puzzling to those who are not accustomed to them, the writer has made an attempt to picture the inner workings of an elevator without respect to proportion in details, and presents it herewith in the hope that all who see it may be able to understand without difficulty how the grain is received, weighed, stored and delivered again to the box-car or vessel which is to take it away.

A glance at the photograph of an elevator will elucidate matters. The

UPPER STORY OF A GRAIN STOREHOUSE—THE GRAIN TRAVELS ON A RUBBER BELT AT THE RATE OF 700 FEET PER MINUTE ON ITS WAY FROM THE WEIGHING BIN TO THE STORAGE TANKS. A SIMILAR ARRANGEMENT TAKES IT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE TANKS BACK TO THE ELEVATOR FOR LOADING ON CARS OR SHIPS.

means of facilitating the transportation of grain.

Occasionally large storehouses are found in connection with elevators, and some of these may be found at Port Arthur, Fort William and Montreal. These are built as a rule in the form of circular tanks, and are constructed of hollow tile, as at Port Arthur, or steel plate, as at Fort William and Montreal.

The general arrangement is much the same in all elevators and modern granaries, so that by studying the new Canadian Northern elevator at Port Arthur one is able to form a very good

corrugated iron-covered building to the left is called the working house. It is so built that two trains of box-cars can run in at the base and be unloaded or loaded as the case may be, and it is situated conveniently for the largest of the lake steamers to draw up alongside and take on their cargoes in an incredibly short time.

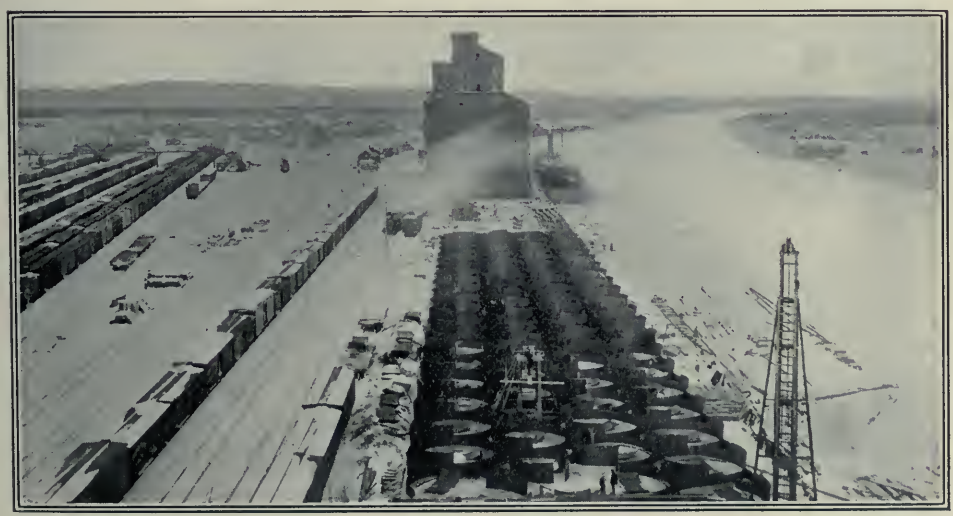
The high brick chimney, which is a main feature of the picture, gives a slight idea of the capacity of the steam boilers which are contained in the little brick building at its base, and the power required for handling the grain. To the right of the picture the end

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE UPPER STORY OF A MODERN GRAIN STOREHOUSE

and side rows of the eighty tanks are seen, and above them the belt house connected by five steel bridges with the working house on the left. This picture was taken in January last, and although the temperature was on an average 12 degrees below zero, work was being pushed along, and before the end of the month the huge tanks were filled with grain.

In the working house the grain is received, elevated, weighed and discharged. The tanks are the storehouses. At this elevator there are eighty of them, each eighty-three feet high and twenty-three feet in diameter, each having a capacity of 23,000 bushels of wheat. The total capacity of the storage is two million bushels, the interstices between the tanks holding altogether 160,000 bushels.

In the accompanying elevation is



BUILDING A MODERN ELEVATOR AND STOREHOUSES. THE TANKS SHOWN HERE ARE MADE OF STEEL PLATES AND ARE ONLY PARTIALLY CONSTRUCTED

shown the general outline of the building seen in the photograph, but the chimney and boiler house and part of the other buildings themselves have been removed so that the belts and metal cups, the pulleys and spouts which are used for receiving and distributing the grain can easily be seen.

At the lower floor you can see the ends of two box-cars, and can imagine men inside scooping out the grain into the pocket, which takes the place of the "boot" of the prairie elevator. In this pocket can be seen the pulley round which the belt is running with its continuous chain of cups. These cups catch up the grain and take it up nearly a hundred feet to the top of the working house, where it falls out into a chute, at the bottom of which there is a bin, swung on a scale beam, and here the grain is weighed. From this bin it can be sent in either of several directions. It may be allowed to run out after being weighed on to long horizontal rubber belts, which travel at the rate of 700 feet per minute. If this is done the grain is carried so rapidly that it has not time to spill off the belt, but it is whirled across the bridges towards the storage tanks, where it makes the acquaintance of an ingenious contrivance called a tripper. The tripper does just what its name implies, and does it so well that scarcely a grain of the madly rushing ribbon of wheat ever avoids the fall into the abysmal depths of the tank above which the machine happens to be located. In the drawing a tripper can be seen operating above the third tank from the left. By pulling a lever the tripper can be moved to a position above any of the tanks in the row, and fastened there so that it may discharge the wheat from the carrying belt into the tank at the will of the operator. The belts are endless, and each a yard wide and about five-hundred feet long. In this elevator there

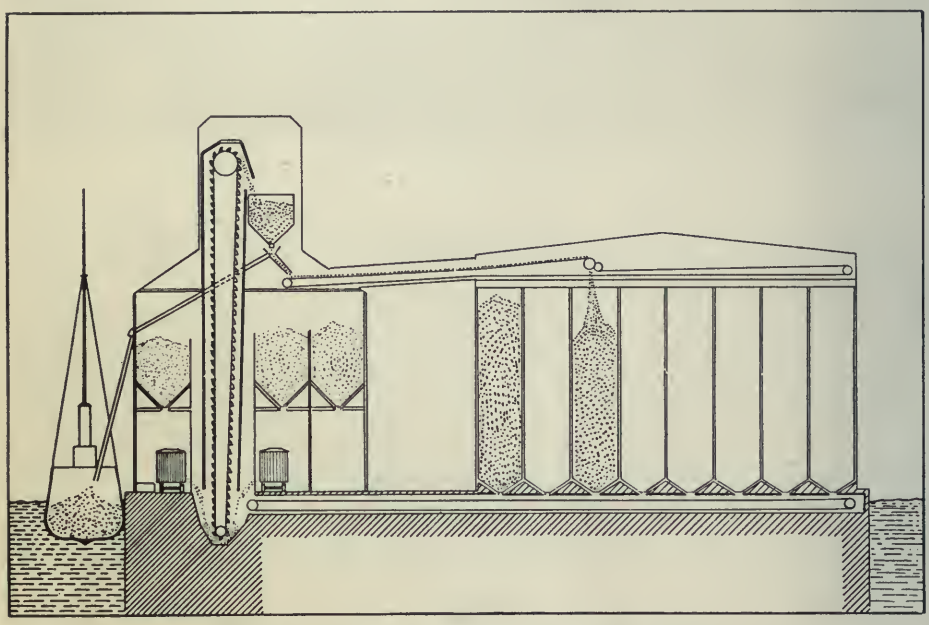


DIAGRAM OF MODERN ELEVATOR AND STOREHOUSE

On the left is the elevator where cars are unloaded. This is connected by steel bridges with the belt house above the storage tanks. The grain is elevated, weighed and carried to the bins. When required, it passes out again at the bottom, back to the elevator, up to the weighing bin and by spouts to vessel or cars.

are five of them above the tanks and five below, and each pair of belts serves two rows of tanks and the spaces between them. Now suppose all the tanks are filled and a vessel is to be loaded with wheat from one of them. You will notice the bottoms of the tanks are funnel-shaped, and that there is a little door at the centre of each at the lowest point. When this door is open the grain runs out on to the lower carrying belt, which travels back with it underground to the pocket where the elevator picks it up, and carries it to the scales at the top of the building. But when it leaves the scale bin now it drops down through a series of spouts into the hold of a vessel lying at the wharf, and starts once more on its journey to the consumer.

JOURNALISM AND THE UNIVERSITY*

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun

IN Canada, as indeed in all democratic countries, the welfare of the press is of the first importance. To strengthen its power for good is a task that may fittingly engage the attention of all who labour in the service of the state. If you can benefit the press, either through the universities or by any other means, you confer a benefit upon the whole community since the modern newspaper is essentially a popular educator and a moral force. It may seem strange that no serious attempt has been made to bring the influence of universities directly to bear upon the press. The explanation will be found to lie in the very nature and growth of newspapers, and the commonly accepted ideas of university functions. An examination of the conditions in which each does its work, and the circumstances under which each has developed, will make the matter plain.

FUNCTIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

It may reasonably be argued that the Canadian universities, like similar institutions in other lands, have no special obligations to discharge in respect to the training of young men for a journalistic career. They are governed by traditions and experience that are centuries old, while the newspaper press is a thing of yesterday. True, a liberal view is beginning to prevail concerning the scope and functions of universities. Some of the old traditions have been modified. "As it exists at present," says Prof. Ramsay, F.R.S., "a university is a technical school for theology, law, medicine, and engineering; it ought also to be a place for the advancement of knowledge, for the training of philosophers who love wisdom for its own sake." In addressing convocation at the newly-established University of Birmingham last year Mr. Joseph Chamberlain sought to express in one sentence the modern view of a university's functions. "A university," he said, "should be a place where knowledge is taught, tested, increased, and applied." Within the liberal terms of this definition almost any important branch of intellectual work could find lodgment. In days to come a process of evolution may broaden the scope of

* This is one of two Essays which divided a prize of $250 given by Sir Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University. Through the special permission of the Editors of *The Queen's Quarterly*, who are publishing twelve of the Essays in book form, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is enabled to give this Prize Essay to its readers.—THE EDITOR.

universities so that they will leave untouched scarcely any kind of professional training. The modern state is continually demanding new qualifications of the individuals who compose it. The functions of government, the varied branches of industrial employment, the application of science to manual labour have all created a necessity for special education. The universities have met these demands in an enlightened spirit and by a generous compromise with tradition. The ideas of utility have been permitted to invade the supreme centre of learning pursued for its own sake. To fix an exact limit to the future extension of university education is impossible. But at the present time the chief purpose of universities, in addition to the pursuit of knowledge as a means of culture, is the preparation of students for the learned professions—the church, the bar, medicine, and engineering. With functions thus circumscribed it is easy to understand why the press and the universities have developed on separate lines, and why a proposal to consider the readjustment of their relations to one another possesses an appearance of novelty.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

Journalism is not, strictly speaking, a profession. It has not by law the status or the privileges of one. "It is often loosely called a profession," says Mr. Lowndes, an experienced London journalist, "although it never has been and never can be one in the sense in which we apply the word to the bar or medicine or the Services. If a Council of Journalistic Education was constituted to-morrow it would be unable to find any definite minimum of knowledge on which it could fairly insist before granting diplomas in journalism. An examination in journalism itself is unthinkable."* The members of the press, in short, are not incorporated as a society possessing the exclusive right to say who shall be journalists and who shall not. They cannot fix a standard of education and demand that all who desire to enter upon journalistic work shall come up to that standard. There is a distinct tendency in modern times to confer professional status upon architects, accountants, dentists, chemists, and other classes of persons whose occupations seem to warrant a restriction of membership, for public protection, to those who have undergone technical training. But the press remains to-day what it has been from the beginning—a body of persons whose position, influence, and efficiency have been determined under conditions of absolutely free competition. There is an open door to all who aspire to enter. The only privileges are those secured by individual fitness.

How are we to explain this absence of professional exclusiveness? The origin and development of the press account for it. The freedom to write and print, subject only to the laws against libel, was not secured by agitation on behalf of a class. It was part of the general movement for civil and religious liberty. Every individual in the British Empire, whether learned or ignorant, has inherited the right to ventilate his views in print, just as he shares liberty of free speech with all the other subjects of the King. This universal enjoyment of unlicensed printing, for which Milton pleaded so eloquently in his "Areopagitica," forbids the idea of the press being what we are accustomed to term a close corporation. The germ of this liberty can be traced to remote ages. The ancient Greeks placed no restrictions upon any kind of writings except those which were blasphemous or libellous. After the invention of printing in Western Europe the restrictions upon publication emanated either from ecclesiastical powers or arbitrary governments. The abolition of the censorship in England in 1693, and the modification of the libel laws a century later, securing for the printer the right of trial by jury, have inseparably associated the press with popular freedom and representative government. The rise of the press is one of the

* Contemporary Review, Dec., 1901.

most remarkable chapters in the constitutional history of England. Newspapers are at once the mirror of the community and an index of the institutions it enjoys. An agitation to confer professional rank upon journalism would certainly encounter the hostility entertained in free communities against a revival of the censorship in any form, and against the creation of privileges calculated to impair the freedom of uttered opinion. Privilege being, as Burke declared, "the eldest son of prerogative and inheriting the vices of its parent," all efforts to elevate the press must respect its fundamental attributes.

EDUCATION AND THE PRESS.

The universities, owing to their present form, and the press, by reason of its nature and origin, having hitherto failed to come into close contact, it is necessary to examine with some minuteness the precise conditions of modern journalism before we can determine what the future relations of these two great organs for popular improvement are likely to be. The press has reached its highest development in the British Empire and in the United States of America. It reflects with accuracy the average rate of popular intelligence and education to be found in the several parts of these two countries. Where the governing classes are numerous and attain a high degree of general culture, as in Great Britain, the press responds to the superior rather than to the average grade of education. The British press is a signal illustration of this responsiveness to the best standards of taste, conduct, and intelligence. Its development is full of encouragement for those who aim at the elevation of newspapers as a means of ennobling the public ideals. Increase of its efficiency as a vehicle of information has gone hand in hand with its regard for the best traditions of English life and the honour and safety of the state. Violence of tone, so characteristic of the first half-century of daily newspapers, has almost disappeared. The literary finish and the thoroughness of knowledge which mark the principal British journals have placed them upon a plane scarcely equalled in other countries. The mark of the well-trained university man is often discernible. The lofty tone and the insight into the most abstruse questions of politics, science and art, have won for the British press an enviable reputation all over the world. This standard of excellence was not reached at a bound. It was the result of long experience and the diffusion of learning among the middle classes. To restrain license of expression, to elevate the mode of discussion, to make the press worthy of the respect and confidence of the nation was the aim of men of letters. Long ago Carlyle voiced this wish when he said: "The importance and supreme importance of the man of letters in modern society and how the press is to such a degree superseding the pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, have been admitted for a good while; and recognized often enough in late times with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me the sentimental by and by will have to give place to the practical. If men of letters are so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that men of letters will not always wander like unrecognized, unregulated Ishmaelites among us!"* With Carlyle's clear perceptions he recognized that to form a literary guild was an undertaking "encumbered with all manner of complexities." While the difficulties were being weighed, and the problem of giving professional dignity and prestige to an institution in essence non-professional was being considered from every point of view, the British press advanced steadily by reason of a material prosperity which attracted men of intellect, scholarship and standing to the ranks of its writers. The members of the journalistic body began to

*Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History.

form a class by themselves, until to-day we see an apparent exception to the non-professional status of newspapers in the British Institute of Journalists.

As England is the mother of free institutions and a free press, any tendencies toward the regulation of newspapers in that country, and the organization or elevation of writers as a class naturally call for the most careful consideration. The Institute grew out of a society of journalists, and was incorporated in 1890 by an Act of Parliament. While its founders included many of the most distinguished publishers and editors in the United Kingdom, and while its objects and purposes, as set forth in the Act, provided for the promotion of the interests of journalism and journalists "by all reasonable means," no exclusive powers whatsoever were conferred upon its members. The British press remains, as to membership, a perfectly free and untrammelled institution. To be a member of the Institute may confer distinction upon the British journalist, but it gives him no rights that were not his before, and is not a necessary passport to employment or success in his chosen calling. The feature of the Institute which bears directly upon the question now under discussion is the educational standard set up for the admission of pupil-associates and members. The examination of candidates is being put in force this year for the first time. The pupil-associates are required to possess an elementary knowledge of (1) English history, (2) English literature (3) mathematics, (4) Latin, or French, or German, (5) grammatical construction. In addition, their fitness for newspaper work will be tested by the writing of a short paper on a general topic, the condensation by one-third of a long report of some occurrence, questions involving general knowledge, and the ability to write shorthand. A clearer view of what kind of education is of special value to a journalist is afforded by the scheme of examination prescribed for membership. The candidate is required to show proficiency in (1) the English language, (2) English literature, (3) English constitutional and political history, (4) political and physical geography; and he shall be examined in (1) Latin, (2) French or German, (3) natural science or mathematics, (4) general history, (5) political economy, (6) the principles and practice of the law of newspaper libel and copyright, (7) general information. The examinations are to be "conducted throughout with a special view to the requirements of practical newspaper work." Special certificates are granted to those who choose to submit to an optional test in (a) verbatim reporting, (b) condensation, (c) descriptive writing, (d) the conduct of the best known branches of public and legal business. This scheme of education is of interest because it is the first attempt set down in detail the range of subjects deemed requisite for a working journalist. It will be seen later on what relation this attempt may bear to the training now in vogue at the universities. Meantime, the point to be noted is that the Institute has declared for an educational test of membership, mindful that its own status would be affected were it to consist merely of persons able to pay the fees and lacking all literary distinction. It is by no means to be inferred that the best journalistic work on the British press, such as political leader-writing, war correspondence, special articles on all current questions, etc., is invariably done by university men. In Great Britain, as in Canada, many of the most accomplished writers and most successful editors are not college-bred. What may fairly be argued, however, is that the British press owes its potency and prestige as much to the educational qualifications of its members as to the high ethical standards that are the acknowledged rule of conduct.

CONDITION OF THE CANADIAN PRESS.

In Canada, as in Great Britain and the United States, the newspapers have during recent years afforded evi-

dence of that remarkable expansion which provokes speculation upon the ultimate outcome. Consider, for a moment, what the power of the press means. In mechanical production alone a revolution has been effected. Immense printing presses turn out many thousands of papers each hour. Railway trains carry them long distances from the centres of publication in a few hours, so that a well-circulated journal's sphere of daily influence may be thousands of square miles in extent. All classes of society read newspapers, and many persons read nothing else. The telegraph and the cable bring the news of the civilized world each day to a well-conducted journal. According to the way the world's news is presented to the public, the stress that is laid upon this event or that, the manner in which one report is condensed and another elaborated, the editor is able to convey to his readers the impression desired. The eagerness to know the latest news imparts to newspaper-reading a zest which the less frequent magazine or periodical cannot excite. The *Edinburgh Review*, in commemorating its centenary a few weeks ago, referred almost plaintively to the way in which quarterly or monthly reviews, even as organs of literary criticism, were being superseded by the press. "Journalism," said the editor,* "has become the profession of a very large number of highly cultivated men and women, who justly pride themselves on their marvellous literary facility, and their readiness to turn to account the results of their own extensive reading. Reviewing has, in recent years, become one of the regular functions of the daily press, and it is even the fashion for newspapers to publish reviews of books likely to interest the public on the very day that they appear." Into what domain of thought or activity has the daily press not intruded itself? In politics, in religious work, in scientific research, in moral movements, in international affairs the potential influence of the newspaper presents unforeseen possibilities. In short, an entirely new condition has come into existence, a powerful engine for the propagation of evil as well as good has silently and suddenly interwoven itself in the framework and machinery of modern society. "Such a power as journalism," writes one who knows the conditions well, "wielded anonymously, and therefore without personal responsibility, may seem dangerous, and, in fact, is not free from danger to the state."* Ever since the rise of the press its influence has been marked in times of commotion. There were forty newspapers in America before the revolutionary war broke out, and they formed an effective organ of popular disaffection in the revolting colonies. During the civil war the slave press of the South misled the people into continuing the fight by publishing false news. Coming to our own day, the circulation of misleading information by the press of Continental Europe during the South African war, inflamed opinion against England, a striking illustration of the malign influence of newspapers upon the peace of nations.

While resembling in their main outline, the press of Great Britain, the United States and Australia, the newspapers of Canada have characteristics of their own and are affected by special conditions that account for some of their defects. The mechanical production is expensive, owing to various causes, and this entails a modified prosperity which limits the employment of the most highly educated persons for work requiring special qualifications. The press is closely identified with party, a condition apt to hamper independence. Unlike Australia, our population is spread over a wide area instead of being gathered together chiefly in a few large cities. The effect of this upon the profits, and therefore upon the spending capacity of even the best newspapers, is evident. The collection of news in Canada is costly, and the competition involved

*Edinburgh Review, Oct., 1902.

*The United Kingdom: a Political History. By Goldwin Smith.

in the number of daily and weekly journals issued is excessive. If one compares the Canadian newspapers of to-day with those of fifty years ago, however, it will be seen that our progress in journalism is not unworthy of comparison with the strides made in wealthier countries.

The personnel of the press also, both at home and abroad, has undergone corresponding changes. The day of the needy hacks who became journalists for the reason given by Disraeli to account for the existence of critics—as persons who had failed in literature and art—has passed away. It would to-day be considered unjust and ill-mannered to denounce a trenchant political writer, as Daniel DeFoe was denounced, for being "the vilest of all the writers who have prostituted their pens either to encourage faction, oblige a party, or serve their own mercenary ends." We have learned that sincerity is behind much of the zeal. The modern journalist, if not a professional man, has, at least, a distinct and creditable place in society. He is no longer regarded as the abject slave of factions or corporations over which he can exercise no control, being merely retained for his literary skill. Happily there is such a thing as personality in the press. The individuality of the journalist is reflected in the success of many notable newspapers in Canada and elsewhere. The idea of his inferiority, both morally and socially, long lingered in certain minds. Thackeray, a type of the highest form of journalism, put into the mouth of one of his characters a cynical expression of this disparaging belief. "In my time, bedad," he makes Major Pendennis say, "poetry and genius and that sort of thing was devilish disreputable. There was poor Byron, for instance, who ruined himself and contracted the worst habits by living with poets and newspaper writers and people of that kind." The Duke of Wellington, as we know, declined a dedication for the reason that as Chancellor of Oxford he had been "much exposed to authors." The literary caste, identical in some of its phases with journalism, has risen in the scale of general estimation. The modern journalist, to exert a potent authority, must be a man of conviction, integrity and clean life. He may, if he wishes, become in one sense the conscience of the community, always striving for the loftiest ideals, exposing trickery and wrong-doing, recording faithfully the principal events of the time, and making that record so vivid and interesting that men's minds are turned away from the trivial, the sensational or the scandalous. By his exercise of zeal and brilliancy along these lines the character of the press is defined and elevated. Not only by its opinions do we judge a newspaper, but by the methods it adopts in chronicling current affairs, by its attitude toward public men and public measures, by the knowledge, taste and insight displayed from day to day. It is fair to recognize in the Canadian press at the present time the note of decency in discussion and respect for authority, with a fair, if not a profound, knowledge of the problems of the period. These qualities it owes to the character of the men who are at its head. Its defects are due to circumstances. Its aims are as noble as those of any other newspaper press, however short it may fall, by reason of restricted resources and the crude conditions of a young country, from the ideal.

COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF JOURNALISM.

It must ever be borne in mind that the press has a two-fold character. The newspaper is a commercial undertaking as well as a means of disseminating information and moulding opinion. If its editor is also its publisher, or whether he is or not, the necessity of earning interest upon the capital invested is a factor that cannot be neglected. The purely selfish designs of the publisher may modify the policy, restrain the independence, and cripple the usefulness of a newspaper as a moral force. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his latest book,* declares that "be-

*Life of William Hazlitt.

tween the brains and the capital of a newspaper the relations are usually strained," and the epigram of Thomas Campbell, "Now Barabbas was a publisher," is often quoted with intent to prove that the sordid side of things holds sway in journalism. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a journalist of distinction, has pointed out how momentous a question is involved in the integrity of the press and what sinister influences may be behind it.* The strongest of these influences in Canada are due to intense party spirit. They do not operate in secret. They are due to sincere if sometimes mistaken enthusiasm for one party or the other, and allowance for the bias displayed is easily made by the reader. There is no deception where the end in view is so frankly avowed. Still another safeguard is the experience of publishers that a well-conducted newspaper, with an intelligible policy on public affairs, and an efficient news service, invariably yields the largest financial results. Fortunately the public advantage and the publisher's advantage are, to a considerable degree, equally served by enlightened methods and integrity of control. But the commercial side of journalism is undeniable. It is the price paid for a free press—freedom, that is, from state control, and from the dictation of class privilege. In this way the capacity and courage of the individual editor may gain an opportunity to mould the public journals of the time. His force of character, keen intelligence, and grasp of public interests may impress themselves upon the organs of opinion. The growth of huge trusts in commerce has suggested the idea of a newspaper trust which might be organized by persons with large selfish ends to serve in gaining the ear of the public. Newspapers thus manipulated could, it is thought, provide the necessary impetus of an apparent popular opinion in favour of class legislation. The danger is not imaginary. An alert public intelligence is the chief safeguard. In self-governing communities suspicion of the real motives which dictate the policy of newspapers will always be uppermost. To conceal the actual owners of public journals has seldom been attempted with success. The writer may remain anonymous, but the publisher cannot long lurk in the background, since his aims are soon revealed by the policy his newspaper pursues, and his object, whether entirely selfish or in the public interest, must in due course stamp itself upon the journal he controls.

* Toronto Weekly Sun, Dec. 28, 1898.

INDIRECT INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES.

It would be idle to assert in the face of British experience, and in a modified sense our own short experience, that universities have had absolutely no influence upon the press. Newspapers reflect, as I have tried to point out, the average culture and intelligence of a community. The existence of great universities in any country cannot be without deep and permanent effect upon the standard of education and the public ideals. The history of England exhibits indelible traces of the influence of Oxford and Cambridge not only in the fruits of scholarship and the results of research, but in the domain of political thought. In a new country we cannot expect to see the universities exert so marked an impression upon the controlling impulses of national life, but they are the crown of the educational system, and as time goes on their effects are shown in the gradual extension of refinement, purer tastes, and respect for sounder principles in public and private life. No institution will respond in time more surely to such influences than the press, although the effect is minimized by those potent forces which are at the root of its origin and existence—namely, freedom from professional restraints, identity with the predilections of the crowd rather than the culture of the intellectual few, and the material aims of a commercial enterprise. But the press inevitably reflects the diffusion of riper knowledge, and the adoption of more logical modes of thought. It has been so in Great Britain, and

we may feel confident that it will be so here. The crowning virtue of the British press is that it has grown purer as it has grown freer, and that it has steadily improved in tone as it has become cheaper. In these respects we in Canada may well adopt it as a model, while we may employ such innovations as please current tastes in the outward appearance of our journals and the manner of presenting the news. The reputation and authority of the British press are the characteristics which it should be the Canadian aim to emulate, and if we can accomplish this by invoking the aid of the universities we shall do the state some service. Probably the most enduring influence of the Canadian universities upon the press will be exerted in the advancement of general education and in the moulding of popular ideals. The tendency to degrade the newspapers into money-making machines will be checked, and any plan to convert them into the mere engines of corporate greed set at naught.

NATURE OF JOURNALISTIC TRAINING.

In the foregoing examination of the origin, functions and status of the newspaper press I have endeavoured to establish two main contentions; first, that journalism is not a profession in the sense that we may ever look to see a fixed educational test imposed by law upon its members; secondly, that the influence of universities upon the press has been hitherto based chiefly upon their success in raising the common standard of culture and intelligence. It is now in order to consider the direct application of university instruction as a supplementary force in training a journalist for his work. It is well to approach the subject in the frankest spirit so that we may discover the precise limitations occasioned by the very nature of the press.

Newspaper life demands certain attributes of mind and temperament which develop, one might almost say originate, in the constant discharge of duty. The discipline is essentially a practical one. The graduate of a university, as such, could claim at present no special advantages in journalism. There is a well-defined difference between academic instruction and popular education. To accept the phrase of Mr. John Morley, the aim of one is the increase of knowledge, the aim of the other a diffusion of knowledge. The newspaper press can never become the fountain of academic learning. It is the vehicle for distributing information to the mass of the people. The form of education calculated to equip a man for this kind of labour is the one which enables him to discern with acuteness the popular taste and to impart his information in a manner at once effective and interesting. The superior learning of university graduates has a large value, because in journalism more than in any other calling knowledge is power. But the lack of technical training is a fatal handicap in the effort to reach the foremost ranks of the journalistic body. This training requires time. The earlier it is begun the better. The scale of pecuniary reward for a Canadian newspaper writer is not tempting to a man conscious of talent and anxious to secure a substantial return. Obviously the expense of his education becomes a consideration. In Canada there are few prizes in journalism, so that the inducements to submit to an elaborate system of training are not strong. Commerce, the manufacturing industries, and financial undertakings absorb men who would otherwise have made their mark in the newspaper field. After completing a university course, the candidate for a career on the press must take his place among the learners, in order to master the methods of getting the news of the day, the art of imparting it in a form that will attract the reader, and the innumerable processes, partly mechanical, partly systematic, which go to make up the drudgery of newspaper life.

This achieved, he has still before him what you may term, if you please, the professional part of his work. To

attain a commanding position in journalism involves a close study of current events, the power of judging men, a comprehension of the trend and bearing of large popular movements, and the acquisition of an ever-increasing fund of general information. The journalist must possess a talent for rapid thinking and rapid expression of his thought. He should acquire an English style, as Doctor Johnson said, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious. His education is never finished. That man is not to be envied who carries into journalism scholarship without the knack of utilising it, diligence without the ability to apply it. Adaptability for the administrative work of journalism may soon display itself as part of a man's natural endowment; exercise of its literary faculties are dependent upon experience. The best "school of journalism," from this point of view, is a newspaper office. The university could not present editors and reporters ready made. Its facilities may enable this to be done in the cases of doctors, lawyers or engineers. But a university which sought to provide adequate equipment for students in journalism equal to that bestowed upon the student in medicine, law and applied science, would be forced to set up an elaborate establishment not contemplated by the most liberal definition of university functions. The contribution of the higher institutions of learning to the rearing of journalists must, therefore, be governed by fixed condition. Within these limits, as will be seen, much may be done.

UNIVERSITY COURSES AND THE PRESS.

It is not well to comfort ourselves with the idea that a Faculty of Journalism, a complete system of instruction for journalistic students, is a possibility if the necessary endowments were forthcoming. Such a hope, if it exists, is a delusion. It is comparatively simple for persons unfamiliar with the conditions to construct in theory an elaborate scheme which no university could afford to entertain, and no practical newspaper writer would care to utilize. A more reasonable method of attacking this problem is to consider the average university curriculum as it stands and see where it may be made useful in journalism. To begin with, there are certain courses in the Faculty of Arts of every university which are almost indispensable for those who aspire to the highest work in journalism. The Canadian journalist, as a rule, acquires this knowledge by private study and self-training. The university men on the Canadian press are not numerous. But academic education never comes amiss in a literary career. The more knowledge of every sort a journalist possesses the better. In the plan of studies prescribed by the Institute of Journalists stress is laid upon proficiency in history, literature, geography, mathematics, political economy, and, above all, a facility in writing the English language. There is not a Canadian university with courses of lectures on these subjects which would not benefit a journalist. The practice of English composition, by a study of the best models and by actually writing essays, cannot be carried on with too much thoroughness. No complaint of the newspapers is more commonly heard than that the English used is slipshod and inelegant, whereby the meaning is obscured and literal accuracy of statement oftentimes missed. "The more I think," wrote Francis Jeffrey to Macaulay, on receiving the famous essay on Milton for the *Edinburgh*, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." It may be said that so stately and ornate a flow of diction as that which Lord Macaulay had at his command would never do in the columns of a newspaper. That is true. The charge made against Goldsmith that if he were to write a fable about little fishes he would make the little fishes talk like whales, would constitute a fatal objection to a newspaper writer similarly gifted. The probability is that the literary style of Canadian newspapers has suffered in dignity and force from

the laudable desire to make the writer's idea clear to the meanest understanding. In avoiding difficult words and involved sentences the danger of using colloquialism and even slang is often a pitfall for the newspaper writer. The university graduate who joins the press, having taken a solemn vow to avoid literary priggishness, may readily turn a scholarly training to great advantage no matter whether his task be the recording of the simplest items of news, or whether he is assigned to the duty of writing editorials or descriptive articles.

No one can question the value of a course in economics and history for application in newspaper work. At least half the problems of our time relate to commerce and finance. A grasp of economic laws is necessary to the comprehending and expounding of these questions. In Canada the tariff policy, the geographical position, and the commercial relations of the country all bear a direct relation to economics. So, too, in constitutional and political history, the basis of our constitutional system, the development of all our administrative powers bring us into the closest contact with the history and institutions of England. A deep insight into these is a necessity. The universities of Canada are gradually realizing that courses of lectures upon the history, constitutional growth, and economic position of this country are also needed, and when these are established, as they ought to be, no Canadian journalist who desires the best equipment for his chosen calling will be able to neglect a university education with impunity. The pettiness of aim and the attention to trivialities which some think are too characteristic of the Canadian press, would soon disappear when the larger view, promoted by deeper study and riper learning, began to prevail.

In great measure, as has been said, the technical training of journalists cannot be undertaken by the universities. In the United States, where the relations of the press to higher education have been carefully weighed, none of the chief universities has attempted to establish a technical course for newspaper writers. Yale has no such course. Nor has Columbia, and while at Chicago University a special course in connection with the senior year in the college of law has been under consideration, the faculty has been unable to recommend any definite plan. Cornell has no course in journalism, and at Harvard all students who intend to embrace journalism are merely invited to select for themselves, in a course extending over two years, the lectures in composition, in history, in political economy, in literature and in modern languages. The programme of the British Institute of Journalists affords an explanation of the policy thus adopted by the universities. Setting aside the purely general courses demanded by the Institute, the only technical work found suitable for examination was, as we have seen, divided into two branches, a knowledge of the law of newspaper libel and copyright, and an acquaintance with the best known departments of public and legal business. In some measure, the tests imposed of facility in shorthand reporting, descriptive writing, and the condensing of reports may be classified as technical. The university is not called upon to enter upon any work of this kind, save what may incidentally fall within the scope of a study of the English language and the practice of composition. The journalist may thus add greatly to his equipment by a course at the university, but his special discipline must continue to be acquired in the practice of his profession.

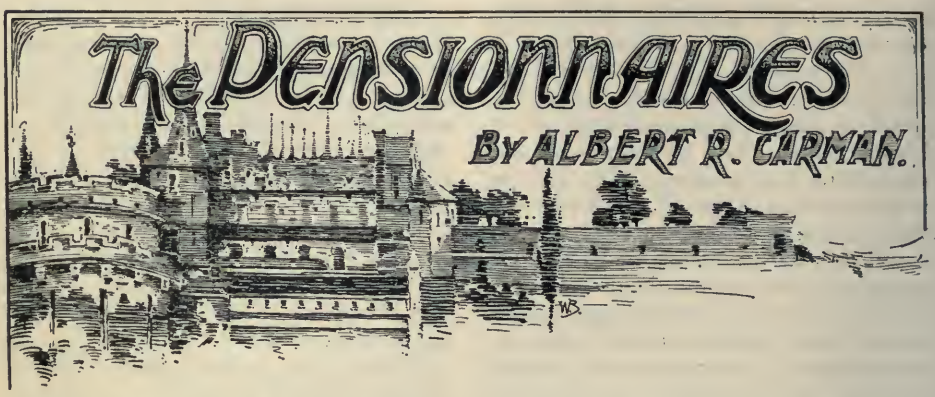
EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

There is something in the argument that universities should adopt the policy of attracting to their classes young men who aspire to be journalists. The Harvard calendars direct the attention of students to the subjects and lectures which should be chosen by all who intend to enter journalism. It is desirable that the minds of newspaper writers should be fami-

liarized with the fact that universities offer something of practical utility in journalistic work. In Canada the number of candidates who would respond to the invitation might not at first be large. The number, however, would tend to increase. The courses of lectures on English, political economy and history, and the hours at which they are delivered, might be so re-arranged as to enable such candidates to embrace the opportunity of taking them without undue expenditure of time. A short course extending over one or two years, selected from the subjects already provided by the universities, might justify the granting of certificates of standing which would in time recommend the holders to the favourable notice of newspaper editors and managers. It cannot be asserted that to-day either an undergraduate or a graduate acquires, by reason of his college training, a prior claim upon newspaper employment. The establishment of a brief course of lectures dealing with the origin, the functions, and the history of the press might also be considered. These could either be delivered in connection with the present departments of English literature, or the services of special lecturers, who possess an intimate knowledge of the subject, might be invoked.

The offering of scholarships as an inducement to beginners in journalism to submit themselves to university training is a policy that has much to commend it. The salaries earned for literary and journalistic work in Canada are not high, nor is it probable that for some years to come are they likely to attract those whose education has been expensive. The re-arrangement of the curriculum in the direction already indicated, and the providing of scholarships, would bring journalism and the universities closer together with beneficial results. The City of London School now provides a travelling scholarship of four hundred pounds a year to be employed for the purpose of fostering "a spirit of investigation into all the phases of the profession of journalism." It was founded, by an anonymous donor, in memory of the late George Warrington Steevens, the brilliant war correspondent, who died of fever in Ladysmith during the siege of 1900. The career of this gifted young man, cut short so early, is an object-lesson in the usefulness of linking journalism with the universities. Steevens would have been forced into trade by reason of poverty had not his talents won for him two scholarships.

The day has gone by when a project to apply college education to the work done by the newspaper press can be dismissed with a sneer as pedantic or chimerical. It is surrounded with difficulties, as we have seen. These difficulties must not be ignored. They call for frank recognition of the impracticability of a professional journalism deriving its skill and knowledge, as the regular professions do, from instruction in the higher institutions of learning. But to divorce these institutions from the press is surely impolitic and injurious. To find some way of bridging the chasm which chance circumstance and inherent differences have set between them, to devise some plan for bringing the influence of one to bear upon the other, is clearly the highest wisdom. This, I take it, is the purpose which Sir Sandford Fleming has had in view when setting on foot, under the auspices of Queen's University, an inquiry into the whole question. The importance of the press in the diffusion of knowledge, as a court of honour and of criticism, as a Parliament of popular discussion, as an independent power often—too often—holding in its hand the peace of nations, warrants the fullest consideration of statesmen and philosophers. The educationist may be better able than they to reach a practical conclusion, and the suggestions set forth in this paper rest upon the belief that the universities, as the fountain-head of higher education, furnish the best means of guidance and inspiration.



Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, Grosser Wendelstein. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results.

CHAPTER IX.

NOW, however, that the rain had stopped, the whole party came clamouring to the lower door which the gentle German girl, who seemed to have charge of the schloss, had already opened.

"Hurry and find out if your daughter is all right," said Mrs. Drake to Mrs. Murney; "for we want to do the cathedral while you are in the schloss. I'm very much afraid *you* won't have time for the cathedral now," she added, conscious of her own virtue in having reaped the schloss while the sun shone.

Mrs. Murney hurried up the winding stair, calling "Jessica" at every turn, until breathless she burst into the great Hall. There stood Jessica, unfrightened, with Herr Werner, serious-faced, at her side.

"Why, mamma!" said Jessica, stepping forward solicitously. "Why did you hurry so?"

"Why," gasped Mrs. Murney, "I was so uneasy about you."

Jessica smiled in loving, mock-indulgence at her mother. "You shouldn't have been," she said. "It has been magnificent, garrisoning this old schloss against the storm."

Mrs. Murney looked up in surprise at the sentiment—it was hardly like Jessica; and it was not without apprehension that she saw the unusual light on her face. Then the lady from Maine walked through the door and glanced about with a friendly smile.

"Family re-union," she remarked. "Hope I don't intrude. Weren't you very frightened, Miss Murney, in this big, big schloss all alone?"

"No," said Jessica politely. "Then I was not alone."

"Oh, of course, Herr Werner was here;" and one could tell from her face that she thought there was something queer about that. "Once when I was at Monaco," she began, "a rain came up and our party got separated—" But the Scotchman just then helped his wife through the door with—"A step there, my dear! Ah! the lost lamb is found." And then in a stage whisper, "Mr. Hughes will be at peace now, and can go and dry himself." Jessica looked up at this in quick remembrance; but was it alarm or sympathy on her face?

Then came the English lady, and behind her a well-wetted but wholly unperturbed Hughes. His hat was a soggy mass with an uneven brim, his clothes clung damply about him; but

he bore himself as if neither of these circumstances were known to him. His first glance was for Jessica, and his second for the Scotchman. Plainly he suspected the merry twinkle of the Scot's blue eye. Then he patiently waited his chance to speak to Jessica in a perfect panoply of good breeding.

"My wife wishes to know if Miss Murney is all right," asked an uninterested voice from the doorway. Then, without waiting for an answer, it went on—"Ah! yes, thank you, I see she is;" and Mr Drake turned carefully about, and heavily descended the stairway.

"You must act as guide now, and do what I did for you at the porcelain works," said the lady from Maine to Jessica.

"There is a guide," observed Herr Werner, indicating the German girl.

"Does she speak English?"

"No. German."

"Well, I can't understand German," concluded the lady from Maine emphatically.

"She will not anyway understand if you tell her what you yourself see," Herr Werner growled in low tones to Jessica, approaching in his disgust the German construction.

But Jessica was not so pessimistic, and began to tell them something of the history of the dark-vaulted Hall in which they were. They stood at polite attention, and looked with smiling interest where she told them to look. "What did you say his name was?" the lady from Maine would ask occasionally; and, at the end of each incident, the Scotchman's wife would add "Very sweet, I'm sure," or "How very brave," or something of that sort; while the English lady always came in with "How *very* interesting!" in a listless voice.

But Jessica kept on. She would have liked telling over these old-time, new-found tales, even if there had been no one to listen save the portraits of the men of whose deeds they were the record. And three pairs of eyes, at least, watched her with unflagging interest. To her mother, this Jessica was by no means a stranger, but she ought to have been singing, not talking. To Herr Werner she was the serene genius of the past, come to live in a modern maiden, who was the very flower of the latest people of the new time. To Hughes, she was the Jessica he knew, but somehow lifted out of his reach by her own abstraction. It was as if she were high on the wings of one of her foreign, incomprehensible songs—songs whose chief merit it was to be "difficult." He must wait until the music had ceased and the flush of excitement had passed, and they were keeping step together again on the home-bound pavement. He did not quite fancy her, he told himself, in this new role. She was a picture as she stood, sometimes in a grim, gray archway, sometimes framed by a soaring window; and she had about her a new grace of unconsciousness. But she really knew so little of this musty past of which she talked so seriously, that she turned continually to that "moony Werner" for prompting. He liked her better when she was laughing with him at this whole Werneresque nation.

How long the politeness of the rest of the party would have endured the recital of events connected with names not mentioned by Baedeker, was not put to the final test—though there were signs of budding impatience; for when they were in one of the upper rooms, seeing where somebody of no importance had done something of a disorderly and unlawful nature, Mrs. Drake came to their rescue with the announcement that her party had finished the church, and that it was time to go.

"But," broke in the lady from Maine, "I haven't had a chance yet to tell you how Böttger discovered how to make porcelain in that room across there, and how the king came to see him in his laboratory, and—

"There!" said Mrs. Drake, following the Maine lady's indicative finger with her eye. "We were in there this morning, and I presume the girl told us all about it, though I don't understand a word of German."

"Well, our guide hasn't taken us there yet," sniffed the lady from Maine, glancing at Jessica lest any one should mistake whom she meant. She was as romantic as anybody, and just loved knights and midnight raids, and—but porcelain was serious business, and should have been attended to first.

"I did not know of it," said Jessica, a little blankly—she had thought she knew so much about this schloss.

"It matters nothing," declared Herr Werner harshly, and with an angry frown on his brow. "It is not as a factory that this schloss is famous."

"A factory!" exclaimed the lady from Maine. "This was a great scientific discovery."

"It was the recovery of a trade secret, that was all," said Herr Werner. "Science was merely picking up a workman's tool for him again."

"And science could not be better employed," put in Mr. Hughes.

"Well, well!" exploded Mrs. Drake, impatiently. "Here's the room! Look at it and come, or we shall miss our train. We want to get back in time to do the Brühl Terrace to-night."

So they filed into the room and filed out again, the lady from Maine murmuring loose scraps of information relative to Böttger and his discovery, as they went; and then made their way to the great Hall and the stair tower. Hughes got with Jessica, but he seemed out of mental range of her.

"Queer old place!" he said.

She looked at him as if she did not seen him and answered—

"I think it is bewitched."

"It, or you?" he asked, laughing.

Now her eyes appeared to see him. "Both," she said, seriously.

He sobered, too, and glanced uneasily at her.

They were the last to enter the tower. Before stepping through the heavy door-way, she stood quite a time looking back at the Hall, with its wide-spaced emptiness.

"Farewell," she said at last, slowly—"or perhaps it is 'auf wiedersehen.'"

Mr. Hughes looked at the door-way arch critically. He thought it best to keep his eyes busy lest they should be garrulous.

CHAPTER X.

The next morning Herr Vogt was a happy man. The wonderful Miss Murney sung as she had never sung before, and she, herself, was a part of the song. Would she come some night to his house, and sing to his friends? He had told them so much of her never-had-they-heard-the-like-of voice, and now he was ready to have them hear it for themselves.

Jessica gave a gasp of pleased surprise—and yet, was she surprised? Did not all things seem possible since—since yesterday? But this was the great Herr Vogt who was asking her from among all his pupils to come to his very house and appear before his friends as a choice product of his teaching. Mrs. Murney beamed upon him, and was the first to say that Jessica would be very pleased to come. Jessica had let that be taken for granted.

"Ah!" he said, "we will one great night haf. I will ask——and——and ——" and he named many of the first in musical Dresden. "And they will come if they possibly are able, for they are eager—they on the tip-top-toe stand to hear you."

And when the night came, Jessica went and sang in his large drawing-room, while round spectacles shone at her in groups, and round Germans filled the air with happy ejaculations when she had finished. Herr Vogt coaxed her to sing oftener than they had planned; and then he would sit and play and sing himself, and the high pleasure he had in her success bubbled over on the swelling tide of his own music. Then they all talked of what she would do. She could go back to New York and her country people astound—she would a great opera star be, and rivers of gold would themselves at her feet pour out. One man—an authority—with bated breath

and many a qualifying phrase, went farther. She might, he thought, possibly stay in Dresden and be taken on the Royal Opera, and by hard work and patient training get eventually to sing one of the leading parts. But, at this, even Herr Vogt shook his head. It was not well too high a mark for the young ambition to set.

But for all his joy Herr Vogt was desolated at one thought. In eight days he would go away to Lucerne for his yearly holiday, and the Murneys were not sure that they could await his tardy return to Dresden. They had thought to get away sooner even than this. Why had not Miss Murney discovered herself before?—he groaned to himself. He began talking of giving up his holiday, although he would have no other pupil in Dresden, having dismissed them all that he might be free to go.

"Why could Miss Murney to Lucerne not go, isn't it?" asked a friend. "It is a beautiful place."

The very thing! Herr Vogt eagerly pressed it. He knew a good "pension" where they would be so comfortable and see so-not-to-be-equalled a view, and the Murneys were quite talked into it, though they only promised to "see."

On the way home Mrs. Murney decided what part of New York they would live in when Jessica was singing in grand opera there. Jessica said little, but she knew that the stars were bright, and that away on the lonely height at Meissen, the grim Saxon kings looked out from their heavy frames and saw these same stars—like diamonds on a bed of dark velvet—shining through the great windows.

What Jessica thought of herself during this time would be hard to put down, though she thought of little else. To begin with, she seemed to be doing this thinking with some one else's mind. Its point of view was novel to her. The world was no longer chiefly a joke, with relieving intervals here and there to rest your face muscles; it was not even a great playground with a few necessary attendants about to keep the turf smooth and serve refreshments. Life, on the contrary, seemed to be part of a purpose. She could not see the purpose clearly, for the bulk of it disappeared beyond the limits of her horizon everywhere—and there were blood-stains on it. Look where she would, and that life that had been a joke could not be found. Built into the "purpose" were many, many lives, but they were serious, straining, sometimes sad.

That was one new window in her new mind. Another was turned toward the beautiful, and on its broad sill she lost count of time. She discovered, for instance, the decorative quality in early Italian paintings. Hitherto they were stiff, unnatural, badly drawn, and consequently failures to her; to-day their massed colouring and careful grouping made them panels of beauty. Then her songs—it was no longer a wonder to her that people went mad when she sang; she went mad herself. And those who did not were like the old Jessica.

The old Jessica! Upon her this new mind dwelt longest. She was a good girl, a happy girl—but she was blind. Still, what had happened to her that day at Meissen? What was the meaning of this change that had come on occasions before but had now come to stay? What had slain the old personality? And there was no extracting the disquietude from that thought. What was insanity but believing yourself something that you were not? But, at this point, Jessica, woman-like, paused. Eve would never have ridden out of Eden on logic. When thinking becomes unprofitable, woman falls to embroidering her fig-leaf.

During these days of exaltation Mr. Hughes drew himself more and more within his racial shell. He passed from simple surprise to smiling wonder and at last threatened to harden into stiff disapproval. It was "amazing the way Jessica made up to that boorish German fellow," he thought within himself. And Jessica had been such a sensible, jolly girl. But Jessica did not permit him to withdraw in sil-

ence. She talked to him at table with more apparent determination that there should be conversation than she had ever shown before. But he grew less and less responsive, for the talk had a nasty trick of slipping out of his fingers into those of Herr Werner who was always ready with some moony sentiment or imaginary experience, remotely suggested by the topic, with which to attract Jessica's attention. He had great faith, however, in the sobering effect of the tennis court, and asked her several times to come and play. But the first day she had something to read which explained the legendary origin of a song she was to sing the next morning to Herr Vogt, and could not go; and another time Herr Werner was to take her mother and herself to see something historic and ruinous in the Saxon Switzerland. This stopped the invitations for a while, but a few days after Herr Vogt left for Lucerne, he tried again—a last cast—and she cheerfully accepted.

But it was not the old Jessica who swung her tennis racket by his side as they paced up the paths of the Bürgerwiese or afterward strolled in the Grosser Garten. Her step had the same light spring, she carried herself with the familiar buoyancy and easy vitality, but she was serious now where once she had been playful. She would barely smile at his dry joking, but was always challenging him to see "the march of a conquering army" in the up-and-down walk of a German officer, or "the straining of a peasant people after the warm beauty of colour" in the outlandish costume of a perspiring nursemaid, or some other fanciful thing which was not there to be seen.

That night at dinner, Herr Werner said—

"The wings of your mind are tired to-night. What have you been doing?"

"Playing tennis."

"Ach! What an animal waste of the force of life!"

"I am afraid it is," and Jessica sighed—though not so much colour had massed on her full cheek for many an evening.

Mr. Hughes looked as if hearing were a sense that had been denied him; but the next morning he left for a walking tour through the Saxon Switzerland.

Two days later the Murneys went to Lucerne, the lady from Maine having given them one hotel and two "pensions" to choose from in case they did not like Herr Vogt's selection. Herr Werner left, too, to visit his people on the borders of Poland.

CHAPTER XI.

The journey from Dresden to Lucerne, taken at one leap, is long and wearisome, and they were two tired ladies who trailed, heavy-footed, over to a hotel near the station to spend the night, postponing the search for a "pension" until the morning. In the morning it was foggy and raining; the heavy cabs splashed and scraped along slimy streets; the waters of the lake lay silver-gray and dead under the gliding mists; not a mountain—not even the neighbouring Gütsch—was to he seen. But, in the eyes of the Murneys, hotel bills were still things to avoid in spite of their golden dreams for the future; so they dressed for the weather, and set out. But it was a dismal business. This "pension" was full; that—Herr Vogt's recommendation—was too expensive; another—with a rude stare—did not take ladies; still another, far, far down a splashy road, had only a dark room on a cellar-like court, and there was an odour of stale cabbage in the front hall.

How different it all was from the spick and span, cheerful, homelike Pension Lüttichau!

Finally they were semi-satisfied, however, on a side street not far from Thorwaldsen's "Lion," where they were "convenient to all the sights," the landlady told them in automaton English. This gave them a momentary fillip of encouragement, but the rain still streaked steadily down and Jessica had to walk back through it to get their trunks. This was even harder than she had anticipated, for she called

a "cabby" who knew no English and could not understand her German.

"Now, if Herr Werner were only here," she said to herself ruefully; and then nearly forgot her troubles in surprise at the protest that came from within her against the presence of the romantic German. It was not "the vision and the dream" she wanted with this rain pattering against the carriage and on the emotionless face of that stolid, stupid Swiss "cabby," but a practical man who would face difficulties with so perfect a courage that he would not even admit their existence—whose sure confidence in himself would soon infect her with the comfortable feeling that these were a poor and pitiful people, in their wilful ignorance of English, and their perverse knowledge of something far less worthy. That was what she wanted—a human tonic and not a frothy intoxicant, and she astonished the waiting cabman by laughing blithely to herself as she added mentally—

"And to be genuine, it should have the name 'Hughes' blown in the bottle."

After that the rain somehow did not seem so sad a gray, and when she finally got home it was to cheer her mother with an unquenched good humour, lit by many a prankish notion, so like the Jessica she knew best.

But the next morning, still cloud-hung and dull, when they had taken the boat to a point down the lake where Herr Vogt's cottage stood, it was a gradually saddening singing teacher who found himself compelled to see that this girl, standing so woodenly and emitting that wonderful voice, was the Jessica Murney he had known and despaired of before that never-to-be-forgotten glorious morning, when she had first seemed to be the mistress of her own voice, and to sing with all her soul her own songs. "Tin and paint once more," he said to himself. "Tin and paint."

And then he sought to rouse her. He talked seriously to her. He told her that as she was those last days in Dresden, she had the world at her feet; but that as she was to-day she was only "a curiosity, a freak;" and he told her many other things even less pleasant to hear.

As from her mountain-top, Jessica had judged and condemned her careless, contented self in the valley; so now in her valley, she scorned the visionary Jessica of the mountain-top. She assured Herr Vogt, with not too much patience in her voice, that when she got before an audience she would get facial expression all right—she always had. He needn't worry about that. But one couldn't ride the moon all the time.

"Facial expression! Ach, Mein Gott! It is soul expression that I want," he cried; and when they had gone away, Jessica with a facial expression suggestive of storm, he mourned audibly for hours over the mysterious retrograde change in his marvellous pupil. Jessica went to him every other morning as agreed, but with the old unsympathetic demeanour toward her own music; and Herr Vogt was just on the point of telling her to go back to Dresden—or anywhere else she pleased—when he had a call one afternoon from a strange young man, erect, luminous-headed and outspoken.

The stranger said that his name was Werner, that he was a friend of the Murneys, and that he would like to be told where they were staying in Lucerne.

Herr Vogt said that he could give him their present address, but added impulsively that they would not be likely to stay there long.

"Zo?" said Herr Werner, inquiringly,

"Yah," replied Herr Vogt; and thinking that this young man might perform the unpleasant task of breaking the news to them, told him the whole story of Jessica's backsliding.

"Zo!" said Herr Werner, comprehendingly; and asked when Jessica's next lesson came.

"Day after to-morrow."

"Do not decide until then," said Herr Werner, and he strode back to

the boat. Herr Vogt hurried to his door to look after him—an extraordinary young man. Still he was a German!

Herr Werner was welcomed by the Murneys the next morning. It proved to be the first morning since their arrival of the complete victory of the sun. The over-mastered clouds still lay in fruitless hiding in the farthermost mountain recesses. Herr Werner took the ladies almost in silence first to the little garden before the crouching Lion of Lucerne. They protested that they had been there, but he said that he had something in particular that he wished them to see. There, as they sat on the bench, he told them the story of the Swiss Guard, who, having made merchandise of their very lives, delivered the goods without flinching.

"Brave!" said Jessica. "Brave, but stupid."

"Stupid? Measured by the draper's clerk—perhaps. But come, I want to take you up the hill a piece;" and, walking together past the church with its little "campo santo" about it, they followed a climbing road that led behind a fringe of houses on the edge of the slope. As they went they disputed over the quality of the devotion of the Swiss Guard, Jessica insisting that it was a stupid fulfilment of a stupid bargain, while Herr Werner saw in it the nobility of a supreme honesty. Like many in their day, they had hired out as soldiers; and, having taken their wages, they did their work.

The road, as it climbed, now had a great field of wild flowers on one side, at which Jessica exclaimed again and again; but on the other side houses and gardens cut off the view to the lake and the mountains. Presently, however, Herr Werner stopped and said:

"This is my 'pension.' Won't you come in for a moment and see the view from the gallery? It is superb. We will go through the garden, and you need not go into the house at all."

So they went with him along the gravel walk, and up on the side verandah, and around the corner of the house to the front. Mrs. Murney gave a gasp of astonishment and sank into a chair. Jessica stepped forward and leaned on the verandah rail. Before them lay a panorama of north Switzerland. The hill fell away at their feet—a slope of massed tree-tops through which showed the roofs of scattered houses—to the edge of the lake, which, sparkling with a light ripple, spread away far beneath them to the bases of the great mountains opposite. On the left rose bleak Rigi, on the right green Pilatus; and, between, a measureless vista of tumbled immensity, crowned in the distance by the eternal snows.

After a time, Jessica straightened back and looked at Herr Werner, the light of her higher self shining from her face. "I have been thinking," she said, "of those Swiss peasants who left this to die in the Tuileries. They were the victims of a wretched system; but they bore themselves as—as these mountains had taught them."

"Zo!" said Herr Werner; and his eyes were the first to tell Jessica that she lived again in the land of "the vision and the dream."

Before the end of the week three things had happened. Herr Vogt had got his wonderful pupil back again; the Murneys had moved up to Herr Werner's "pension" on the hill-top; and Mr. Hughes had returned to Pension Lüttichau, and had a short conversation with the lady from Maine.

"I think someone ought to interfere," she said. "That girl is hypnotized as sure as beans."

"Do you really think so?"

"Why, of course, I do. She stopped being like herself and became a sort of gushing imitation of Herr Werner."

"But Werner is not with them now?"

"Don't you believe it."

"Why! Is he?"

"How do I know? But if I were a man I'd go and see."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNFORTUNATE TOWN OF FRANK AT THE BASE OF TURTLE MOUNTAIN — DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BEFORE THE DISASTER

A DISASTER IN THE ROCKIES

By D. A. Stewart

"The night has been unruly . . . . . and as they say
Lamentings heard i' the air: strange screams of death
With dire combustion and confused events.
. . . . . some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake."

—*Play of Macbeth.*

IT is quite natural that the first reports of the gigantic rock-slide which almost decimated the town of Frank a month ago should all have pronounced it the work of an earthquake. It was so huge, and the havoc it wrought so awful: it was so sudden and so unexplainable otherwise that the people could only say: "the earth was feverous and did shake." The earthquake theory was, however, soon abandoned, and the rupture and fall of the mountain will be remembered simply as one of the largest and most destructive rock-slides of which we have record.

From the confused recollections of the few who were awake early on the morning of April 29th, it would seem that two or three loud rumbling preliminary reports were heard. Then a great part of the summit of Turtle

A RANCH IN THE VALLEY NEAR FRANK

A PEAK OF TURTLE MOUNTAIN—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN HALF WAY UP. THIS EXPLAINS GRAPHICALLY HOW SUCH A PEAK MIGHT FALL INTO THE VALLEY BENEATH.

mountain crashed down into the valley and spread along it for two miles. The slide in the first part of its course was fortunately narrow, so nipped off a comparatively small part of the town. Beyond the town it spread to fill the whole valley bottom. Had it spread to its full width at first, possibly not one of the thousand inhabitants of Frank would have escaped. Sixty-five men, women and children were killed and several severely injured, but one knowing the situation cannot help thinking how easily the loss of life might have been ten times as great.

One who has not seen it, who has not clambered over it and worn out shoe leather upon it, can scarcely form an idea of the immense mass of rock which fell. The gap left in the mountain can be distinguished at a distance of forty miles. The valley for two miles is filled from lip to lip to a depth of from twenty to one hundred feet. One huge block of limestone, as large as a house, was hurled a mile across the valley, and now rests five hundred feet up the opposite side. A conservative estimate places the quantity of rock at over half a billion cubic yards —enough to cover nearly a thousand acres of land to a depth of forty feet. This amount of rock would build an international wall—the tariff wall our politicians speak so much of—two feet wide and twenty feet high, from the Bay of Fundy to Puget Sound. Loaded on flat cars it would span Canada *twice* from Halifax to Vancouver. To some one else I leave the task of computing how long Niagara would take to do the amount of work done in a few seconds by this mass of rock falling an average distance of three thousand feet.

Turtle mountain and its companion, Goat, form a great, grim, inaccessible wall between foothills and mountains. The gap between them, through which the river barely squeezes and across which a stone can be thrown from mountain to mountain, is the narrowest part of the whole pass, the gateway to the mountains. Beside the gap and under the shadow of Turtle mountain—a shadow in the most literal sense of the term through the whole long winter afternoons—lies Frank. Outward, among green hills and park-like woods, winds the valley of the middle Fork, the most beautiful of the foothill valleys. In it, mountain, prairie and foothills meet, and the sweetest wild flowers of all these regions grow side by side in its shady nooks. The busy river and its countless tributary streamlets blend their ripple and gurgle and splash and roar into most perfect water-harmony.

A view from the summit of Turtle mountain, which has been wittily named after Mr. Gebo, the founder and mayor of the town, "Gebo's lonely mountain," is indeed a sort of Pisgah-outlook. Across the foothills stretches the promised land of modern times, league after league of fertile prairie farther and farther out, until weary eyes lose it in a hazy horizon.

Behind are the mountains, the great, gray Rockies, heaped up like gigantic waves, white-crested and awful, with deep green valleys between, a veritable sea of crags and peaks. Away to the north-west is the Crow's Nest mountain, yet unclimbed, a great dome haystack, some irreverent ones call it, of limestone, standing out alone among mediocre hills.

Two-thirds of a mile beneath—almost perpendicularly beneath—as you stand on the peak, lies the town. It looks like a toy village, or rather the square cottages in their regular rows are like so many chequer men on a board placed for a game. You feel sure you could throw a pebble down into the very middle of it. Looking down now from the still hanging peak at the white rock piled in the valley, the wonder is not at the enormous destruction done, but at the ten times greater destruction escaped.

The mountain, in general outline, might be compared to that elaboration of cloth and padding known to housekeepers as a tea-cosy. As seen from the broadside, the long curved crest was thought to resemble the back of a turtle, hence the name. Looked at from what might be called an end, the mountain is narrow, both sides being steep, with this difference, that the western one can be climbed, while the eastern cannot. The crest, or "hog's back," is in places too narrow to afford standing room, and the flattened tops of the peaks are—or rather were—very small. The eastern side, down which the slide came, no creature without wings could scale. It rises abruptly at an angle of from forty-five to fifty degrees. When half its height has been gained it shoots up abruptly, a perpendicular wall, to its total height of nearly eight thousand feet, or of three and a half thousand above the valley. Several hundred yards of the highest part of the crest, over a thousand feet in depth, probably still more in width, and including two of the three peaks, formed the gigantic slide.

The causes of this sudden rupture may never be surely known. It was not an earthquake. Some people of Frank still believe, however, that it was not an ordinary slide, putting forth the theory that an immense accumulation of gas in a pocket near the

FRANK'S ONLY CHURCH—TURTLE MOUNTAIN TO THE LEFT AND GOAT MOUNTAIN TO THE RIGHT—THE GAP IN THE BACKGROUND

FRANK—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GAP, AFTER THE MOUNTAIN HAD BURIED THE VALLEY—THE GROUND PICTURED HERE IS ABOUT ONE AND A HALF MILES IN EXTENT

summit must have burst forth, or exploded, and hurled the mountain down. It is a noteworthy fact that although every limestone mountain-side has its heaps of powdered and broken rock, the result of gradual disintegration by the elements, at no place in the region about Frank is there evidence of a slide of any great proportions at a period recent or remote. There can, however, be no doubt that the ordinary action of the elements had much, if not everything, to do with preparing for the recent slide. During wet seasons streams of water, whose inlet must have been very far up, were found in many places gushing from the base of the mountain. If the cause lies along this line the direct occasion of the great rupture in the mountain may be found to have been a recent unusually heavy fall of snow.

If Indian legend is to be trusted, the very spot in which so many lives were crushed out a month ago was the scene of an earlier tragedy of quite different sort. It is told that a band of Crow Indians being at feud with hereditary enemies, possibly the Bloods, having suffered serious reverses, became desperate, and retreated toward the mountains. Only desperation, it may be said, could induce plains Indians to enter the haunts of the gloomy mountain spirits. The band retreated up Old Man river and made for the gap —more narrow than the pass of Thermopylæ. A detachment of Bloods, however, outmarched them and secured the pass, while the rest of the force cut off retreat. The perpendicular walls of the two huge mountains completed a trap in which the Crows were caught, and in this trap from starvation and at the hands of their enemies they died. By some turn of Indian phraseology this part of the valley became known as the "nest" of the Crow Indians, and early settlers called the larger of the mountains at the gap the Crow's Nest mountain. In railway times, however, the name was transferred to a more distinguished looking peak a few miles farther in, and the big mountain at the gap was renamed from its resemblance to the back of a turtle.

It was as a health resort that the pass first became known to white settlers. From the base of Turtle mountain issues a sulphur spring reputed to be of great medicinal value. The old Springs Hotel sheltered at one time or another many a cowboy who came to have his "tech uv rheumatiz" dissipated in the healing waters. Inci-

FRANK—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROCK-COVERED VALLEY. IN THE LOWER LEFT CORNER ARE SOME RAILWAY CARS AND THE C.P.R. (CROW'S NEST) TRACK

dentally the old hotel drove a flourishing trade in strong waters of another sort. The location of the town, however, and its rapid growth has to do with another part of Turtle mountain, where an excellent seam of coal is found. Coal in almost limitless quantity and of best quality is found in a dozen places near Frank, but as yet only two mines have been developed to the stage of shipping. The better developed of these two, the Frank mine, though its very beginning dates back not much farther than two years, has reached a shipping capacity of one thousand tons daily. Less than two years ago unbroken forest covered the flat where Frank now stands. Building began in June, and in September of the same year a village was incorporated. That is a fair sample of Western town-making. And the town so quickly built is no shack aggregation, but one of the best built and best equipped towns in Alberta.

The day of incorporation is a day remembered along the whole Crow's Nest Line. Excursion trains brought in people by thousands, and every Tom, Dick or Harry of these, from the moment of his arrival until he departed in weariness at night, was in quest of the Mining and Townsite Company. All he could eat, drink or smoke; everything he could desire in the way of entertainment was provided for him. One gratification only was he denied—that of spending money.

After such a birthday the town—which, by the way, is named for Hon. H. L. Frank, of Butte, Montana—could not but prosper. At the time of the lamentable catastrophe which has made Frank known abroad, the population had reached the thousand mark, and the place become a really important business, mining and railway centre.

The terror, confusion, horror, dismay of people waked by the thunder of a falling mountain, when they began to perceive the extent of the calamity which had come upon them, can scarcely be imagined. Men, women and children thronged into the streets. Rescue parties soon found where the greatest ruin had been wrought, and learned how sadly little help was need-

ed. The torrent of rock had done its work so thoroughly that few in its path were left merely wounded, and of the dead most were buried so deeply that search for bodies is even now a thing impossible. One party went at once to the mine. Little enough hope was entertained of the safety of the men at work there, for the mine is a series of tunnels in Turtle mountain, and the very centre of the slide passed directly over it. But while the new fallen rock was still slipping and grinding and small masses still falling from the broken mountain-side, work was begun. On the inside the bewildered miners found their air supply cut off, and their way blocked by what they knew must be a prodigious mass of rock. It was not until the second day that, more like the ghosts of miners than like men, they broke through an upper working, and rejoicing mingled with mourning throughout the stricken town.

Then another terror spread, for experts who had climbed the mountain, reported the remaining peak—which of the three was nearest to the town—to be badly shaken and likely to fall. Premier Haultain, after investigating further, declared the town unsafe, and issued an order—which most of the people had already of their own accord acted upon—that all should leave until danger was over. In the exodus which followed all extremes of coolness and excitement were displayed. One man was observed on his way to a neighbouring town gravely carrying two links of stovepipe to a place of safety. Merchants simply turned keys on valuable stocks and went away. Mounted Police officers patrolled the valley. Who can enumerate the many and various duties of these excellent soldiers, and who can suggest one soldierly duty they cannot perform? It was suggested that nature should be assisted, and the peak brought down

FRANK—SEVERAL HOUSES WERE DESTROYED OR WRECKED AND CARRIED LONG DISTANCES BY THE SLIDE

PHOTO BY PREST, CRANKBROOK

FRANK—THE DEBRIS OF A HOUSE IN WHICH THE FATHER, MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN WERE KILLED. SEARCHING FOR THE UNFORTUNATE

at once by dynamite. But it seemed willing to come unassisted, and in places of safety the people awaited the event. After more than a week of watching, no movement having been observed, restriction was removed and Frank again had a place on the map, and was a town in which it was lawful to live and transact busines. In a few minutes after the proclamation stores were again open. As many as can do so still live in the neighbouring town Blairmore, coming two miles each day to work in Frank. The remaining peak is still in suspense, and to some extent so are the people of Frank.

THE MIDDLE FORK FALLS, THE NIAGARA OF THE FOOTHILLS, JUST BELOW FRANK

TORONTO EXHIBITION—THE NEW DAIRY BUILDING

A DOMINION EXHIBITION

By James Johnson

THE man who first suggested the idea of holding a Dominion Exhibition is entitled to almost as much credit as the man who wrote "The Maple Leaf Forever." Canada has sent national exhibits to Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Paris and Glasgow, but now for the first time she is to have a Dominion exhibit at home. It is another evidence of the growing national sentiment. Provincial barriers are breaking down, and the Canadian living in Halifax or Victoria has sympathies and aspirations and ambitions identical with the Canadian in Ontario. All credit, therefore, to the man who suggested the Dominion Exhibition!

A Dominion Exhibition must be held somewhere, and a place had to be selected. Would it be Winnipeg, or Ottawa, or Montreal, or Toronto? The latter city was selected because it is central, because it has a permanent set of exhibition buildings worth a million dollars, and because the experiment could be made there with least expense. The Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association offered to make the experiment for the insignificant grant of $50,000. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with his customary shrewdness, saw that it was a splendid opportunity, and guaranteed the amount at once, surprised no doubt at the modesty of the request. This grant will be spent in special prizes, equalization of freight rates on exhibits coming from distant points, advertising outside of Ontario and manufacturing demonstrations. The Ontario Government also granted $10,000 for this national undertaking, stipulating that it be spent for demonstrations in butter and cheese making—a stipulation which is a compliment to the importance of these Canadian industries. The city of Toronto, not to be outdone in generosity, is spending $20,000 in preparing and remodelling the exhibition grounds, while the citizens of that city have subscribed $1,500 more for decorations and illuminations. The total extra cost of this year's exhibition in Toronto will thus be $95,000, exclusive of the new buildings erected during the past two years.

The Exhibition will be of a threefold character—natural, agricultural and industrial. The natural resources of the country in lumber, minerals, fisheries and animals will be indicated by exhibits which will represent the natural wealth of Nova Scotia, of New Brunswick, of Quebec, of Manitoba, of British Columbia and of Ontario. Similarly the agricultural resources of the country will be demonstrated by exhibits from all over Canada, including butter, cheese, fruits, grains, grasses and vegetables. The exhibit of manufactures will be extensive, and will also indicate the processes by which the Canadian manufacturers are scoring their successes in meeting the world's competition. In each of these divisions the financial arrangement will be such that the exhibitor from Halifax and Vancouver will be on an equal footing as regards expense with the exhibitor from Montreal, or any Ontario point.

To show the relative importance of each of these three branches the following figures are instructive:

EXPORTS 1901.

Natural, including the mine, fisheries, forest, animals and their produce	136,600,000
Agricultural products, including fruits, grain, flour, etc	24,800,000
Manufactures	16,000,00
Total	$177,400,000

Another feature of importance will be the exhibition of national art, which will include representative work of the professional painters in oil and water-colour, of mural decorators, of sculptors, of architects, of designers and of illustrators. This exhibit should have a wonderful educative and informing value. It will no doubt be the finest exhibit of Canadian art ever made.

The famous Toronto Exhibition, under whose auspices this first Dominion exhibition will be held, practically dates back to 1859. In that year a crystal palace, modelled after Prince Albert's famous Crystal Palace, was opened with a union Exhibition held under the auspices of the Toronto Society of Arts and Manufactures and the West Riding of York Agricultural Society. The newspapers of the time describe "some new implements of Canadian make," including "a combined mower and reaper made

THE NEW MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

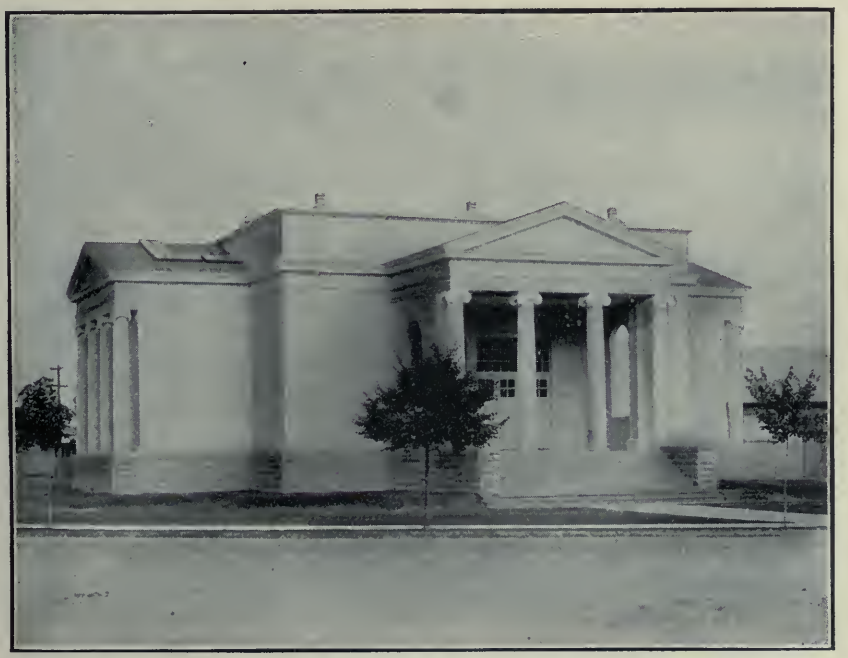
MANUFACTURERS & LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING
DOMINION OF CANADA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO

TORONTO EXHIBITION—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE GROUNDS—TORONTO BAY AND ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE

in Dundas," "a most notable article" in the nature of "an iron bedstead with springs attached to the bottom," a "half-a-dozen wooden pails which appear to be well made," "some first-rate specimens of pressed bricks," "two single buggies with the shafts fastened to the axle-tree." It was not until 1877, however, that the Toronto Exhibition became even a provincial affair. The present sixty-acre site was then leased from the Dominion Government which owned the land, and new buildings were opened by the Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, on the 24th of September, 1878. With the exception of 1879, the provincial exhibition of Ontario has since been held in Toronto. The attendance in the early years was about 90,000 annually; this has now grown in twenty-five years to about 500,000.

W. K. MCNAUGHT
President Toronto Exhibition Association

During this twenty-five-year period the buildings have been enlarged and multiplied until now they present an imposing appearance. What was formerly known as the Main Building will this year be known as the Transportation Building, and used exclusively for the display of carriages, harness, bicycles and similar articles. A magnificent new main building



THE NEW ART BUILDING

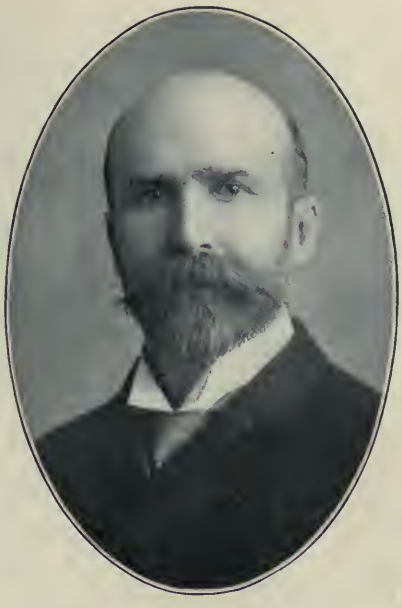
W. E. WELLINGTON
Vice-Pres. Toronto Exhibition Association

has just been completed to be known as the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. It is an imposing structure of brick and steel, with a ground floor space of over two acres. The cost is in the neighbourhood of $120,000. This will contain the finer classes of manufactured goods, where "Made in Canada" will be proved to be a label of some importance. These exhibits will be divided into sections, so that similar articles will be displayed together. Another new building to be used for the first time this year is a Stove Building. The national requirements for heating apparatus has caused the building up of a most important and extensive industry, which is now to be dignified with a building devoted exclusively to its interests. In addition to the regular Machinery Hall, a special building is to be fitted up for the exhibition of processes of manufacture which should prove entertaining and instructive to visitors. The new Art Building opened last year is constructed of cement stucco upon a foundation of solid cement blocks, and is a creditable piece of architecture. The new Dairy Building, also opened last year, is something unique in this country, being built in theatre style, so that visitors may be seated and have a full

DEMONSTRATION ROOM OF THE NEW DAIRY BUILDING

view of the processes exhibited. The exhibition will open on August 27th, and remain open two and a half weeks.

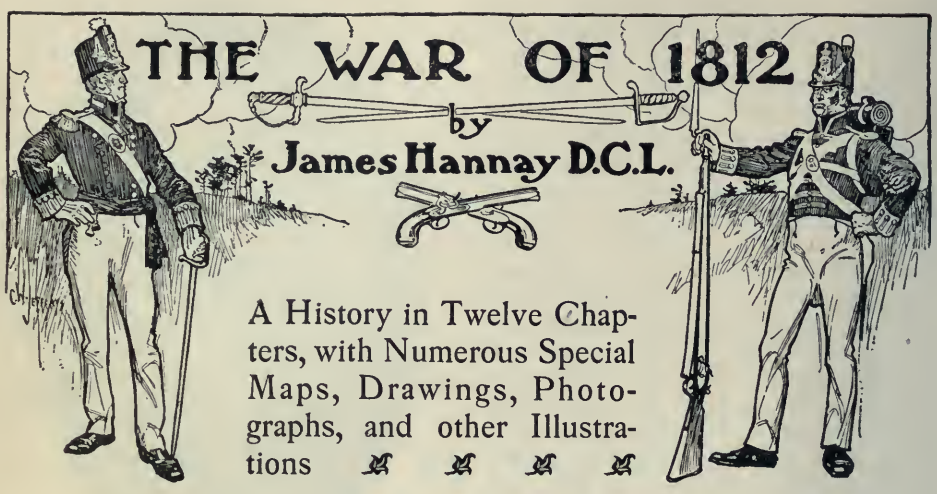
The people of Canada will no doubt watch this experiment with great care. If it be successful, the Dominion Government will necessarily feel justified in repeating it. It may not be advisable at present to hold the exhibition always in one place. Winnipeg has done excellent work with its agricultural show, and there seems no reason to think that a Dominion Agricultural Exhibition could not be held in that expanding city in the near future. The West is developing rapidly and such an event would be of assistance in many ways. A Dominion Exhibition in Ottawa or Montreal ought to be possible. Ottawa has already a splendid annual exhibition, although Montreal has been less fortunate in this regard. Whatever the future may determine as to location, the Dominion exhibition idea is of too much importance to be lost. The wisdom of its citizens which has brought the nation through the trying days of babyhood and youth, will bring greater developments. The holding of Dominion exhibitions annually or at intervals will be a stimulus to national production, commerce and art and will react on the life of the people with cumulative effect.



J. O. ORR

Secretary and Manager Toronto Exhibition Association

TORONTO EXHIBITION—DISPLAY OF PRIZE CATTLE


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Chapters, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

CHAPTER X.—LAKE ERIE AND MORAVIANTOWN

THE result of the operations in the North West had been to show that nothing effective could be accomplished by the Americans unless the command of Lake Erie could be obtained. The British had the armed ship *Queen Charlotte*, the big *Hunter* and one or two smaller vessels on this lake when the war broke out, and they should have had no difficulty in maintaining the ascendency there, had proper measures been adopted. But, while the Americans were bending all their energies to the equipment of a fleet powerful enough to drive the British from the lake, there was no corresponding activity on the British side. In February, 1813, Captain Oliver Hazard Perry of the U.S. Navy was appointed to the command of the American fleets on Lake Erie and the upper lakes, to act under Commodore Chauncey. The nucleus of a fleet already existed in the *Caledonia* brig, which, as has been seen, was captured in the autumn of 1812, and in the schooners *Somers*, *Tigress* and *Ohio* and sloop *Trippe*, purchased from private parties. These vessels could not get out of the Niagara River while the British held that frontier, but the brief period during which the Americans possessed it, after the capture of Fort George, enabled them to be tracked up to the lake and taken to Presque Isle, and Erie. There three other schooners, the *Ariel*, *Scorpion* and *Porcupine*, had been built, and two 20-gun brigs were under construction. On the 10th of July all these vessels were ready for sea, but they were unable to get out of the harbour of Erie because of the British fleet. There was only seven feet of water on the bar at the entrance of this harbour, so that the heavy brigs could not go out with their armament on board, and consequently a comparatively small British force was able to keep them imprisoned there and paralyze their strength.

The British Commander on Lake Erie was Captain Robert Herriott Barclay, of the Royal Navy, who with 19 seamen had been sent up from Halifax in the spring of 1813. Barclay was a brave officer who had lost an arm under Nelson at Trafalgar; but, unfortunately for Canada, he does not seem to have learned from his heroic chief the great lesson that strict attention to duty is quite as essential to an officer as courage. Nelson, when at the very height of his fame, when his name was honoured and feared throughout the civilized world, did not deem it beneath him to engage in the routine work of a blockade, and watched the port of Toulon so closely that for one year and

ten months he never put a foot ashore. Captain Barclay showed no such constancy in blockading Erie, but varied the monotony of this work by visits to Amherstburg and other places on the coast. The Americans noticed Barclay's lack of perseverance in the discharge of his duties, and resolved to take advantage of it. There was a pretty widow of an officer of some rank at Amherstburg, who was very anxious to get to York. Captain Barclay offered her a passage down the lake in his ship, and conveyed her to Port Dover, and then escorted her to the residence of Dr. Rolph. Barclay was invited to a dinner there the following day, and waited over to attend it. When he got back to Erie, after an absence of more than three days from his post, the American brigs were over the bar, and the control of the Lake had passed from his hands. During his absence they had been got out of port by means of a "camel" improvised out of two large scows. Once on the Lake with their armament on board they were too powerful to be successfully opposed, and Barclay had to retire to Amherstburg.

At Amherstburg the British had built a small ship for Barclay's fleet, but owing to the neglect of Sir George Prevost the guns intended for her had not arrived from Lake Ontario, and, of course, with the Americans in command of the Lake, could not now be conveyed to Amherstburg. The Indians had flocked to that place in such numbers that the supplies intended for the British army rapidly disappeared, and starvation stared both army and navy in the face. Nothing remained but to arm the new ship with the guns of the fort, a makeshift only to be justified by the necessities of the case. It resulted from this that the new vessel, which was named the *Detroit*, had six different classes of guns on board when she went into action, and that these guns were of four different calibres. She carried two long 24's and one short 24, a long and a short 18, six long 12's and 8 long 9's. So deficient was her equipment that her guns had to be fired by flashing pistols at their touch-holes. Yet it was necessary that the British fleet, of which this miserably provided vessel was the flagship, should go out to meet a very superior and thoroughly equipped enemy.

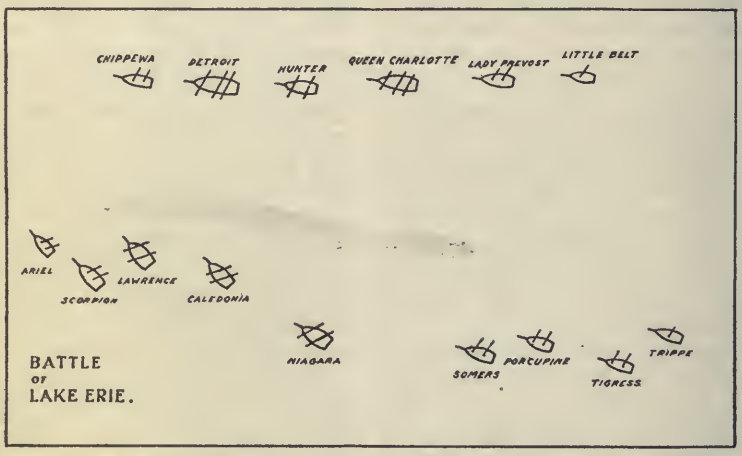
Sir George Prevost had been no more diligent in providing Barclay with crews than in supplying him with guns for his vessels. When he arrived at Amherstburg he had nineteen sailors with him, and three days before the battle with Perry's fleet, he was joined by 36 sailors who had come from H.M.S. *Dover*. There were 102 Canadian sailors in the fleet, and, to complete the number necessary to man the guns 250 officers and men of the 41st Regt. were taken on board. The total number on board Barclay's vessels and available for duty was, therefore, 407, supposing none to be on the sick list; but as many were sick, the effective force was much reduced. There were 532 men on board Perry's fleet, including a considerable proportion of sick. Of the total 329 were seamen, 158 marines or soldiers, and 45 volunteers. If the latter were all seafaring men, as is probable, Perry had about two and one-half times as many sailors in his fleet as Barclay. The strength of the two fleets in guns is shown by the following table:—

American Fleet.		British Fleet.	
Weight of Broadside.		Weight of Broadside.	
Lawrence	300 lbs.	Detroit	158 lbs.
Niagara	300 "	Queen Charlotte	189 "
Caledonia	80 "	Lady Prevost.	75 "
Ariel	48 "	Hunter	30 "
Scorpion	64 "	Chippewa	9 "
Somers	56 "	Little Belt	18 "
Porcupine	32 "		
Tigress	32 "		
Trippe	24 "		
	936 lbs.		459 lbs.

In weight of metal the American squadron was, therefore, more than double the force of the British. During the engagement, however, both the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* substituted a long 12-pounder for a short 32 on the engaged side, so that the broad-

side of each was reduced in weight from 300 lbs. to 280 lbs., and the total broadside of the fleet to 876 lbs. Of the American broadside, 288 lbs. were from long guns and 608 lbs. from carronades. Of the British broadside, 195 lbs. were from long guns and 264 lbs. from carronades. On this Mr. Roosevelt, almost the only American author who has attempted to give an honest account of the battle, very candidly says:—"The superiority of the Americans in long gun metal was, therefore, nearly as three is to two, and to carronade metal greater than two is to one. The chief fault to be found in the various American accounts is that they sedulously conceal the comparative weight of metal, while carefully specifying the number of guns. Thus Lossing says: 'Barclay had 35 long guns to Perry's 15, and possessed greatly the advantage in action at a distance; which he certainly did not.'" It is well to have this testimony of an American as to the dishonesty of his own countrymen, and especially of Lossing. Although Perry had but 15 long guns, they were so mounted that all could be used in the battle, while Barclay could not employ 19 of his 35. And to show how false Lossing's statement above quoted is, it is only necessary to explain that Perry's 15 long guns consisted of three 32-pounders, 4 24-pounders, and eight 12-pounders, while Barclay's 19 were, one 24, one 18, five 12's, seven 9's, four 6's, one 4 and one 2-pounder. The short guns or carronades used by Perry in the battle were nineteen 32-pounders; those used by Barclay were eight 24-pounders and six 12-pounders.

It was on the morning of the 18th Sept. that the two fleets sighted each other. Perry had learned from his agents in Detroit of the extreme weakness of the British fleet and the stern necessity which had forced Barclay to risk an engagement with his inferior force. Yet, with the assurance of victory which his twofold superiority gave him, Perry thought it necessary to increase the importance of his anticipated triumph by resorting to demonstrations of a theatrical character. He had a large flag prepared for his ship with the alleged dying words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," printed upon it and, in imitation of Nelson, he called together the officers of his squadron to give them instructions with regard to the expected action. As the officers were leaving, he said: "Gentlemen, remember your instructions. Nelson has expressed



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1813, WHEN NINE UNITED STATES VESSELS, UNDER PERRY, DESTROYED OR CAPTURED SIX BRITISH VESSELS UNDER BARCLAY.

my idea in the words, 'If you lay your enemy close alongside you cannot be out of place'; good night." Nelson expressing Perry's idea is something calculated to arouse the gaiety of nations.

The British fleet, when sighted, was off Put-in Bay where Perry's vessels lay. The latter were soon under weigh and at ten o'clock the American squadron was approaching Barclay. The British commander had his ships arranged lying to in a close column heading to the southwest in the following order: *Chippewa*, *Detroit*, *Hunter*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt*. The wind, which in the morning had been from the southwest, now shifted to the northeast, giving the Americans the weather gauge, the breeze being very light. Perry came down with the wind on his port beam, and made the attack in column in the following order: *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, *Lawrence*, *Caledonia*, *Niagara*, *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe*. Perry's plan of attack embraced three separate combats and to show their nature and the chance the British had of winning a victory, it is necessary to specify them in detail. The *Scorpion*, *Ariel*, *Lawrence*, (Perry's flagship) and *Caledonia* were to attack the *Chippewa*, *Detroit* (Barclay's flagship) and *Hunter*. The *Niagara* was to attack the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe* were to attack the *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt*. The force engaged in these combats was as follows:

VAN COMBAT.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Guns fought.	Broadside.	Guns fought.	Broadside.
Scorpion, 1 long 32 " 1 short 32	64 lbs.	*Chippewa*, 1 long 9,	9 lbs.
Ariel, 4 long 12's,	48 lbs.	*Detroit*, 1 long 18 " 1 " 24 " 3 " 12's " 4 " 9's " 1 short 24	138 lbs.
Lawrence, 2 long 12's " 8 short 32's	280 lbs.	*Hunter*, 2 long 6's " 1 " 4 " 1 " 2 " 1 short 12	30 lbs.
Caledonia, 2 long 24's " 1 short 32	80 lbs.		
19 guns.	472 lbs.	16 guns.	177 lbs.

CENTRE COMBAT.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Guns fought.	Broadside.	Guns fought.	Broadside.
Niagara, 2 long 12's " 8 short 32's	280 lbs.	*Queen Charlotte*, 1 long 12 " 1 long 9 " 7 short 24's	189 lbs.
10 guns.		9 guns.	

REAR COMBAT.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Guns fought.	Broadside.	Guns fought.	Broadside.
Somers, 1 long 24 " 1 short 32	56 lbs.	*Lady Prevost*, 1 long 9 " 1 long 6 " 5 short 12's	75 lbs.
Porcupine, 1 long 32,	32 lbs.		
Tigress, 1 long 32,	32 lbs.		
Trippe, 1 long 24,	24 lbs.	*Little Belt*, 1 long 12 " 1 " 6	18 lbs.
5 guns.	144 lbs.	9 guns.	93 lbs.

With these figures in view it is unnecessary to explain to the reader the nearly threefold superiority of the Americans in the van combat, and the great preponderance of force they possessed in the other two. At 11.45 the *Detroit* commenced the action by a shot from her long 24 which fell short; at 11.50 she fired a second which went crashing through the *Lawrence* and was replied to by the *Scorpion's* long 32. At 11.55 the *Lawrence* opened with both her long 12's and gradually drew nearer to the *Detroit* so that her heavy carronades might take effect. A great deal is said in American accounts of the battle, of the heavy loss sustained by the *Lawrence*, while approaching the *Detroit*, from the long guns of the *Chippewa*, *Detroit* and *Hunter* which threw 141 lbs. at a broadside, but the *Detroit* suffered quite as much at the same time from the long guns of the *Scorpion*, *Ariel*, *Lawrence* and *Caledonia* which threw 152 lbs. of metal at a broadside. When the *Scorpion*, *Lawrence* and *Caledonia* got within carronade range the 320 lbs. of metal which they threw from short guns was just ninefold superior to the 36 lbs. thrown from similar guns by the *Detroit* and *Hunter*.

At 12.30 the American four and British three ships of the van were furiously engaged, but the *Niagara* kept at such a respectful distance from her chosen antagonist, the *Queen Charlotte*, that the carronades of neither vessels could be used with effect. The latter, however, suffered greatly from the long guns of the American schooners and lost her commander Capt. Finnis and first lieutenant, Mr. Stokoe, who were killed early in the action. Her next in command, Provincial Lieutenant Irvine, seeing that the *Niagara* avoided close action, passed the *Hunter* and took a station between that vessel and the *Detroit*. This made the contest with the *Lawrence* and her three assailants more equal than it had been, and made the van combat a fight between four British vessels throwing 204 lbs. of metal from carronades and 162 lbs. from long guns, and four American vessels throwing 320 lbs. from carronades and 152 lbs. from long guns. The superiority of the Americans in this combat in weight of metal was, therefore, about 30 per cent., without taking into account the two long 12's of the *Niagara*, which were directed against the *Detroit* and her consorts. If the Americans had won this combat, even with such odds in their favour, there might have been some shadow of excuse for the claims which they based on their victory, but, as they lost it, these claims must be pronounced false.

The centre combat, as has been said, failed by reason of the timidity of the captain of the *Niagara*, Jesse D. Elliott, the same person who was so much bepraised, and who received a vote of thanks from Congress and a sword for his gallantry in cutting out two British vessels at Fort Erie, in October, 1812. But the rear combat went on vigorously between the *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe* with their five heavy guns and the *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt* with their nine light ones. The four American vessels kept at such a distance that the 12-pound carronades of the *Lady Prevost* were almost useless, yet, to quote the American, Mr. Roosevelt, she made "a very noble fight." It was obvious enough that in a contest at long range between three long 32's and two long 24's throwing 144 lbs. of metal on the American side, and one long 12, one long 9 and two long 6's throwing 33 lbs. on the British side, the weaker party must suffer. The *Lady Prevost* was greatly cut up, her commander, Lieut. Buchan, being dangerously, and her acting first-lieutenant severely wounded, and she began falling gradually to leeward.

In the meantime the van combat was being carried on with great determination on both sides. The Americans fought bravely, but not so skilfully as the British. The *Detroit* on the one side and the *Lawrence* on the other were the centres of attack. The *Detroit* was frightfully shattered and had lost her first lieutenant, Mr. Garland, while

Capt. Barclay was so badly hurt that he was obliged to quit the deck, leaving the vessel in charge of Lieut. George Inglis. But the *Lawrence* was in a still worse plight, her losses in killed and wounded had been frightful, one after another all the guns on her engaged side had been dismounted, and she was reduced to the condition of a hulk. At two o'clock Perry hauled down his "Don't give up the ship" flag, and started in a rowboat for the *Niagara*, which, owing to the extreme prudence of her commander, had up to that time suffered hardly any loss. As soon as Perry left the *Lawrence*, Lieut. Yarnall struck her flag, but as all the boats of the *Detroit* had been shot away, she could not for the moment be taken possession of by the British.

When Perry boarded the *Niagara* she was coming up towards the head of the line with a fresh breeze. She was a new element brought into the contest. The American commander sent back Elliott to order up the schooners which were in the rear, and then stood towards the British van. The *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* had their rigging too much disabled to tack, and, in attempting to wear, they fell foul of each other. The *Niagara*, which had previously delivered her broadside into the *Chippewa*, *Little Belt* and *Lady Prevost* to port, and the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter* to starboard, now luffed athwart the bows of the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, and kept up a terrific discharge of cannon and musketry upon them at half-pistol range. They were at the same time raked by the *Caledonia* and the American schooners. As both vessels were totally disabled there was nothing left for them but to strike their colours. The *Hunter* and *Lady Prevost* did the same. The *Chippewa* and *Little Belt* tried to escape, but were captured by the *Trippe* and *Scorpion* after a chase which lasted several hours. Thus the whole British fleet on Lake Erie was taken, and the Americans were able to illuminate their cities, fill their land with boasting, and declare that in Perry they had a greater sea captain than Nelson.

The British lost in this battle 41 killed, including Captains S. J. Garden and R. A. Finnis, and 94 wounded, including Capt. Barclay and Lieutenants Stokoe, Garland, Buchan, Rolette and Bignall; in all, 135. The Americans had 27 killed and 96 wounded, of whom three died, a total of 123. The fault of Barclay in raising the blockade of Erie long enough to allow the Americans to get out of port was an enormous one, almost a crime, but in the action he proved himself a brave and skilful commander. No Briton or Canadian need feel ashamed of the battle of Lake Erie. The Americans won it indeed, but the honours rested with the defeated party. Roosevelt, although writing as an American, says: —"Were it not for the fact that the victory was so complete it might be said that the length of the contest and the trifling disparity of loss, reflected rather the most credit on the British." In another place he says: "The simple truth is that where on both sides the officers and men were equally brave and skilful, the side which possessed the superiority of force, in the proportion of three to two, could not help winning." It has been already shown that the proportion of force in favour of the Americans, instead of being three to two, was really two to one. The *Chippewa*, with her single long nine, and the *Little Belt*, with her long twelve and long six in broadside, were not worthy to be called vessels of war, and were wholly unfit to be placed in line of battle. Nor was the *Hunter*, which had no long gun heavier than a six, and which carried such popguns as fours and twos, much better. The only vessels which Barclay had that were fit for combat, were the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, and the former, as has been seen, went into battle armed with makeshift guns, taken from a fortification, of four different calibres and six different classes. Had she been provided with the armament intended for her, which did not arrive at Burlington Heights from Kingston

until after she was captured, she would have carried ten short 24's and two long 12's and her broadside, instead of being 138 lbs., would have been 252 lbs., or almost double. Had she been so armed, the result of the contest would have been very different. The *Lawrence* would have been compelled to strike an hour earlier than she did, and the *Niagara* would have been beaten off or captured.

It is admitted that but for the *Niagara*, the American fleet would have been utterly defeated, and the proof of it lies in the fact that the *Lawrence* had struck her flag. As Roosevelt says:—"Perry made a headlong attack; his superior force, whether through his fault or misfortune, can hardly be said, being brought into action in such a manner that the head of the line was crushed by the inferior force opposed. Being literally hammered out of his own ship, Perry brought up its powerful twin sister, and the already shattered hostile squadron, was crushed by sheer weight." That the British vessels were not utterly helpless when the *Niagara* attacked them is shown by the loss suffered by that ship in the last few minutes of the battle which amounted to two killed and 25 wounded. Indeed, but for the accidental fouling of the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, due to their unrigged condition, which rendered them perfectly helpless against the *Niagara's* broadsides delivered from a raking position, it is doubtful whether either vessel would have been under the necessity of striking, despite the enormous losses both had suffered. With the *Niagara* out of the fight, then the victory would have been Barclay's, and without this vessel the American fleet would have still been superior to the British by one-third, as may be seen by the following comparative statement:

	Broadside Weight of Metal.		
	From long guns.	From carronades.	Total.
Perry's fleet without Niagara...	264 lbs.	352 lbs.	616 lbs.
Barclay's fleet...	195 "	264 "	459 "
Difference in favour of Perry..	69 lbs.	88 lbs.	157 lbs.

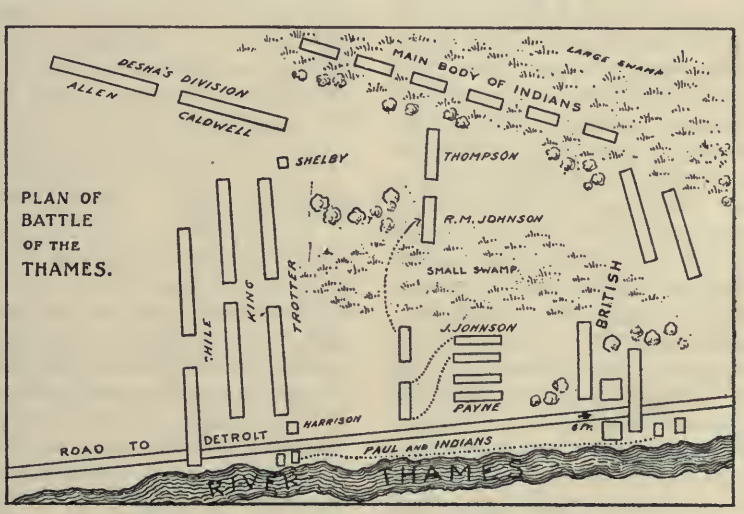
Here we have a difference in favour of the Americans of 35 per cent. in long gun metal, and yet with this great superiority the Americans were beaten until the staunch and uninjured *Niagara* was brought into action. No account is here taken of the damage done by the *Niagara* during her two hours and a half cannonade of the British ships with her two long 12's, in the first part of the battle. In view of such facts and figures as these, how absurd seems all the boasting of the Americans over Perry's victory.

The result of Perry's victory was to leave the whole coast of the Western Peninsula exposed to invasion, and to cut off Procter's army from its base of supplies. General Harrison was gathering troops for another attack on Detroit and Amherstburg, and it became evident that these places could not be held against the overwhelming forces of the enemy. The whole strength of the British right division under Procter was only 877 men of all ranks, sick and well, or 760 rank and file on the day after the battle of Lake Erie. Of the 250 officers and men of his army on board the fleet, 23 had been killed, 49 wounded, and the remainder taken prisoners.

On the 24th September, General Harrison's army rendezvoused at Put-in Bay, and on the 27th they embarked to the number of 5,000 men on board the vessels of Perry's fleet, and landed the same day three or four miles below Amherstburg. General Procter had previously abandoned this place and retired to Sandwich, first destroying Fort Amherstburg, which had been deprived of its guns to arm the *Detroit*. Harrison occupied Amherstburg the same evening, and on the following day advanced towards Sandwich, which he entered on the afternoon of the 29th. At the same time the American vessels reached Detroit. On the 30th, Col. Johnson with his regiment of mounted infantry arrived there, raising the number of Harrison's army to 6,000 men. Procter had retreated with his little force to the Thames, and made a temporary stand at Dolsen's

farm, about 15 miles from the mouth of the river, and 56 miles from Detroit by water. Besides his white troops Procter had with him about 1,200 Indians under Tecumseh.

On the 2nd of October, Harrison started in pursuit of Procter. According to his own official letter, he had with him "about 140 of the regular troops, Johnson's mounted regiment and such of Gov. Shelby's volunteers as were fit for a rapid march, the whole amounting to about 3,500 men." He also had with him, although he does not mention the fact in his letter, about



BATTLE OF MORAVIANTOWN OR THE THAMES, OCTOBER 1813. FOUR THOUSAND UNITED STATES TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL HARRISON, WERE OPPOSED TO 394 BRITISH AND 500 INDIANS UNDER GENERAL PROCTER. THE BRITISH WERE BADLY DEFEATED, AND TECUMSEH, THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF, WAS AMONG THE SLAIN.

260 Wyandotte, Shawnoese and Seneca Indians, under Chiefs Lewis, Black Hoof and Black Snake. Harrison's baggage, provisions and ammunition were carried up the Thames by water in three of Perry's gunboats. On the 3rd some of Harrison's men captured a lieutenant and 11 rank and file of a troop of Provincial Dragoons belonging to Procter's army, who had just commenced the destruction of a bridge over a small tributary of the Thames. The same evening Harrison's army encamped about four miles below Dolsen's. On the 4th the pursuit was continued. At Chatham a skirmish took place with some Indians who had partially destroyed a bridge near the creek, in which the latter lost 13 killed, and the Americans eight or nine killed and wounded. The Indians were driven away, the bridge repaired and the Americans crossed. Here Walk-in-the-Water, the Wyandotte chief, who had deserted Procter, met Harrison with 60 warriors and offered to join the Americans. He was sent back to Detroit. Just east of Chatham, one of Procter's boats laden with arms and stores was found on fire, and four miles farther up, at Bowles' Farm, two other boats partially consumed and similarly laden were also found. Here two 24-pounders were taken.

On the morning of the 5th, Harrison's army captured two British gunboats with several bateaux laden with army supplies and ammunition. These vessels had on board 144 officers and men of the 41st Regt., and 30 men of the Newfoundland Regt. and 10th Royal Veteran Battalion. This last misfortune, by depriving Procter of his ammunition and supplies, rendered it necessary for him to make a stand and

risk an engagement with a vastly superior enemy. He took up a position on the right bank of the Thames which protected his left. His whole effective force of white troops had been reduced to 476 of all ranks, of which 408 were of the 41st Regt. There were 38 Provincial Dragoons, and 30 men of the Royal Artillery, with six guns, three and six pounders. With this small body of white troops there were 500 Indians, all the others having deserted in the course of the retreat.

General Procter arranged his little army for battle with a good deal of skill. The men of the 41st Regt. were drawn up in open files in a beech forest without any undergrowth. Their right rested on a small swamp which ran parallel with the river. Farther to the right was a larger swamp, and in front of it a forest of a thicker growth. Along the margin of this the Indians were posted, their line forming an obtuse angle to the British drawn up in front. Behind the 41st Regt. were the 38 Provincial Dragoons. A 6-pounder enfiladed the only road by which the Americans could advance. The five other guns which Procter had with him had been stationed on an eminence near Moraviantown, two miles from the field of battle, in order to guard a ford there. They would have been much better placed if used to protect the British front in the battle.

Harrison's attacking force consisted of "something above 3,000 men," according to his own official report. No doubt the number was greater than he states, for he enumerates five brigades of Kentucky Volunteers, 120 regulars of the U.S. 27th Regt., and Colonel Johnson's mounted infantry regiment, which was about 1,000 strong. The matter is not of much consequence for, according to his own showing, Harrison had more than three times as many troops as the British and Indians combined, without counting his own 260 savages. Three brigades of Volunteer infantry, aggregating 1,500 men, were placed by Harrison in three lines, with their right on the river and their left on the swamp. These were under the command of Major-General Henry. Two other brigades, numbering about 1,000 men, comprising Gen. Desha's command, were formed *en potence* on the left of Henry's command, so as to hold the Indians in check and prevent a flank attack. Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment was placed in front of Henry, formed in two columns. The regulars of the 27th Regt. were posted between the road and the river to seize the British 6-pounder, while the Indians with Harrison were to gain stealthily the British rear, and by their attack convey to them the impression that their own Indians had turned against them. Counting Major Suggett's 200 mounted spies, which led the advance as cavalry, the rank-and-file of both armies were as follows:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Indians.	Total.
American	2,620	1,200	260	4,080
British	356	38	500	894

Harrison had intended that the attack should be made by his infantry, but the intelligence which he received that the British were formed in open order, decided him to order Johnson to charge with his mounted riflemen. "The measure," says Harrison in his official despatch, "was not sanctioned by anything that had been seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American backwoodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or a rifle is no impediment, they being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their earliest youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and that they could not resist it." General Harrison was quite right in this conjecture. As Johnson with his 1,200 mounted men advanced, they received two volleys from the British infantry, which threw them into some confusion, but immediately after the second fire the cavalry charged with such overwhelming force as to break the British line. The men of the 41st were thrown into such disorder by this sudden attack that they could not be rallied, and most of those who were not killed or

wounded were made prisoners. General Procter and his staff, with the Provincial Dragoons, sought safety in flight. The Indians on the American left flank made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but were finally defeated by overwhelming numbers and forced to retire, bearing with them the body of their leader, Tecumseh, who was killed. They left 33 dead on the field of battle. The British lost 12 killed and 22 wounded, and, including the latter, 477 were taken prisoners on the day of the battle. These prisoners included 101 officers and men in hospital at Moraviantown, and most of the 63 officers and privates of the 41st Regt. in attendance upon them or on duty with the baggage. The total loss suffered by the British right division in the retreat from Amherstburg and the battle was 631 officers and men. The Americans lost in the battle 15 killed and 30 wounded. They had won a notable victory at little cost, and their general endeavoured to make the most of it. By concealing the fact that five of the six guns he captured were not in the battle at all, and also that a large proportion of his prisoners were invalids in hospital, he was able to give still greater weight to the affair. Such tricks as these may pass without comment, but when Harrison claims for his troops, "The palm of superior bravery," and reflects on the British for not being "magnanimous enough" to bring the flag of the 41st Regt. into the field "or it would have been taken," he shows himself the pretender that he was. The fact that, twelve days after the battle, General Procter had assembled at Ancaster 246 officers and men of his defeated army, shows that there was abundance of force to take care of the regimental flag.

Sir George Prevost, in a general order, passed a very severe censure on the right division for the defeat on the Thames, speaking of its "well-earned laurels tarnished and its conduct calling loudly for reproach and censure." If Sir George Prevost had attended to his duty as Commander-in-chief, the right division would have been kept properly supplied and reinforced, the command of Lake Erie would have been retained, and the army would not have been defeated. No regiment that fought in Canada during the war performed better service than the 41st, but a greater strain was put on them than men could endure, and they finally suffered defeat. It is no new thing for a regiment, while formed in open order, to be broken by a sudden charge of cavalry. That happened at Quatre Bras to the 42nd Regt., and also at Waterloo to another equally distinguished British regiment, yet these corps were not thereby supposed to have merited "reproach and censure." General Procter was tried by court-martial at Montreal, in December, 1814, on five charges, and sentenced to be publicly reprimanded and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months. The court found "that he did not take the proper measures for conducting the retreat; that he had in many instances during the retreat, and in the disposition of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some ways deficient in these energetic and active exertions, which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required." The court, however, acquitted him as to any defect or reproach in his personal conduct. It is easy to see at this day that Procter was unjustly condemned. His difficulties all had their origin in the presence of the Indians, who, while professedly a part of his force, came and went as they pleased, and were the cause of his retreat being so long delayed. Had the Indians acted honestly by Procter and remained with him in their original numbers, the American army, instead of being victorious on the Thames, would have been destroyed.

Harrison did not follow Procter after the battle, but contented himself with burning Moraviantown. So terrified were the peaceful Christian inhabitants of this village that we have American testimony to the effect that the squaws threw their infants into the

river as they fled to prevent them from being butchered by the Americans. The Indians carried away the body of their chief, Tecumseh, but the barbarous Kentuckians found on the field a body which they took to be his, and mutilated it in a fashion that the worst savages could not have surpassed. Strips of skin were torn from the limbs and were afterwards used by the high-toned Christian gentlemen who engaged in this disgusting work for razor strops. Yet Tecumseh had never injured a wounded man or a prisoner, but had invariably protected them from his less humane brethren.

Two days after the battle on the Thames General Harrison left for Detroit, and his army on the same day commenced moving in that direction. They arrived at Sandwich on the 10th in the midst of a furious storm of wind and snow, during which several of the vessels from the Thames were injured and much of the captured property lost. Thus ended the campaign; the Kentuckians returned home, and Harrison, with 1,300 men, embarked for Buffalo to join the American army on the Niagara frontier.

BOSS OF THE WORLD

By Edward William Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," etc.

ABOUT one-tenth of the people in Boston are British Canadians, mostly from the Maritime Provinces, an acquisitive, prudent folk who see naught to be gained by correcting casual acquaintances who mistake them for down-east Yankees. Often, indeed, they are descendants of Hezekiahs and Priscillas who, having been Royalists during the War of Independence, found subsequent emigration incumbent on their Puritan consciences. These Americans, returned to the ancestral soil after four or five generations of absence, commonly find New England ways surprisingly congenial, though they continue to cherish pride in British origin, and a decent warmth of regard for fellow natives of the Dominion. Hence a known Canadian is frequently addressed by an unsuspected one with, "I am from Canada, too." Having learned this from ten years' experience, I was little surprised when old Adam Bemis, meeting me on the corner of Tremont and Boylston, opposite the Touraine Hotel, stopped and stealthily whispered, "I am from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia."

"Really! I have always taken you for one of the prevalent minority, a man from the State of Maine."

"Most folks do. It doesn't vex me any more. But I've wanted to tell *you* any time the last few years."

"Then, why didn't you?"

"It's not my way to hurry. You will see that when I explain. I'm needing friendly advice."

He had worn the air of preoccupation ever since the beginning of our eight years' acquaintance, but that seemed very proper to an inventor burdened with the task of devising and selecting novelties for the Annual Announcement by which Mrs. Minnely's Prize Package Department furthers the popularity of her famous Family Blessing, one dollar a bottle. The happy possessor of five half-bottle certificates, on remitting them to Adam's Department, receives by mail, prepaid, Number 1 Prize Package. Number 2 falls to the collector of ten certificates; and

so on, in gradations of Mrs. Minnely's shrewd beneficence, until the magnifico of one thousand full-bottle certificates obtains choice between a gasoline auto-buggy and a New England farm. To be ever either adding to or choosing from the world's changing assortment of moral mechanical toys, celluloid table ornaments, reversible albums, watches warranted gold filled, books combining thrill with edification, and more or less similar "premiums" to no calculable end, might well account for old Adam's aspect, at once solemn and unsettled.

"What is your trouble?" I enquired.

"The Odistor. My greatest discovery," he whispered.

"Indeed! For your Department?"

"We will see about that. It is something mighty wonderful—I don't know but I should say almighty."

"Goodness! What is its nature?"

"I won't say—not here. You couldn't believe me without seeing it work—I wouldn't have believed it myself on anybody's word. I will bring it in to your office, that's a good place for the exhibition. No—I won't even try to explain here—we might be overheard." He glanced up and down Tremont Street, then across—"Sh—there she is herself!" He dodged into the drug store opposite the Touraine.

Mrs. Mehitable Minnely, sole proprietor of The Family Blessing, was moving imposingly from the Boylston Street front of the hotel toward her auto-brougham. At the top step she halted and turned her cordial, broad, dominant countenance in both directions as if to beam on streets crowded with potential prize-package takers. She then spoke the permitting word to two uniformed deferential attendants, who proceeded to stay her carefully by the elbows in her descent of the stone steps. Foot passengers massed quickly on both sides of her course, watching her large, slow, progress sympathetically. When the porters had conveyed her across the pavement, and with respectful, persistent boosting made of her an ample lading for the "auto," the chaffeur touched his wide-peaked cap, and slowly rolled her away towards Brimstone Corner and the Blessing Building. Adam came out of the drug store looking relieved.

"She doesn't like to see any of us on the street, office hours," he explained close to my ear. "Not that I ought to care one mite." He smiled somewhat defiantly and added, "To see me dodging the old lady's eye you'd never guess I'm *her* boss. But I am." He eyed my wonder exultantly and repeated, "It's so. She doesn't know it. Nobody knows, except me. But I *am* her boss. Yes, sir, and everybody's boss. Just whenever I please."

On my continued aspect of perturbation he remarked coolly,

"Naturally you think my head is on wrong. But you will know better this evening. I'm the world's boss whenever I choose to take the responsibility. If I don't choose *she* goes on being my boss, and, of course, I'll want to hold down my job. Well, good-day for the present. Or, say—I forgot—will it suit you if I come about half-past-five? I can't get there much earlier. She's not too well pleased if any of us leave before Park Street clock strikes five."

"Very well, Mr. Bemis—half-past. I shall expect you."

"Expect a surprise, too." He walked circumspectly across Boylston Street through the contrary processions of vehicles, to the edging pavement of the Common, on his way toward the new Old State House, and Mrs. Minnely's no less immense Family Blessing factory.

It was precisely twenty-six minutes past five when Adam entered my private office in the rear room of the ground floor of a sky-scraper which overlooks that reach of Charles River lying between the Union Boat Club House and the long, puritanic, impressive simplicity of Harvard Bridge. He did not greet me, being quite preoccupied with the brown paper-covered package under his left arm. With a certain eagerness in his manner, he placed this not heavy burden on the

floor, so that it was hidden from me by the broad table-desk at which I sat. He stooped. I could hear him carefully untie the string and open the clattering paper. He placed on the green baize desk cover a bulbous object of some heavy metal resembling burnished steel. It was not unlike a large white Bermuda onion with a protuberant stem or nozzle one inch long, half-an-inch in diameter, and covered by a metal cap. Obviously the bulb was of two equal parts screwed together on a plane at right angles to the perpendicular nozzle. An inch of the upper edge of the lower or basal part was graduated finely as a vernier scale, and the whole lower edge of the upper half was divided, apparently into three hundred and sixty degrees, as is the horizontal circle of a theodolite. The parts were fitted with a clamp and tangent screw, by which the vernier could be moved with minutest precision along the graduated circle.

"I was four years experimenting before I found out how to confine it," said Adam.

"What? A high explosive!"

"No—nothing to be nervous about. But what it is I can't say exactly."

"Another Keeley secret?"

"Keeley was a dishonest man. He used compressed air on the sly. Everything is open and straight here, though I know the real nature of the force no more than electricians know what electricity is. They understand how to generate and employ it, that's all. Did you ever see a whirlwind start?"

"No."

"Think again. Not even a little one?"

"Of course I have often seen little whirlwinds on the street carrying up dust and scraps of paper, sometimes dropping them instantly, sometimes whirling them away."

"On calm days?"

"Really I can't remember. But I think not. It doesn't stand to reason."

"That's where you are mistaken. It is in the strongest kind of sunshine on dead calm days that those little whirlwinds do start. What do you suppose starts them?"

"I never gave it a thought."

"Few do. I've given it years of close thinking. You have read of ships on tropic seas in dead calm having topsails torn to rags by whirlwinds starting 'way up there, deck and sea quiet as this room?"

"I've read of that. But I don't believe all the wonderful items I read in the papers."

"There are more wonders than the papers print. I saw that happen twice in the Indian Ocean, when I was a young man. I have been studying more or less on it ever since. Now I will show you the remainder of my Odistor. I call it that because folks used to talk of a mysterious Odic force."

To the desk he lifted a black leather grip-sack, as narrow, as low, and about twice as long as one of those in which surgeons carry their implements. From this he extracted a simple-seeming apparatus which I still suppose to have been of the nature of an electric machine. Externally it resembled a rectangular umbrella box of metal similar to that of the bulb. It was about four feet in length and four inches in height and in breadth. That end which he placed nearest the window was grooved to receive one-half the bulb accurately. Clamped longitudinally to the top of the box was a copper tube half-an-inch in exterior diameter, and closed, except for a pinhole sight, at the end farthest from the window. The other, or open end, was divided evenly by a perpendicular filament apparently of platinum.

Adam placed this sighted box on the green baize, its longer axis pointing to Cambridge through the window. He carefully propped up the wire-net sash. Stooping at the desk he looked through the pin-hole sight and shifted the box to his satisfaction.

"Squint along the line of sight," he said, giving place to me. I stooped and complied.

"You see Memorial Hall tower right in the line?"

"Precisely."

"But what is nearest on the Cambridge shore?"

"The stone revetment wall."

"I mean next beyond that."

"The long shed with 'Norcross & Co., Builders,' in big black letters."

"All right. Sit here and watch that shed. No matter if it blows away. They were going to tear it down any way." He placed my chair directly behind the sighted tube.

With an access of eagerness in his countenance, and something of tremor apparent in his clutching fingers, he lifted the bulb, unscrewed its metal cap and worked the tangent screw while watching the vernier intently. He was evidently screwing the basal half closer to the nozzle-bearing upper portion.

From a minute orifice in the nozzle or stem something exuded that appeared first as a tiny, shimmering, sunbright, revolving globule. At that instant he placed the bulb on its base in its niche or groove at the outer or window end of the sighted box. Thus the strange revolving globule was rising directly in the line of sight.

"Watch that shed," Adam ordered hoarsely.

I could not wholly take my eyes off the singular sphere, which resembled nothing that I have elsewhere seen so much as a focus of sun rays from a burning glass. But this intensely bright spot or mass—for it appeared to have substance even as the incandescent carbon of an Edison lamp seems to possess substance exterior to the carbon—rose expanding in an increasing spiral within an iridescent translucent film that clung by a tough stem to the orifice of the nozzle, somewhat as a soap-bubble clings to the pipe from whence it is blown. Yet this brilliant, this enlarging, this magic globule was plainly whirling on its perpendicular axis as a waterspout does, and that with speed terrific. The mere friction of its enclosing film on the air stirred such wind in the room as might come from an eighteen inch electric fan. In shape the infernal thing rapidly became an inverted cone with spiral convolutions. It hummed like a distant, idly-running circular saw, a great top, or the far-off, mysterious forewarning of a typhoon.

"Now." Adam touched a button on the top side of the metal box.

The gleaming, whirling, humming, prismatic spiral was then about eighteen inches high. It vanished without sound or spark, as if the film had been totally destroyed and the contained incandescence quenched on liberation. For one instant I experienced a sense of suffocation, as if all the air had been drawn out of the room. The inner shutters clashed, the holland sunshade clattered, the door behind me snicked open and air from the corridor rushed in.

"See the river!" Adam was exultant, but not too excited to replace the metal cap on the nozzle.

Certainly the Charles River was traversed by a gust that raised white caps instantly. The *Coot*, a bulk-headed sailing-dory of the Union Boat Club, lay over so far that her sail was submerged, and her centreboard came completely out of water. Only the head and clutching forearms of the two members aboard her could be seen. Afterward they told me they had been completely surprised by the squall. Beyond the Cambridge revetment wall a wide cloud of dust sprang up, hiding the Norcross shed.

When this building reappeared Adam gasped, then stood breathless, his countenance expressive of surprise.

He looked down at the Odistor, pondering, left hand fingers pressing his throbbing temple. Lifting the bulb he inspected the vernier, laid it down again, put on his spectacles and once more peered intently at the graduated scale.

"I see," he said, "I was the least thing too much afraid of doing damage in Cambridge back of the shed. But you saw the wind?"

"I saw wind."

"You saw how it started?"

"I don't know what to think. It was very strange. What is the stuff?"

"Tell me what starts the whirlwind or the cyclone, and I can tell you that. All I'm sure of is that I can originate the force, control it, and release it in any strength I choose. Do you remember the chap called Æolus we used to read about in the Latin book at school, he that bagged up the winds long ago? I guess there was truth at the back of that fable. He found out the secret before me, and he used it to some extent. It died with him, and they made a god out of his memory—they had some right to be grateful that he spared them. It must go to the grave with me—so far as I've reasoned on the situation. But that's all right. What's worrying me is the question—Shall I make any use of it?"

"I can see no use for it."

"What! Think again. It is the Irresistible Force. There is no withstanding it. I can start a stronger hurricane than ever yet blew. You remember what happened to Porto Rico in the tornado a couple of years back? That was a trifle to what I can do. It is only a matter of confining a larger quantity in a stronger receiver and giving it a swifter send off with a more powerful battery. I can widen the track and lengthen the course to any reasonable extent."

"Suppose you can. Still it is only a destroyer. What's the good of it?"

"What's the good of a Krupp gun? Or it's shell? Or a Mauser bullet?"

"They are saleable."

He looked keenly at me for some seconds. "Do you see that far, or do you only *not* see how it could be used as a weapon? That's it, eh! Well, I'll tell you. There's England spending six or eight million dollars a week in South Africa. Suppose I go to the Right Honourable Mr. Chamberlain. He's a practical, quick, business man—in half an hour he knows what I can do. 'What will you give,' I ask him, 'to have DeWet, Delarey, Botha, Stein and the others blown clear out to sea?' 'What is your price?' he enquires. 'Ten million pounds would be cheap,' I reply. 'Take five,' he replies; 'we are not made of money.' 'Well, seeing it's you,' I tell him."

"It is a considerable discount, Adam. But then, you are a British subject."

"Yes—but the conversation was imaginary. Discount or no discount, I feel no call to take the field against the Boers. It's the only thing I ever disagreed with Canadians about."

"But you needn't do that. Sell your secret outright to the British Government."

Adam stared as one truly astonished. "Now what you think you're talking about?" he remonstrated. "Can't you see farther than that? Suppose I sell the secret to Chamberlain. Suppose he clears out the Boers with it. What next? Why, Ireland. It has been said time and again that England's interests would be suited if Ireland was ten feet under water. Or suppose he only blows the Irish out of Connaught, just to show the others they'd better mind their p's and q's. What then? First place, I like the Irish. My wife's Irish. Next, the world sees that England has got the irresistible weapon. There's no opposing it. Suppose France tries. Away go her cities, farms, vineyards, people, higher than Gilroy's kite. What next? All the rest of the world then know they must do what the English say—Germans, Italians, Russians, Yankees, Canadians."

"That means universal peace," I said, enthusiastically. "Free trade, equal rights, all the noble, altruistic English ideals established forever and ever. Adam, you will be remembered as the greatest benefactor of humanity."

"For putting the English on top," he replied dryly. "I can't seem to want to. Not but what the English are all right. But *my* kind of real Canadians are considerably more American than English, though they never rightly know it till they've lived here and in the old country. We're at home with Yankee ways and Yankee notions. In England we're only Colonials."

"Take your secret to Washington then. President Roosevelt will see

that you get all that you can reasonably ask for it."

"Sure — but while the Imperial microbe is lively in Washington, I will not offer the thing there. And yet my first notion was to let the United States have it—on conditions. I'd bargain they must leave Canada alone. They would boss the rest of the world, I was thinking, just the way I'll do it myself if ever I *do* make up my mind. *No* bossing—everybody free and equal and industrious — no aristocracy, except just enough to laugh at—no domineering. But I ain't seen reason lately to believe that human nature can be radically improved in any conglomeration of white folks by a hundred and twenty years professing worship of a Declaration that all men are created with equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Look at the way they've treated the Filipinos. The worst thing ever England was charged with ain't a circumstance on that infamy."

"To what Government will you sell?"

"Well, now, if I was going to sell to any Government it would be Premier Laurier's. He's about right, seems to me. If ever there was the makings of a good benevolent despot, he's the man. Says I to myself for quite a long time, says I 'I'll give it to Laurier. Of course, he will use it first thing to annex the United States to Canada. That would be good for both countries—if Laurier was on top. He'd give this Republic sensible institutions, teach 'em Responsible Government, get rid of Government by hole-and-corner committees and trusts and billionaires, and, first of all, establish Free Trade all over the continent.' That would be good for Nova Scotia, and, mind you, I'd like to do something for my native Province before I die. Think of a statue in Halifax—erected to me! "ADAM BEMIS, BENEFACTOR OF NOVA SCOTIA." Sounds kind of good, eh. Why don't I give it to Laurier? Well, he ain't in good health. He mightn't live long enough to get things running right. And he'd be sure to tell his colleagues how the Odistor is worked—he's such a strong party man, you see. Only fault he's got. Well, now, think what happens after he drops out. Why, some man I don't admire so much, or a set of 'em, inherit the Bossdom of the world. Fielding's a good kind, but he's old. Sposen Tarte inherited the universal Bossdom. Gee-whiz! Wouldn't the world move? On the other hand, sposen Sir William Mulock did. Fine man, eh? Sure. But a 'harbitrary gent,' as the English say, by what I can make out. And then again I don't know as Canada is fit to be Boss of the world—not just yet, anyhow. Too submissive to suit my notions. By gracious, they'd be for giving the use of the Odistor to England, in return for preferential trade, or the lifting of the cattle embargo, or some such trifle. And once England got the Odistor—why, you know what I said before."

"Well, what Government will you sell to?"

"To none. France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan—they're all unfitter than England, Canada or the States. Once I planned to raise up the people that are down—the Poles, Greeks, Irish, Armenians, Filipinos, and so on. Then I got to fancying the Irish with power to blow everything above rock in England out to sea. Would they be satisfied with moving the Imperial Parliament to College Green, giving England a Viceroy and local councils, putting a Catholic king in Ed'ard's shoes and fixing the Coronation oath to abjuring Protestant errors? I can't seem to think they'd be so mild. What would the Poles do to the Russians, or the Armenians to the Turks, if I gave them absolute power? I won't take such risks. If I gave the thing to one nation the only fair deal would be to give it to all, big and little alike, making the smallest as powerful as the biggest, everyone with power to blow all the others off the footstool. What then? Would mutual fear make them live peaceably? I think not. Probably every one would be so afraid of every other that each would be for getting

its Odistors to work first. There'd be cyclones jamming into cyclones all over outdoors, a teetotal destruction of crops, and everything and everybody blown away at once. Wonder where they'd light?"

This question did not divert me from the main matter. "If you won't sell, how can you get any money out of it?" I asked.

"No difficulty getting money out of it. Here I am able to blow everything away—say off the British Islands, as a starter. Or, just as easily, I can roll the ocean over all Europe—except maybe the Alps—I don't know exactly how high the sea *could* be blown. What would the Government pay me *not* to do it. See? All the money Pierpont Morgan ever handled would not pay five minutes' interest on what I could raise. And me working for Mrs. Minnely for forty-five dollars a week!"

"Resign, Adam," I said earnestly, for the financial prospect was dazzling. "Take me in as junior partner. Let us get at this thing together."

"What? Terrorizing the nations? And you a professing Liberal like myself! No. It wouldn't be right. Anyway, I can't have a partner—you'll see that before I get through. Now I suppose that you will admit that I could get any amount of money out of the thing?"

"You have thought it all out wonderfully," I remarked.

"Wish I could stop thinking about it. I'm only taking you gradually over the field—not telling my conclusions yet—but only some of my thoughts by the way. In truth it's years since I gave up the notion of opening the secret to any nation, or to all nations. For one thing I couldn't get into any nation's possession if I wanted to. Suppose, for instance, I offered it to the Washington Administration. Naturally the President orders experts to report on it—say six army engineers. I show them how. What happens? Why, those six men are bosses of the Administration, the nation and all the world. They can't but see that right away if they've got any gumption. Will they abstain from using the power? Scarcely. Will they stick together *and* boss? They won't, because they can't. It is not in human nature. Common sense, common logic, compel each one to try to get his private Odistor going first for fear each of the others will be for blowing him and the other four away in order to boss alone. The fact is, the moment I showed the process to any other man—and this is why I can't take you in as partner—I'd have to blow *him* straight away out beyond Cape Cod, for fear he would send me flying soon's as he saw the Bossdom in his hands."

"That seems inevitable," I admitted.

"Certainly. I can't risk the human race under any boss except myself—or somebody that I am sure means as well as I do."

"Our political principles are in many respects the same," I suggested, hopefully.

"Will you—will any man except me—stay Liberal if he has absolute power. What would you do with the Odistor anyway?"

"Get a fortune out of it."

"How?"

"Well, there's Lipton challenging for the cup again. What would he give for an exclusive gale?"

Adam pondered. "That's an idea certainly. But from the shore no one can tell half the time which yacht is which in those Sandy Hook races. Might be giving the exclusive gale to Iselin. Anyhow, it wouldn't be fair to help one side that way."

"Then try this scheme: detain ocean liners in port until the companies agree to pay what the traffic will bear."

"Gosh—you think I've got the conscience of a Railway Corporation! No, sir. But what use in prolonging this part of our talk? I have thought of a thousand ways of using the thing on a large scale, but they are all out of the question, for one good and sufficient reason—folks would lock me up or kill me if they were convinced of the power I possess. I couldn't blame

them, they must do it to feel secure themselves. The only safe way for me to get big money out of it is by retiring to a lonely sea island and advertising what I intend to do on a specified day—blow away some forest on the mainland, say, or send a blast straight overland to the Rockies and clear them of snow in a path fifty miles wide. Of course, folks would laugh at the advertisement—to say nothing of the expense of inserting it—and to convince them I'd have to do it. After that I might call on the civilized governments to send me all the gold, diamonds, and fine things I could think of. But what good would they do me? I should be afraid to let any ship land its cargo, or any other human being come on the island. I couldn't even have a cook for fear she might be bribed to poison me or bust the Odistor, and I've got no fancy to do my own cooking. What good to be boss of the world at that price? Universally feared, hated, and bound to live alone! For a while I was thinking to isolate myself that way in self-sacrifice to the general good. I thought of issuing an order to all governments to *stop* governing and just let real freedom be established—the brotherhood of man, share and share alike, equal wages all round, same kind of houses, perfect democracy. But suppose the governments didn't obey? Politicians are smart—they'd soon perceive I couldn't leave my island to go travelling and inspecting what was going on all over. I couldn't receive deputations coming for redress of grievances for fear they might be coming to rid the world of its benevolent despot. Shrewd folks ashore would soon catch on to my fix—me there all alone busy keeping ten or a dozen Odistors blowing gales off shore for fifty miles or so to keep people out of any kind of striking distance, and everlastingly sending hurricanes upward to clear the sky of balloons that Santos-Dumont might send to drop nitro-glycerine on me. Next thing some Barney Barnato would be pretending to be my sole agent, and ordering the world to fetch *him* the wealth. How could I know, any more than God seems to, what things are done in my name?"

"Employ Marconi," I suggested; "have him send you aerial news of what's going on everywhere. Then you could threaten wrong-doers everywhere with the Odistor.

"Marconi is a good man, but think of the temptation to him. How could I be sure he was giving me facts. He could stuff me with good reports, and all the time be bossing the world himself, forcing the nations to give up to him by the threat that I'd back him and blow the disobedient to Kingdom Come. Besides, I don't know how to operate Marconi's instruments, and, if I did, all my time would be taken up receiving his reports. No, sir. There is no honest, safe, comfortable way for me to get rich out of the Odistor. I have known that for a considerable time."

"Then, why did you wish to consult me?"

"Well, first place, I wanted somebody to know what kind of a self-denying ordinance I'm living under. To be comprehended by at least one fellow-countryman is a human need, and I want your opinion on one point of conscience. Is the Odistor mine?"

"Yours? Isn't it your exclusive discovery?"

"But isn't it Mrs. Minnely's property? I experimented in her time."

"During office hours?"

"Mostly. And did all the construction in her workshop with her materials. She supposed I was tinkering up a new attraction for the Annual Announcement. Isn't it hers by rights? She's been paying me forty-five dollars a week right along. When she hired me she told me she expected exclusive devotion to the interests of the Family Blessing. And I agreed. Seems I'm bound in honour to give it up to her."

"For nothing?"

"Well, she's dead set against raising wages. But I *was* thinking she might hoist me up to fifty a week."

"That seems little for making her Boss of the World."

"Oh, Mrs. Minnely wouldn't go in for that. A man would. A woman is too conservative. Mrs. Minnely's one notion is the *Blessing*. It's not money she is after, but doing good. She's sure the way to improve the world is to get the Blessing into regular use by every family. I don't know but she's right, too. It's perfectly harmless, anyway."

I could not but regard Adam's conscience as too tender. Yet it was fine and touching to see this old man, potentially master of mankind (if he were not mistaking the Odistor's powers), feeling morally so utterly bound by the ethics of the trusty employee. I had written hundreds of editorials designed to imbue the proletariat with precisely Adam's idea of duty to Capital. How to advise him was a serious problem.

"What would Mrs. Minnely do with it?" I inquired, to gain time.

"She would put it on the list of attractions in the Prize Package Department."

"Good heavens! And place absolute power in the hands of consumers of the Blessing! Anarchy would ensue. They would all set about bossing the world."

"Not they," said Adam "She would send out Odistors gauged to only certain specified strengths. For five half-bottle certificates the consumer gets a breeze to dry clothes or ventilate cellars. Prize Odistor number two might clear away snow; number three might run the family windmill; clubs of fifty takers of fifty bottles could win a machine that would clear fog away from the bay or the river, mornings. Different strengths for different premiums. See? It would prove a first-class attraction for the Announcement."

"Adam," I remonstrated, for the financial prospect was too alluring, "you are not required to give this thing to Mrs. Minnely. Resign. Remit conscience money to her. Let us go into the manufacture together. You gauge the Odistors—I will run the business end of the concern."

"No. Mrs. Minnely has the first right. If anybody gets it she must. What bothers me most is this—will she bounce me if I tell her?"

"Bounce? Why?"

"Think me crazy. I tell you she is *conservative*. And she is ready to throw me out—thinks I'm a back number. I can hardly blame her. The fact is, I have given so much time and thought to the Odistor of late years that I haven't found or invented half enough attractions for the Announcement. Last week she gave me an assistant—a pusher. That means she is intending him to supersede me about a year from now—and yet I could invent a man with twice his brains in half the time. Sometimes I am tempted to put the Odistor on the small job of blowing him out into Massachusetts Bay. But he is not to blame for being the donkey God made him. Then, again, I think how I could down him by simply showing the thing to Mrs. Minnely. But the cold fit comes again—what if she thinks me crazy? I lose my forty-five dollars a week and might be driven to Bossing the World. It's hard for old men to get new jobs in this country. They draw the dead-line at fifty. Just when a man's got some experience they put a boy of twenty-six on top of him. On the other hand, suppose she does consider it, and does see the whole thing? She'd see I could be her Boss any time I wanted. Now, if there's anything Mrs. Minnely dislikes worst of all its a bossful employee. She'd be offended at the idea of a man on her pay-list having power to blow her and the whole concern away. First thing she might do with *her* Odistor would be to put a cyclone whirling me." He sighed heavily. "Fact is I've got myself into a kind of hole. What do you advise?"

"Bury the Odistor. Forget it. Then, with your mind free, you can invent new things for the Announcement. I see no other escape from your predicament."

"I expected you to advise that in the end," said Adam, and began repacking his singular mechanism. "And bury it I will. But how can I

forget it? May be it has exhausted my inventive powers. What then? I'm bounced. It's tough to have to begin all over again at sixty-three, and me Boss of the World if I could only bring myself *to* boss. If I do get bounced and do get vexed, maybe I'll unbury it and show Mrs. Minnely what it *can* do. Well, good evening, and thank you for your interest and advice."

He departed with the old, solemn, unsettled look on his honest Canadian countenance.

After that day I frequently saw Adam, but he gave me no recognition. Probably he still goes about with eyes on the ground, studying the complicated and frightful situation of a World Power animated by liberalism and dominated by conscience. The Blessing people write to me that Mrs. Minnely's disapproving eye is often on her old employee. They say she will soon lift The Pusher over Adam's gray head.

What will he do then? I remember with some trepidation the vague threat with which he left me. At night, when a high gale happens to be blowing, I listen in wild surmise that Adam was bounced yesterday, and that the slates, bricks and beams of the Family Blessing Building are hurtling about the suburbs of Boston in signal that he has once more liberated the mysterious globule and embarked, of necessity, on the woeful business of bossing the world.

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND

BY THORLEIF LARSEN

O BROOKLET—silver string of Nature's lute,
With golden moss inlaid along thy strand,
Thou art so eloquent and yet so mute,
I hear thy lay, but cannot understand.

O Tree—the zephyr's brazen harp of tears,
That sadly whisperest e'er of Trouble's hand,
My soul in dullest melancholy hears
Thy dirge, but yet it cannot understand.

O Bird—celestial almoner of mirth,
Thou angel sceptered with a wizard's wand,
That makest a paradise upon this earth,
Thy pæan's reach I cannot understand.

O Cloud—thou banner waving in the sky;
So proudly floating o'er th' Æolian band;
I seem to hear thy voices hastening by
In anthems, but I cannot understand.

O Star—that rushest onward with the sweep
Of circles—whirling in thy orbit grand,
Methinks I hear thee whisper from thy deep,
Weird secrets, but I cannot understand.

O Voices—countless in the starry choir,
Whose deep-toned music rolls o'er sea and land,
Your magic notes are winged with heavenly fire—
My spirit fails! I cannot understand.

AN ADVENTURE OF MRS. MACKENZIE'S

BEING A VARIATION ON A THEME OF THACKERAY'S

By Duncan Campbell Scott

"Oh, it's just seraphic!" says the widow. "It's just the breath of incense, and the pealing of the organ at the Cathedral at Montreal. Rosey doesn't remember Montreal. She was a wee, wee child. She was born on the voyage out, and christened at sea. *You* remember Goby."

"Gad, I promised and vowed to teach her her catechism; but gad I haven't," says Captain Goby. "We were between Montreal and Quebec for three years with the Hundredth, the Hundred and Twentieth Highlanders and the Twenty-third Dragoon Guards a part of the time; Fipley commanded them, and a very jolly time we had. Much better than the West Indies, where a fellow's liver goes to the deuce with hot pickles and sangaree. Mackenzie was a devilish wild fellow," whispers Captain Goby to his neighbour (the present biographer indeed,) "and Mrs. Mack was—was as pretty a little woman as ever you set your eyes on." (Captain Goby winks, and looks peculiarly sly as he makes this statement.) "Our regiment wasn' on your side of India, Colonel."—THE NEWCOMES.—Chap. XXIII.

EVERY one, from the Chief Justice, who was on his way to Chambers and who had as keen an eye (the sly old dog) for a pretty woman as any one on the Bench, to Jean Baptiste, the carriole driver, gazed after the trim little figure as it flitted across the Haymarket and turned down St. James Street, in the City of Montreal. The old Justice thumped his heavy cane upon the ice and damned his eyes if he ever saw a more enchanting vision.

"That must be Mrs. Mackenzie," he says to himself, "wife of that rascal of a Captain Mackenzie, of the —th. How these officers do play the devil with the women. What difference is there between a bag-wig and a small sword and a red coat and a pair of spurs? Yet I'm dashed if a pretty girl wouldn't turn her back on the one and run after the other."

Jean Baptiste, enveloped in his bear-skin coat, suspended, for a moment, the operation of lighting his pipe and grunted to himself with a sort of ursine satisfaction as he compared the yacht-like lines of the receding figure with the barge-like amplitude of his own "bonne femme."

If the latter had not that very morning denied Jean Baptiste the twenty-five sous necessary to purchase a twist of native tobacco, and if he had not tried for the fifth time to extract a little more smoke from his already burnt-out pipe, his reflections might not have been quite so acrimonious.

While these unspoken comments were in progress, Mrs. Mackenzie—for it was indeed she, as the Chief Justice had opined—continued her course down St. James Street, pausing now and then to gaze through a shop window. She was dressed in a skirt of green cloth, closely fitted to her figure, and trimmed about the skirt and bodice with strips of Russian sable.

Her dainty head was crowned by a jaunty cap of the same rich fur, set off in a coquettish way, with the tails of the little beasts—and in her hand she carried a muff of ample depth and fullness, in which the choicest skins gave an effect of unsurpassable richness and beauty. The muff Mrs. Mackenzie handled with greatest effect, now nestling her little face in it until nothing but the arch eyes glanced out over the sable, like stars from the edge of a cloud, now holding it to one dainty ear, while her glances dropped upon the snow, only to flash up again with renewed brilliance, which they seemed to haved borrowed, somehow, from the sparkling crystals upon which they had gazed. These sables and their wearer formed the subject of many a malicious comment by Mrs. Bagg, wife of Captain Bagg of the —th, who was a lady

of uncertain age and ample proportions, and whose sinister aspect was heightened by a drooping eyelid and strands of hair which reminded the beholder of that molasses candy which French-Canadian children call *latire*.

Mrs. Bagg averred—and with what justice we will leave our readers to decide—that if it had not been for M. Antoine Sabervois, the above-mentioned sables would never have adorned the *petite* person of Mrs. Mackenzie; that for her part she thought it a burning shame and disgrace; that there should be a law against such proceedings; that she would rather wear catskin than accept ignominy in the shape of Russian sables from the hand of the richest Nor'wester that ever breathed; that every one knew where they came from, and what Mrs. Mackenzie was, for every one knew what was Captain Mackenzie's pay and that he had no private fortune and was naught else but a profligate, and a wild, gambling, good-for-nothing fellow, with much more to the same tune.

Happily, we are not obliged to believe this alarming tale of Mrs. Bagg's, for Mrs. Mackenzie more than once hinted that she had a rich brother in India

"A half-brother, my dear, Mr. Jas. Binnie, who is as rich as a rajah and as generous as he is rich, and is so fond of his little sister, whom he hardly knew, for she was an infant in arms when he went away to India—so fond of her, my dear, that he would pour out his wealth at her feet like a river if she were even to hint at the straits to which she was sometimes put on account of the way poor dear Mackenzie goes on. Even as it is, he is the most generous of brothers."

So, as it frequently happens in life, we may take our choice of the stories for the best or the worst.

Mrs. Mackenzie proceeded down St. James Street until she came to the corner of the Place d'Armes, where she turned to the right, crossed the road and went toward Notre Dame Street. At the corner of that street she paused a moment as if undecided which direction to take; then she crossed to the gateway of the seminary, and strolled toward the Parish Church, with many an attractive little feminine movement. Mounting the steps, she had soon advanced along the path and disappeared beneath the frowning portal of the church.

Mrs. Mackenzie might often be seen to seek the solitude of the great spaces of Notre Dame, and she had already attracted the attention of at least one of the fathers on his way to the confessional, and he, who had means of knowing every soul in the city, at once heard of Mrs. Mackenzie—her position and antecedents. He even heard of the Russian sables, as the old fellow who carted away the ashes from the House had a friend who was a relative of the cook at Captain Bagg's. So are our affairs inextricably involved, warp and woof, making the pattern called life, and through all flies the cackling shuttle of gossip. Mrs. Mackenzie loved the cool, deep glooms of the great church, with candles burning in the dusky chapels dedicated to strange saints, and the wall-spaces hung with glowing pictures of Our Lord's Passion. She loved the immense enclosed space, in whose altitude, it seemed, the stars might swing; she loved to watch the quiet movements of the acolytes, bound on mysterious errands, and to hear the voices of the choir-boys practising some ancient cadence in a remote chapel. If she happened to meet M. Antoine Sabervois there it was by the merest accident. M. Antoine having stepped in, devout Catholic that he was, to regulate his conscience, as he himself said, was sometimes surprised and delighted to find Mrs. Mackenzie in the first pew to the left of the altar dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, his titular saint. But that Mrs. Mackenzie had any motive in her visits to Notre Dame, you, fair reader, will not for a moment imagine.

To tell the truth, although Mrs. Mackenzie had been brought up severely under the shadow of the Old Kirk, and had been nurtured upon the ameni-

ties of the Shorter Catechism, and although of a Sabbath she attended the morning service at St. Gabriel Street, much to the spiritual confusion of many of the youths, whose eyes found her pink-gloved fingers, holding the psalm-book, more attractive than the black-gloved fingers of the Rev. Mr. Blank, she had, nevertheless, that florid and sentimental temperament which demands an outward and visible sign, and whose devotions ascend more readily upon a cloud of incense, through a groined roof and mullioned window to a heaven of glory beyond. She thrilled as the deepest organ pipes thickened the air with their immense vibration imparted even to the insensate woodwork, so that she imagined each haloed saint shaken to his inmost plaster of Paris heart, and even the radiant apostles upon the windows to respire with music and rapture. She rarely left the church, and never when she was alone did she leave it, without dipping her dainty fingers in the font of holy water placed near the door for all true believers.

From the seat under the protection of St. Anthony of Padua, where she had been rapt in meditation, she would rise, and with a genuflection before the altar, would pass, with the bearing of one newly sanctified, down the aisle, pausing for a moment to moisten her fingers at the font, and make the sign of the cross; and murmuring the few Latin words in her vocabulary with a devotional sentiment, she would seek the brilliant air and space of the Place d'Armes.

Whatever the vicious Mrs. Bagg may have said to the contrary, upon this particular morning in February, Mrs. Mackenzie had no expectation of seeing the eccentric and captivating M. Antoine Sabervois. She was aware, not by direct information from M. Sabervois himself, for that might imply a degree of intimacy in no way consonant with fact, that he was out of town, that he had gone to Three Rivers to inquire into a matter of business, and could not possibly return before a week had passed. Mrs. Mackenzie had her information from M. Sabervois' sister, who was her dear friend, "the incomparable Adrienne," she called her. Adrienne also bore a Scotch name, as she was the widow of Captain Gordon, an officer of a Highland regiment, who had died five years previously of a fox bite, received while hunting. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Mackenzie were quite inseparable in spirit, although divided somewhat in presence by the jealousy and violence of Captain Mackenzie, who would not hear of Mrs. Mackenzie spending an hour with Mrs. Gordon in her brother's fine house on the mountain. Now this was a sore trial to Mrs. Mackenzie, who loved ease and luxurious surroundings—and to whom the atmosphere of the Sabervois manor would have been a welcome relief after the stuffiness of the quarters, the unreasonableness of Mackenzie, and the task of keeping in order the small French-Canadian maid, who looked after the wants of little Rosey. But the captain was inexorable; to Sabervois she was not allowed to go, and so her darling Adrienne had to visit her slyly, or they had to resort to voluminous correspondence, many portions of which, I have no doubt, would have been of interest to certain inhabitants of Montreal *de ce jour!*

What was Mrs. Mackenzie's surprise, therefore, when she had barely seated herself, buried her face in her muff and glanced upwards to meet, not the benevolent features of St. Anthony of Padua, but the handsome countenance of M. Antoine Sabervois. He had stolen down the aisle softly upon moccasined feet; he was dressed in a trapper costume of buckskin, highly ornamented with figures wrought in silk and beads, which he wore from whim, as he donned many strange changes of garment, and had seated himself so silently that Mrs. Mackenzie had not been aware of his advent.

She looked up with a pretty confusion, rendered all the more attractive by the flush which spread over her face; then she hid her face in her muff to conceal her agitation, and finally

darting a scintillating glance at M. Sabervois, she said, under her breath: "Why, M. Sabervois, I thought you were at Three Rivers!"

"And so you came here to console yourself during my absence, and to say a little prayer to my patron for my safe return?"

"You men are all alike," she said; "as vain as peacocks. I am sure I was guilty of no other motive than to warm my fingers?"

"And does not your muff keep those charming fingers warm?" remarked her companion, with an accent which was certainly curious if that protection had arisen from the bounty of Mr. James Binnie. Mrs. Mackenzie merely gave him one of those arch looks from which her cavalier could take what meaning he pleased.

"To tell the truth," he said, "if it had not been for a lucky accident, I would be in Three Rivers at this moment, instead of talking to the prettiest woman in Canada; but as chance would have it, I met, half way at the inn, as we changed horses, the very man I was bound to see, and there we transacted our business, and I have just had breakfast at Rasco's."

"And now, Monsieur, you have come to make your devoirs for a safe return. I will not hinder you."

She rose and tried to pass him laughingly.

But after a quarter of an hour they had become so absorbed in their conversation, and Mrs. Mackenzie was so bubbling over with sly laughter and minor expletives of pleasure that they did not heed the approach of Father Champagne, who frowned down upon M. Antoine, whom he had known from his boyhood, and who touched him upon his shoulder as he passed to his confessional, where he was to hear the weary tale of transgressions great and small. It had become apparent to the good father's mind that Madame Mackenzie would never become a convert to his faith.

Captain Goby, one of whose favourite stories over the mess-table was that of the famous encounter between Captain Mackenzie and M. Sabervois, had no knowledge of this *tête-à-tête* in Notre Dame. He came into the plot a little later; but he certainly saw Mrs. Mackenzie that morning leave the cathedral and trip over to McDonald's store in Muir's building opposite, for he was never done expatiating upon her beauties in his richest vocabulary.

"By gad, sir," he would say, "she was a picture, as pretty a little woman as ever you set eyes upon, and that morning with the frost making her eyes dance like Cupid's heels, by gad, sir, she was divine. Little devil that she was, too," the captain would add, with a sly wink, as if satanic qualities in a woman were to be sought after and cherished.

"It was my friend Captain Sabervois, not of Ours, you know, but a militia officer, who came to me about it. Every one in Montreal knew Captain Sabervois. By gad, sir, one of the best fellows that ever drew breath, and a merry devil at that, son of one of those old Nor'westers who made money out of skins and whose company afterwards amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company. The old Sabervois made money and the young one was lucky enough to hang onto it, although he spent it, too, like wild-fire; threw it around, God bless my soul, as if it were gravel; imported horses and bred them; used to drive down St. Paul Street with three stallions abreast, a white one in the middle and two jets on the outside, hitched to a damned rickety Russian sleigh which he had got from God knows where. Drive! it was a clear runaway from the start, *habitants' traîneaux*, tradesmen's sleighs, doctors' berlins and all the rest dodging out of the way, him touching his cap as he went, and his sister, Mrs. Gordon, not winking an eyelid, sitting by him as steady as a gunner, by gad! He had a suite of rooms at Rasco's and a house at Lachine, where many a time Sabervois, Chummy Adspeth, Allan Cunningham, McTavish and I used to drive out and play a little quiet game and back in the morning, and a regular

palace for that country, built on the mountain, where Mrs. Gordon presided. (Gordon, you remember? Of the —th Highlanders.) She seldom went to Bellevue, the place at Lachine. All that I had to do with the matter was to see Adspeth and find out what he and Captain Mack were to do the next night."

Whether Captain Goby was innocent as regards all complicity in the arrangements as he averred, we leave our readers to decide for themselves; but there was a lively rumour current at that time that he was more than interested in Mrs. Gordon, and giving this rumour weight, and adding to it the captain's love of gallantry, it would seem probable that he was more deeply involved in the preliminaries than his own confession allowed.

However that may be, (and by way of digression, gentle reader, did you ever among your acquaintances or friends meet with any one whose responsibility did not stop far short of any vital point in the catastrophe. He or she took an *important* part, of course, was *au courant* of the whole matter, but no taint or suspicion of criminality could in any way be attached to him or her! Whoever gives the gentle, disinterested little push that precipitates a fraud, a quarrel, or a marriage, can never be found!) However that may be, Mrs. Mackenzie had a visit from Mrs. Gordon that very next day, and Mrs. Mackenzie packed Marie off with Rosey, so that in their narrow quarters nothing need disturb them. There was much confidential chatter, and Mrs. Mackenzie ecstatically pronounced that it would be enchanting, lovely beyond compare, but the captain? And then Mrs. Gordon remarked that Captain Goby ("that dear fellow!" Mrs. Mackenzie interjected), had ascertained from Adspeth that he and Captain Mackenzie were going to drive over to Longueuil on the ice, that Fipley knew they were going and that if Captain Goby wanted to play out that match at Orr's he had better postpone it for a day.

"Which means, my dear, that they will certainly not return until day after to-morrow."

This may somehow account for the parting between Captain Mackenzie and his lively wife. The former did not often leave the door with such a cheerful parting, so many kisses, such buttoning of gloves, pulling up of collars and down of caps, such wifely counsel as to precautions against colds. Truth to tell, Mrs. Mackenzie oftener complained bitterly and used her vocabulary unstintingly, and told the captain what she thought of him, which, being uncomplimentary, was therefore unpleasant. And he being departed, she gamboled with Rosey and allowed her to pull down her hair, while she rolled the small person over and pretended to bite her, when they both screamed with laughter and made as pretty a picture of innocent frolic as you could wish to see.

About an hour or so after the valiant captain's departure, Mrs. Bagg was convinced that she saw Captain Sabervois' tandem prancing through the street, and, could her eyes deceive her, or did the horses stop at the corner, and did some one jump out of the sleigh and ring Captain Mackenzie's bell, and did a figure, a female figure, closely wrapped, emerge from the house and mount beside the driver? Was the said driver Captain Sabervois himself, was the cloaked figure the fragile Mrs. Mackenzie? Was the messenger and attendant Captain Goby, the hated rival of Captain Bagg?

Mrs. Bagg could not be absolutely certain. She had an outlook only as big as her hand through the frosted pane. To leave that, and whip on her jacket and cap, would mean the loss of any information that might be gleaned from the porthole. To rush into the street without their protection would be to court the miseries of influenza, fomentations and floods of tisane. Now, if Mrs. Bagg had let well enough alone she might have enjoyed the delightful uncertainty, which was at the same time a certainty, but she was prompted to send her maid to inquire

whether Mrs. Mackenzie would be pleased to come over and have a game of backgammon with her; but she only learned that Mrs. Mackenzie had retired with a splitting headache, upon receipt of which information Mrs. Bagg fell into a confusion.

How these most singular duplications fall out in society it would puzzle the present chronicler to elucidate, but it is a certainty that at the very moment when Marie reported her mistress as being unable to enjoy the charming society of Mrs. Bagg, she was on the front seat of Captain Sabervois' sleigh, behind two of the finest horses in the colony harnessed in tandem, buried in buffalo robes, and fairly started on the drive to Bellevue.

The moon was high, flooding all the snow with clear light; the air was nimble with particles of frost; there was no cloud in the sky. Captain Goby, who, by the way, was the occupant of the back seat with the fair Mrs. Gordon, used to exult in this drive, and, in fact, in all the winter scenes in Canada.

"By gad, sir, it was sublime; we were actually whirled along to the chiming of bells. Sabervois' leader seemed to dance, so dainty was he upon his hoofs. By my side I had one of the sweetest women in Christendom. Mrs. Mackenzie kept up a chatter like a wren, we laughed and sparkled at nothing. Sabervois made a dashed good pun in English, for a Frenchman, you know, and damn me but I have forgotten it! Mrs. Mackenzie asked him, 'Did you shoot these buffaloes yourself, Captain Sabervois?' and he said something dashed good in reply."

In truth, there was never a more innocent excursion, and do not charge Mrs. Mackenzie, my dear Madam, with any of the sins you avoid so carefully. She had merely run away for a moment, as it were, from the husband who never spent an evening at home with her, who gambled, who drank much more than was good for him, who was jealous and suspicious. Be candid now, if Mr. Paragon was not the model spouse that all the world knows him to be, if his vices were as thick and vigorous as his virtues, would you not be tempted once in a while to hoodwink his jealousy, and pay off his libertinism by some innocent prank, which might for a moment allow you to feel that you had resumed your maiden independence?

When the party reached Bellevue it had become apparent that some change in the weather was brewing, but no note was taken of such a small matter when the end of the journey was reached with the pleasant light of fire and candle pouring from the windows of the house.

It stood upon the bank of the River St. Lawrence, within sound of the famous Lachine Rapids, surrounded by groups of gnarled pear trees, as old as the colony itself.

M. Sabervois' hospitality was well known, and it was not outshone by the hospitality of a nobleman of France whose guests, under another flag and king, made the chambers ring with their mirth and jollity. Mrs. Mackenzie was delighted with everything she saw; she was shown over the old house from the vaults where the furs used to be stored, which were as strong as dungeons, to the attic, with its deep dormers and low, broad chambers under the roof. Each room was crowded with curios brought from every district of the North, from Ungava to Fraser River, trophies of the chase, and articles the possession of which made the old house the envy of continental museums.

It would be a mere cataloguing of pleasures to set down all that was said and done between nine of the clock and twelve on that memorable evening. The redoutable Captain Goby could never remember half of it; his recollections met an insurmountable barrier at the supper, an exploit of M. Sabervois' French cook. After that affairs merely floated indistinctly in a mist of pleasure.

There was a round or two of écarté, of that he was certain, then Mrs. Mackenzie sang divinely to Mrs. Gordon's accompaniment upon an Erard piano,

the only one in the colony. Then M. Sabervois and his charming sister sang old French chansons to admiration. Then Mrs. Mackenzie must play a Scotch reel upon a spinet which had once been caressed by the fingers of no less a person than the Duchess de Langlois, who gave it to M. Sabervois' grandmother.

Now, if the advice of M. Sabervois had been taken, given when he heard that the wind had risen from the east and was driving the snow in clouds before it, the occurrence which made such a noise in the colony, might never have happened, and this chronicle would never have been written. But no sooner were there any obstacles or difficulties set up between Mrs. Mackenzie and home than she must needs insist upon returning to town that night. In vain were all protestations and counter propositions.

"What would Rosey do?" she appealed to Mrs. Gordon. "What would become of her darling child, left for twenty-four hours to the care of a careless slattern of a maid? How could she ever look the dear innocent in the face again if Marie should allow her to fall and break her nose, or if that odious little Hector Bagg should poke a stick into her eye? Never! She should return to Montreal even if she walked every step of the way." Whereupon, M. Sabervois ordered the horses to be harnessed at once.

After the storm was over, very early the following morning, the oldest inhabitant of the island failed to remember any such storm in his time. The roads were heaped with many feet of snow, and those running north and south were for days impassable.

Lucky it was for our party of adventurers that there was about three miles from Montreal an inn called "Les Trois Beaux Canards." When they had gone thus far, they could neither go farther nor return; there was nothing for it but to spend the night or until such time as the storm should abate at "Les Trois Beaux Canards."

The reputation of mine host, Gagnon, and his hostelry were not unknown to the ladies, but the case had become one which was neatly fitted by the adage, "Any port in a storm."

"By gad, sir," Captain Goby would say, "we were so smothered in snow that old Gagnon was not cordial to us at all, so I thought. He was a great tun of a fellow, as big as Falstaff; I had never been to his den before (which the reader may believe or not as he chooses), but it was on the land of Sabervois, and he was damned civil when he saw who was head of our party. There was an air of apprehension about the man which was explained when he drew me aside.

"I have two of your officers, they are *bons garçons*, and they have vowed themselves to have a good time. Mon Dieu! What am I now to do with your parties?"

"So I said, 'And where are the *bons garçons* now?'

"'They are in the *cuisine au large.*'

"Whereupon, like a dashed fool, I had to tell the women, and Mrs. Mackenzie laid a wager with me that it was Gibbs and Anstruther. So I went into a little pantry which opened from the dining-room and took all its light from the kitchen through some window arrangements. I had hardly taken in the scene when I heard a little scream by my side, and there was Mrs. Mackenzie, by gad, had stepped upon my chair, and then upon a broad shelf, and was looking through the window with me. We both saw the same sight. There was that damned fool, Mackenzie, had got on an apron like a kitchen wench, and in his shirtsleeves was dropping croquenoles into a pot on the hob. Adspeth, in the same mountebank garb, was turning a spit, where a partridge was roasting, and there were a couple of Marie-Louises, or whatever you call 'em, giggling around those two gay dogs of war!

"Eh, gad, sir, I thought I should burst with laughter. But Mrs. Mackenzie did not laugh, sir. She turned as pale as a cloth, with pure fury, mind you, and back she goes into the parlour. 'You've won, captain,' she

says, as cool as ice; and in a minute or two what does she do? Why, she sits down to a dashed old trap of a piano and began to warble a ballad in her best voice. The rest of the party carried it off, for they knew nothing, but I felt dashed uncomfortable, for I knew that trouble would be brewing.

"By this time those donkeys in the kitchen must have heard that some party had arrived, and like as not Mackenzie had his head out of the kitchen door listening, but madame had not got well into the second verse, 'Our Monarch's hindmost year but ane,' her voice was going as steady as a mill wheel, when in walks Mackenzie, his coat on, his apron gone, and as red as a turkey-cock. Mrs. Mackenzie stopped and turned around when she heard him address Sabervois.

"'So this is the way you take advantage of my absence!' he roared. But Mrs. Mackenzie was upon him like a tiger-cat before the words were well out of his mouth. You can never tell anything about these merry women," said the captain, reflectively, "and Mrs. Mackenzie laid him out about as neatly as it could be done. It was a little family affair, and the lady forgot her manners and spoke awfully plain language.

"She tired herself out and faltered when she saw she had gone too far. Then Mackenzie came in again.

"'Our quarrel we can settle elsewhere. Madame, you must come with me.' And I am damned if she didn't permit herself to be walked off and locked up. Strange cattle, these women."

With which reflection the captain would pause either to drain or replenish his glass. Captain Goby was the sole person who could or would tell this tale in after years. So far as the present chronicler could gather, it never became apparent why Mackenzie and Adspeth had changed their plans, and had not gone to Longueuil. Poor little Adspeth was drowned not long after at the Back River. Mrs. Mackenzie would never refer to it, except in the most general and euphemistic way, and Mrs. Gordon and Sabervois had cogent reasons for not repeating the incidents of a misadventure which grew out of one of the most harmless and innocent of pleasure excursions.

Indeed, M. Sabervois was rather touchy upon the matter, and was hardly seen in Montreal for two years, as he visited some remote Posts of the Company with Sir George Simpson, and highly resented any reference to his stiff elbow, which considerably interfered with the grace of his carriage, or to his altered handwriting, of which originally he had been vain.

My fair readers will protest that these gentlemen would assuredly not be allowed to present pistols with two such interested ladies as the wife of one and the sister of the other in the company. But we have just seen one marched to custody in the picturesque narrative of Captain Goby, and when he emerged from a conference with Adspeth, Mrs. Gordon had joined her.

"My man," Captain Goby would say, "was willing to do anything in reason to prevent an ugly quarrel, but Mackenzie was bound to have blood. You see, it was no flash-in-the-pan quarrel, but one that had been growing steadily for months, and was to Mackenzie, at least, a serious affair. Sabervois, I believe, had never bothered his head over it. He was the most unthinking devil, and had like as not forgotten all about Mackenzie's threats. But now that they were face to face there was hardly the chance of escaping an encounter. Mackenzie and Adspeth were in the outer room, and Sabervois and I were in the little room with the piano. I watched him a moment through the door, and saw by the way he chewed his beard that his bad blood was up.

"'You'll have to fight him,' says I to Sabervois.

"Old Gagnon went from one camp to the other, tearing his hair, and talking broken English.

"'Mon Dieu! Have mercy, gentlemen; do not spill your blood on this little rest house of 'Les Trois Beaux Canards.' It will be my fall-down, my

disgrace, my license they will take him away, the Bishop he will condemn my soul to hell. I am not in order; these excitements, these agitations will kill me; my great flesh is what you call unwholthy; this fat you see comes uncalled for between my meat and my skin. Why will you desolate a poor man?'"

But we must leave the babble of Captain Goby for a moment in order to explain the departure of Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. Mackenzie wishing to have her for an ally, or for a comfort, or merely for a companion in her cell, had pounded on the door and made such a hullabaloo that mine host of "Les Trois Beaux Canards" was compelled to ascertain what she wanted. It was communicated to Captain Mackenzie that it was Mrs. Gordon that she wanted, whereupon Captain Mackenzie sends the key of the room to Captain Sabervois, who might, if he chose, conduct his sister to the captain's wife. Whereupon it became necessary, such is the honour of male mortals, for M. Sabervois to turn the key upon both ladies, despite their protestations, and to return it to Captain Mackenzie by the hand of his own messenger. So that whatever influence the two ladies might have had, fair reader, was neutralized by four walls and a stout deal door.

The preliminaries, in their absence, were neatly arranged by Adspeth and Goby, who were experts in such matters. The snow storm had begun to abate somewhat, and about dawn the sky was clear, except to the northwest, which showed the rear-guard of cloud retreating in heavy black masses. Although it had piled up snow upon the face of the country, the storm had deftly swept the little inn-yard as clear as a floor. In the early light of the morning which fell fresh and pure and cold upon the snow, marking the curve of mound and drift with blue shadows, the two men faced each other. It was once more the petty passions of man displayed before the grand calm of nature. Such a morning should have furnished the atmosphere for pure austerities, for sublime contemplation. On high one glorious star burned between the coming sun and the receding cloud.

They stood for a moment in the keen air, bareheaded and stripped to their shirts, and with bare arms. Upon the signal, they fired, their shots ringing sharp in the tense atmosphere.

Captain Sabervois' bullet following his aim, went whistling over the roof of "Les Trois Beaux Canards," to sink harmless somewhere in the snow. But Mackenzie's weapon had been directed with a different purpose.

Captain Goby was by Sabervois' side in a moment, staunching the drop of blood from his shattered elbow, which had spattered the pure snow where he stood, with crimson drops. Gagnon, the publican, who had been peering from a crack of the door, the pallor of terror upon his face, his enormous bulk shaking like a reed in the wind, his men servants and his maid servants gathered behind him looking over his shoulders or through his arms in terrified curiosity, now rushed out and endeavoured to carry M. Sabervois bodily into the house. The captain was, however, well able to walk, and with slight assistance from Goby, regained his quarters in the parlor.

Simultaneously with the shot there was one scream which sounded faintly in the yard, and a dull shock which did not sound there at all. Mrs. Gordon had fainted suddenly and had fallen heavily upon the floor of the chamber. Whatever had passed between the two ladies has never been repeated by either, but the truth remains that from that day onward they were irreconcilable enemies, and it cost Mrs. Mackenzie no little self-denial to treat as a foe one who had surroundings so pleasant, and resources of entertainment so unlimited. But she never even made any attempt at reconciliation, and not long after, the removal of the regiment put such an effort out of her power.

It was but natural that Mrs. Gordon should suffer much trepidation at her brother's danger. Mrs. Mackenzie, beneath her merry exterior, had an unfailing resource of courage, and al-

though she was sensible of her share of the responsibility in the *dénouement*, and had a double anxiety in that her husband and her friend were each in danger, she never blanched, and Goby always said that it was her promptitude which extracted the party from an untenable situation.

"Here we would have been packed into a little ten-by-ten box of an inn, for God knows how long, as the roads in that colony are sometimes blocked for days, and, as you may imagine, it would have been cursedly unpleasant, if it hadn't been that she insisted on going back to Montreal, forced Mackenzie to get two pairs of snowshoes, and started off with him to walk the three miles over the drifts, like a brick that she was. At first, you know, Sabervois would make light of his wound, and would hear no word of a doctor, but after an hour or so of agony he let one of Gagnon's men go to the city. He had hardly started before Dr. Bruneau walked in, red in the face from his tramp on snowshoes. (It was two days before the roads were broken, and we could get to the city in our sleighs.) He confided to me afterwards that it was Mrs. Mackenzie who rushed into his office just as he had seated himself at breakfast, and besought him to walk out to "Les Trois Beaux Canards," and save Captain Sabervois, who was dying of a wound received in a fight with Captain Mackenzie.

"Yes, she plumped out the whole story, she knew she could trust Bruneau, and there was no time for lies that morning. Sabervois was not dying of his wound, but he was damned uncomfortable, and showed it, too. With all her faults, the little Mackenzie was a trump in those days, damn me if she wasn't!"

It was with a lively curiosity that Mrs. Bagg beheld Mrs. Mackenzie, who over night, she had been informed, was sick of a headache, and Captain Mackenzie, who was, so Bagg had assured her, gone upon an excursion to Longueuil with that desperate Adspeth, walk peaceably and unitedly down the street, the captain with two pairs of snowshoes over his broad back!

It was long afterwards that she heard the details of the story seriatim. They came to her bit by bit as a child makes up a picture puzzle, but it was not until the fate which shakes us like dice in a box had thrown her together with one of those same handmaidens of "Les Trois Beaux Canards," that she found as it were the key-block which completes the picture.

Then if her mind could have groped into the past so far she might have found some explanation for a matter which had always puzzled her, viz.—the total disappearance after a certain date of the sable furs which had once heightened the beauty of Mrs. Mackenzie.

The present historian, who, of course, knows everything, might repeat an exclamation of Mrs. Mackenzie's to Marie about the same sables which the willing handmaiden was offering for the adornment of her mistress.

"Ugh, take them away, there is blood on them!"

Which, the reader may justly reason, was a curious instance of feminine inconsequence, if the said sables had come through the bounty of Mr. James Binnie.

SUN-KISSED

BY KATHARINE H. McDONALD JACKSON

THE meadow raised to greet the sun
A face with dimples brimming over,
And where he lightly kissed each one
He left a blush of sweet pink clover.

DE POLITIQUE ON ST. MARTIN

A STUDY OF HABITANT CHARACTER

By J. A. McShane

Marche! Charlé! Marche!

Hello! Hello! Baptiste, where you gone hon?

Woa, Charlé! Woa.

Ah, yes, Louis, *comment ça va?* I was gone hon de market for sell de patack. Got big load too.

Have you got your *tabac* wit you, Baptiste?

Certainement, fill hup your pipe; good *tabac*. *Quesnel and Rouge*, Louis.

Ah yes, Baptiste, she's burn well, and good *arome* too. Grow dat youseff?

Surely. Well, wat's de news, Louis?

Oh well, ev'ryting is well wit me, plenty hay and vegetable *en masse*, and good *prix* too, can't complain at all. How does it go, you, Baptiste?

Pretty good. How your family, Louis?

Premiere classe, tank you, my waf was sick little while, but he's gone get hup to-morrow.

What! Annoder one, Louis?

Oui, M'sieu—fine garcon, 10 pouns. How your family, Baptiste?

Tres bien merci, Louis. For why she's ring dose bell on de church?

You din' hear de news?

No, of course. I don't live your village.

Well, I tell you dat, dose bell is ring because, dis morning, Louise Leblanc she's Madame Joe Belaire!

Madame Joe Belair, Louise Leblanc?

Certainement.

How is dat, Louis? I was tink dat marriage was all break it hup two tree year ago?

Yes dat is correck.

For why dey don't make marry de first time?

You din' hear dat?

No.

Well, I tell to you. Dat's hon *dix-neuf cent* (1900), de time of de 'lection on St. Martin. My waf, dat is little cousin wit de modder of Louise, she tole me dis. You see, dat Joe Belair she was a *Bleu Conservateur*, and Louise he was a *Rouge Liberal*, and Louise, *vous savez*, she want for play de boss a little, like all dose young peep, before he's marry. Perhaps he tink dat's de las' chance he got, and he say to Joe Belair, "Now, Joe, I s'pose you gone vote for M'sieu Laurier," and Joe was shake de head and say "I'll be 'fraid I don't vote on dat man," and Louise respond, "Joe, you love me?" and Joe, she tell it, "Yes, very moch." "Well, if dat is so, Joe, for why you dont vote for Laurier?" and Joe tell him, "I can't change my *politique*," and Louise got mad and she come very red on his face and she speak to Joe very angry, "Well, M'sieu Joe Belair, if you don't want change your *politique* I dont want change my name at all. I tell you good bye, and for your love, she dont wort a cent." And so, like dat, de marriage was break it hup. Joe was take him very bad when de 'lection was over. She commence for drink and play de card and gone de devil quick, and Louise, she come thin and pale and sick off his heart—so sick dat he's modder call for de Docteur Bedard, and de docteur she tell de modder "Madame Louise is break his heart. I tink she's gone hon de consomption." When de ole man Leblanc hear dat, all she can say is "*Sapre le politique.*" Madame Leblanc was very sad and he talk to Louise and ask it for forgive Joe Belair, but all de time Louise is respond, "If Joe Belair was love me he was not conduct like dat. I dont want marry at all." De modder of Louise is gone see de *Curé*, and de *Curé* is gone see Joe Belair for try to make him *promesse* she gone vote *Rouge Liberal* on de nex' 'lection, but it was no use at all because you see, Joe was one of dose *Conservateurs* so *bleu* dat you never can wash him hoff.

Joe she tell de *Curé*, "M'sieu le *Curé*, dats no use for *promesse*. I can't change my *politique*. My *politique* dat's my *principe* and de *principe* dat's de *honneur*. Surely you dont want me for loss dat." De *Curé* she's see it was impossible for change Joe Belair, and after dat de modder is gone see de *Curé* again and de nex' week de *Curé* is come see Louise. She speak many time and long time wit Louise and after little while Louise is give his consent and so, like dat, dis morning dey was make marry and I tink dey will be very happy. Don't you tink so, Baptiste?

Yes, I hope dey will be ver' happy. But, look you, Louis, I don't onderstand how de *Curé* was change Louise like dat when his modder is not make de success wit him. How you hexplain dat?

Well, I tell you. It was like dis: She tell Louise, "*Cher Louise, mon enfant*, take my good counsel and marry Joe Belair. You know she's love you strong wit all his heart and you know very well you love him also —perhaps too good for him, but give your consent, and I will ask de *bon Dieu* for bless your marriage. I will pray to God for you. I will pray dat you may have a large fam'ly. I will also pray dat your family will be all boys, and den, you see, Louise, you can raise dem hup to vote for Laurier —*if she don't change his mind*. And so, like dat, she's marry Joe Belair.

Ha! ha! ha! Louis. Begosh, dat's a very good story. Gedup, dere, *Charlé*. *Avanc donc la*, we be late for de market. *Bonjour*, Louis.

Bonjour, Baptiste. *Bon voyage*.

ST. SMITH'S DAY

A STORY OF CANADIAN CHEESE

By Isaac Landman

THE same man who traded his horse because the other fellow thought that "mine is ze bettair un," is yet searching for the date on which Smith was canonized. But horse-trading and a knowledge of church history are two different things, as Prudhomme will testify.

Prudhomme is an unsophisticated habitant, an alderman in St. Agathe des Monts, French-Canadian Quebec, "the country of large churches and small houses." His home is in one of those sainted, straggling, mountain villages where the cattle graze peacefully on *Rue Principale*, and the swine grunt away unmolested by the roadside, fully contented. The chief occupation of his fellow-citizens is blasting and hauling large boulders from their so-called farms, trading horses, smoking vile Canadian tobacco, and, for a change, carrying milk to the *fromagerie*.

The cheese factory is the standard of rural French-Canadian prosperity. So many quarts of milk make so many loads to the cheese factory; so many trips mean so many *sous* which, properly taken care of, will bring food and a certain amount of comfort for the poor habitant during the severe winter, while the proprietor of the factory hies himself to the pleasures of Montreal.

John Penwick Mather, of Haverhill, Connecticut, was studying statistics with a view of finding a new field for the operation of his boundless intellect which was not backed by capital. One day he had a revelation. It was revealed to him that the cheese industries of French Canada, combined and worked by Yankee ingenuity, should

prove to be a small bonanza in the Laurentian Mountains. Acting upon this revelation he at once proceeded to St. Agathe des Monts, determined to show the world how the finest export cream Canadian cheese can be manufactured from properly doctored milk.

But John Penwick Mather did not know that French-Canadian cows stopped producing milk during the fall and winter; that they were fed only to be kept alive until spring, because two cents a quart for milk make fodder for beast or man a luxury. Nor did he know that even his Connecticut French could not persuade the habitants to feed their cattle properly so that the factories could be run full force all winter.

It so happened, therefore, that by the end of October our enterprising Yankee found himself with several well-ordered cheese plants, with many demands for cheese, but without milk and without money. Mather needed a small sum to get back to Yankeedom, there to push his contemplated cheese trust. So he poured his predicament into the ears of his friend Prudhomme, who had had a prosperous summer via Mather's cheese factory. Prudhomme sincerely sympathized with the struggling trust magnate, and loaned him $540. In return he received from Mather ten shares in the new cheese combination and a note promising to pay back the loan "on St. Smith's Day."

Prudhomme felt that he had acted nobly. He knew that he was now a shareholder in the greatest combination of industries the world had ever known—according to Mather. So he joyfully drove the American promoter and economist to the train; and while Mather sped away to New York the unsuspecting habitant returned two and a half miles to Trout Lake, there, in the cottage of Ernest Belisle, his future father-in-law, to discuss his good fortune with his loving Josephine.

Now Prudhomme could blast a boulder, milk a cow, trade a horse or smoke "ze clay pipe" as well as the next man, but he could never distinguish between Saints' Days and ordinary church-going holidays. To his mind, going to church was going to church; a saint was a saint whether it was Smith or Agathe. So he waited for the arrival of St. Smith's Day and his money, neither of which came.

He went to the village priest, only to find that Smith was never canonized by the church. He made a pilgrimage up Cavalry Hill to the cross of St. Agathe. At the foot of the sacred memorial to the saint of the village he poured out his heart, but he received no inspiration with reference to St. Smith. Prudhomme was in a sad plight. Not only had he lost $540, but he had displayed his ignorance of his faith; he was the laughing stock of all the farmers for miles around; and, worst of all, Belisle told him in unmistakable terms that a man who permitted himself to be defrauded out of such a sum was not the man he wanted for his buxom Josephine.

That was a hard winter for Prudhomme; but spring brought with it John Penwick Mather. His floating of the new trust had brought no results as yet. He needed every available cent for advertising purposes, and was hard pushed for the necessary cash with which to start his cheese factory for the season. Mather did not deny that he owed Prudhomme the money. In fact, he swore by all that was sacred that he would pay him—on St. Smith's Day.

To manufacture export cream cheese out of doctored milk is a well-paying industry in the hands of a clever man. Mather had five factories going, and during the summer he waxed fat. Then, like Jeshuron, he kicked. He thought that Prudhomme was too persistent, too presumptuous, in pressing his worthless claim, and he vowed that no cash would be forthcoming. So Prudhomme went to Court.

Mather was in the States and his representative ordered the court to draw on him at the Bank of Montreal when the note came due. The court was powerless. Here was a man who admitted that he had borrowed certain

sums; who was ready to pay the debt on the day when the note came due—but the note came due on a day and date which could be found in no calendar.

Mather's cheese trust was meeting with great success. Those who were looking for quick returns poured their good dollars into the treasury of the "Canadian Cheese Corporation." Indeed, Mather was progressing towards wealth. The truth was that he never intended to rob poor Prudhomme out of his money. His Yankee sense of humour simply urged him "to play a while" with the simple habitant. Mather built himself a summer home on one of the lakes near St. Agathe, and engaged Prudhomme as one of the labourers. Every nail the poor fellow drove into the building pierced his heart, for in every plank he saw ten cents of his own money.

One October day, while guiding a party of Montrealers on a hunting expedition through the bush north of St. Agathe, Prudhomme related his tale of woe to Joseph Pesah Minkoosky, along whose side he happened to be walking. Minkoosky, as his name would signify, was a Pole of the Jewish faith, whom oppression had driven to Canada to seek a new home and new fortunes.

While peddling trinkets north of Montreal, he once came across Prudhomme, who had never before seen a real live *juif*. Seeing that a Jew was like all ordinary men, Prudhomme befriended the immigrant who, at that time, could speak neither French nor English. Now that he could speak both, and that he was a leading attorney and politician in Montreal, Prudhomme looked to his former beneficiary for assistance. But he went about it in the wrong way, for he simply offered to sell Mather's worthless note for ten dollars. He played his cards well, however, for on the return trip he pointed out to Minkoosky the house which the unscrupulous Yankee had built with the money he received by fraud.

Minkoosky smiled—either at the naiveté of the habitant or at the shrewdness of the American.

"All right, Prudhomme," he said; "I'll give you the ten dollars; but you had better hang on to the note as a souvenir, you know."

But that night, lying in Prudhomme's bed, Minkoosky thought long and hard on St. Smith's Day. He reasoned the thing out thus: "If a Yankee can sell wooden oats, a Pole ought to be able to make horses eat them." He turned over on the other side. "If J.P.M. of Connecticut can canonize Smith and make him a saint, surely J.P.M. of Quebec ought to find a day for him on the church calendar." He drew his knees up to his chin and smiled at the idea. "I'm right. Of course I am. If Mather, Shylock-like, craves his bond and stands for law, then I see no reason why Minkoosky should not help him turn the tables, become a Daniel come to judgment, an entirely new brand of the species Portia."

Having delivered himself thus and having declared himself right, the weariness of the days' hunt came upon him. He thought a while about church history and the church holidays; then he smilingly fell asleep and dreamt of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, in which Mather and Prudhomme agreed upon a minimum tariff on cheese.

Early next morning Prudhomme ran to the parish house for the church calendar. Minkoosky began to turn its leaves from the back, as if he were reading a Hebrew book. Hardly had he perused five pages when he slammed the calendar on the table.

"Prudhomme," he said, excitedly, "when is the next sitting of the court?"

"Las' part o' zis' month."

"Your note is worth $540, Prudhomme. I'll hand you the money myself in November."

But Prudhomme had lost faith. He spelled out every word in the calendar and found nothing which even sounded like St. Smith's Day. To ease his conscience he gave part of Minkoosky's ten dollar present to the church

and returned the calendar. Then he went to work on stone blasting and stone hauling to replenish his defrauded exchequer, that he might regain the heart of Ernest Belisle and the hand of his daughter Josephine.

Court day came. The news that Prudhomme was again to push his case against the rich American, as Mather was now called, attracted all the neighbouring farmers to the courtroom. Prudhomme had said that he was sure to win, and every one wanted to be present at the discovery of St. Smith's Day.

Joseph Pesah Minkoosky was there for Prudhomme and John Penwick Mather was there by the side of his attorney, to answer for himself. Mather brought with him five large rolls of new one dollar bills amounting to $540, which he intended to hand over to Prudhomme after his little joke had been fully played.

Mather's face showed his pleasure when he heard the court's words. "The court is extremely sorry that under the law nothing can be done for the plaintiff. It would be time wasted again to argue the case. It is without precedent of any kind. Until the church have designated one day as St. Smith's Day, the note can never come due. For the present, then, the case must be thrown out."

"Your lordship!" Minkoosky arose. "I beg to prove to your lordship, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the church does include St. Smith in its calendar."

The court and the audience were dumfounded. Did this Jewish attorney know more about Catholic Saints than the faithful and devout of the church?

The death-like silence presaged the explosion of a bomb. Minkoosky, smilingly, slowly, tantalizingly, pulled a church calendar from his inside coat pocket. He turned the pages as if he had an infinity of time, while eager faces were turned towards him, and bulging eyes hung on his lip.

"Your lordship!" Minkoosky was cool, deliberate, thoughtful, as if he were in a church council weighing the evidence on which Smith was to be canonized. "This year's church calendar states explicitly that on Saturday, November the first, is All Saints' Day. *All Saints' Day*, your lordship. This includes St. Smith. I claim—"

"The dinner's on me," cried Mather as he ran across the courtroom and shook Minkoosky's hand.

So Prudhomme got his money with interest, and that night reclaimed the heart and hand of the buxom Josephine Belisle and of her far-sighted pa.

On the evening of the following day J.P.M., Connecticut Yankee, and J.P.M., Polish Canadian, discussed "the cleverness of some people" over a hot bird and a cool bottle.

LOYALISTS OF THE REVOLUTION*

By A. C. Casselman

THE study of the Loyalist side of American Revolution has become a favourite one with the younger professors of history in the colleges of the United States. That these writers have an audience in their own country is sign that the people of the United States think they have arrived at a stage of national security and liberalism of thought which permits a measure of truth concerning the men who opposed the Revolution. At the time when Sabine ventured to write of the Loyalists it was sacrilege to say anything that was not in accord with the writings of Franklin, of John Adams, and of Samuel Adams, the fomenters of the Rebellion, and consequently his

* Loyalists of the American Revolution, by Claude Halstead Van Tyne. New York: Macmillan Co. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

work was severely condemned. At a later date Professor Tyler's utterances, though more favourable to the prescribed Loyalists, met with less opposition, and when two years ago Professor Flick, of Columbia, wrote of the Loyalists of New York his work was everywhere spoken of in the highest terms. The book of Mr. Van Tyne, recently published, has met with an enthusiastic welcome.

In the first chapter the author shows the feelings of the parties in Boston and New York by quotations from letters in the periodicals of the time, which is an indication of the large amount of research that is so evident throughout the book. Two great truths are emphasized by the author. He says, "The American Tory granted that things were not as they should be, but maintained that the wrong did not justify the bitterness of the opposition;" and again, "It must always be borne in mind, however, that content with the old order of things was the normal state, and that men had rather to be converted to the Whig or Revolutionary views than to the Tory or Loyalist position."

There was no difference between the two parties regarding the abuses under which the Colonies laboured, but the cleavage was on the method of correcting these abuses. Time has vindicated the adherents of the constitutional method, but the success of the rebels of the period has enshrined them as patriots and saviours of their country. The victors persecuted the constitutionalists and drove them beyond the confines of the States. For refuge the latter came to the sparsely settled colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Upper Canada and there implanted firmly their doctrines. Thus the insane desire of the victors to crush the Loyalists was the means of building up another country with monarchical institutions.

The whole story of the Loyalists is told in this book. If a descendant of the Loyalists were to write as strongly as Mr. Van Tyne does in the chapters on "The Inquisition," "Under the Ban or the Law," "Reconcentration Camps," "Charged with Treason" and "Expatriation," he would escape the bodily harm that his ancestor probably suffered, but he would not escape the censure of hundreds of his fellow-countrymen who would accuse him of perpetuating a quarrel that was settled a century and a quarter ago. And yet the author does not exaggerate. For every statement of the outrages suffered by the Loyalists the authority is cited, and this authority is not always a contemporary Loyalist one, but very often the record of a Whig committee reporting progress. To quote, p. 295, "Confiscation still went on actively; governors of the States were urged to exchange lists of the proscribed persons, that no Tory might find a resting-place in the United States, and in nearly every State they were disfranchised, while in many localities they were tarred and feathered, driven from town and warned never to return. In the South the Tories fled for their lives, and a few of the bolder ones who attempted to return to their homes were warned, then attacked, eight being murdered and the rest fleeing from the country." Such was the treatment of the non-active Loyalist or those who were not active rebels. The active Loyalists, those who joined the British forces, Mr. Van Tyne places at 50,000, New York alone furnishing 15,000. What their fate would have been had they been foolish enough to return to their property and homes is not hard to conjecture.

In the Appendix A is given, "A Declaration of Independence by the Loyalists," which appeared in *Rivington's Gazette* Nov. 17th, 1781. It is a parody on the Whig Declaration, and shows admirably the defects of the Congress Government. The analysis of the Test Laws passed by the (Whig) Legislatures of the Thirteen Colonies during the Revolutionary war, given in Appendix B, is exceedingly valuable for reference.

The author's style is easy, logical and scholarly.

Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

IT is not improbable that before these sentences come under the eye of the reader, the extraordinary events which occurred in the royal palace at Belgrade in the early hours of the 11th of June, will have been crowded out of the public mind by subsequent events. The duration of the sensation depends very much on the action of the neighbouring powers. If the sequences of the murder are calmly acquiesced in, one of the foulest crimes of modern times will soon have vanished into practical oblivion. It is an event which shows how thin is the partition between anarchy and law, and how short a step back it is from the conventional to the natural man. It is one of the boasts of civilization that the whole of its powers are ready to be exerted in defence of the life of the meanest citizen. And yet we need feel no surprise if the deliberate butchery of half-a-dozen of the highest personages in a realm, including its hereditary ruler, goes wholly unpunished, so far as human justice is concerned.

AVERSE TO WORK

1ST KAFFIR—"'ULLO, GOING TO WORK?"
2ND KAFFIR—"WORK! NOT IF I KNOW IT. WHAT D'YE TAKE ME FOR? A WHITE MAN?"
—*South African Review*

There is not an incident to relieve the blackness of the events, unless it be the courage of that one officer who gave his life rather than allow the assassins to get at the master whom he had sworn to serve. They had equally taken the same oath, and if there was a deeper depth of villainy it was that of the officers about the palace who were in the conspiracy and gave up the keys with which they had been entrusted. Another episode which leaves a stain on human nature was the decoying of the Queen's brothers out of their house on the pretence that they were wanted to take part in a convivial meeting. This could only be done by those whom the young men believed to be friends. With a throne founded upon the blackest treachery and the foulest murder, the new Prince of Servia is not to be envied. He has denied all previous knowledge of the intentions of the revolutionists, but he is quite prepared to accept what has been placed at his disposal by such dark and perfidious means.

The most optimistic of us must feel abashed in presence of this crime.

With what hope and wonder did we open the door of the new century! Looking back over the hundred years that we had left behind there was a general agreement that it showed to advantage as compared with any other equal period of the world's history. Of the advancement in material things and the arts of life there could be no question, and there was likewise ground for hope that man in the aggregate had grown saner, steadier and higher. The forward look into the future as the new century dawned was therefore hopeful and expectant. And here, at its very threshold, we have enacted near the birthplace of European civilization a deed that can only be matched by the evil days of the Byzantine Empire, when every wearer of the purple walked to the throne through maiming or murdering his predecessor. Red buskins were part of the insignia of the Imperator, and not without significance. But it was fondly hoped that we had left these bloody days a thousand years behind us, and that they could never more be reproduced on the earth. And now, on the threshold of a new era for which such high hopes were entertained, we have an event as bloody and barbarous as any ever enacted within sound of the bells of St. Sophia.

ABDUL HAMID—"The civilized world protests. These outrages against humanity must stop!"—*Chicago News.*

A most discouraging feature, too, is the manner in which the event is to be treated by all concerned. The attitude of Austria and Russia will be that nothing will be said if the successor of the murdered Alexander is a prince satisfactory to these powers. A war in the name of justice might be defended, but one over a dynasty or succession is the most indefensible of all wars. It may be regarded as fortunate, therefore, that both nations seem to be united on the person of Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, the head of the House which has disputed with the House of Obrenovitch, to which Alexander belonged, the throne of Servia. We have compared this terrible event to those that prevailed in the Eastern empire from the sixth to the tenth century. But there are actually circumstances in the earlier age which proclaim a loftier courage in those at least who were charged with the guardianship of the moral interests of the people. When Michael Palæologus blinded the young Lascaris and stole his throne, Arsenius, the aged Patriarch of Constantinople, immediately challenged him for his crime, and, mighty though he was, excommunicated him, maintaining the deprivation for three years despite the pleadings and intrigues of the usurper. Will the present head of the Greek Church take similar measures against the murderers of Alexander and Queen Draga? It is to be feared that the modern

"THE DOOR IS OPEN"
—*Harper's Weekly*

We must not be surprised that Mr. Balfour preserves an open mind as to preferential tariffs, and allows his colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, to express his open preference for them. He exercised that privilege himself when he was leader of the Commons in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. It will be remembered that on one occasion in a public speech he made a declaration in favour of a Catholic University for Ireland, an exceedingly controversial subject, and one on which some of his colleagues would differ with him absolutely and bitterly. The license he allowed himself he is disposed to allow to Mr. Chamberlain. He treats the question of a preferential tariff as if it were an academic one. There can be no doubt that the consideration of it was forced on the Colonial Secretary's attention by Germany's excluding Canada from the benefits of the minimum tariff because we had determined to give admission to British goods on lower terms than those of any other country. And no matter what one's fiscal creed may be it will be generally admitted that the Germans by their action thrust Great Britain into an invidious position. Just reflect on the situation. Germany finds one of her best markets in the British Isles. She gains admission to it as freely as to her own domestic marts. German markets, on the other hand, and especially the markets of German colonies, are carefully guarded against an undue invasion of British goods. When a British colony, however, imitates this policy Germany blusters and inflicts a punishment upon the offender. It was certainly a course calculated to excite the resentment of any high-spirited country no matter what its fiscal theories or how true or irrefutable they might be. There is a conduct on the part of foreign powers that should be

church is less independent as well as less powerful for good or evil than it was at the close of the first thousand years of Christianity.

The statement is made that the Servian people approve of these crimes. We can have no surety of that unless there were some means of getting a free expression of opinion from them. This there will not be, as a Skuptschina summoned in a few hours can hardly be regarded as coming direct from the people. It is whispered that the popular feeling favours a republic, but we may be sure that the Austrian and Russian influences will quickly stifle any yearnings in that direction. The two big neighbouring powers have already made up their minds as to what the ultimate fate of Servia will be. In the general division of the Sultan's dominions, which is impatiently looked forward to, Servia will undoubtedly fall to the lot of Austria. Geographical position will settle this, although the Serb is a Slav, and will be as uneasy in his mountainous fastnesses as the Croat and others of Austria's Slav subjects.

challenged, even if in doing so a nation inflicts a measure of inconvenience or loss on itself. A gentleman may have his silk hat spoiled in repelling an attempt to tweak his nose, but the sacrifice may be well worth enduring if the tweaker and others that might be tempted into the same conduct are taught that they cannot act in that way without suffering for it.

It is quite evident that Russia has determined to do what she likes on the Asiatic seaboard of the Pacific. She may appear when challenged to yield to the protests of other powers, but she only recedes at one point to advance in another. Restraining her is like the connecting of misfit stovepipes —when you think you have succeeded at one side you find it has only been accomplished by an outward bulge on the other. The latest difficulty is her aggressions in Korea. For some time Russians have been felling trees in the forests at Pengma. Several Russians also took up their residence at Yongampho. Against both of these facts the Korean Government protested. The Russian Consul at Seoul, the Korean capital, has curtly replied that the tree-cutting is done under the lumber concessions of 1896, and that those, therefore, who are carrying on the work, must be protected by the Korean Government. This reply was soon followed by the arrival of 200 Russians at Yongampho. The Japanese are greatly exercised at this later development, and anyone who observes by a glance at the map what the occupation of Korea by a strong hostile power would mean to Japan, can easily understand the occasion of their concern. It needs no prophet to predict that a conflict between Russia and Japan for dominancy in the East is unavoidable. Russia is determined to gain a firm footing on the Pacific opposite the shores of Japan, and the latter is just as determined that this must not happen. Will the little people be assisted in resisting Russia's encroachments by Britain and the United States?

In the meantime Russia has internal troubles of no small magnitude. Her finances are in bad shape. Railway construction, chiefly for military reasons, has far outrun the commercial needs of the Empire, with the result that there will probably be a deficit as between railway income and expenditure of 84,000,000 roubles in one year. Increased prosperity and the growth of the Empire may quickly change this state of affairs, but to do so peace is necessary. Whether it can be maintained in face of the ambitious designs in Asia may well be doubted.

Tolstoi has been giving his opinion of the management of his country in a letter to a correspondent who asked his opinion of the Kishineff massacre. "But what I felt most deeply," he says, "was horror at the criminals who were really responsible for all that had occurred, horror at our government with their clergy who keep their people in a state of ignorance and fanaticism, and with their bandit horde of officials. The outrages at Kishineff are but the direct result of that propaganda of falsehood and violence which our government conducts with such tireless persistence. Its attitude towards these events is only one more proof of their brutal egoism, which does not flinch from any measures, however cruel, when it is a question of suppressing a movement deemed dangerous to themselves, and of their complete indifference (similar to the indifference of the Turkish Government towards the Armenian atrocities) towards the most terrible outrages which do not affect their interests." This language fits also the attitude of Russia towards the murders at Belgrade. The spectacle of this brave old man uttering these words within the dominions of the mightiest and most absolute despot in the world is one of the signs of the times.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

THE announcement that we are to have Lord and Lady Minto with us for another year has been received with delight. The regard and affection which their Excellencies quickly won from the Canadian people seem, if possible, to increase with every month of their stay amongst us.

When the hour of departure comes at last their Excellencies will be able to carry away with them not only the best wishes and good-will of Canada, but the gratifying consciousness of having performed countless good works which shall live after them.

Had Lady Minto done nothing else, the Cottage Hospital scheme, which Her Excellency not only devised, but has already successfully put into effect, would entitle us to hold her ever in remembrance. At the tenth annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, recently held in Toronto, Lady Minto did the conference the honour of delivering before it an address, explaining the Cottage Hospital idea and giving a brief account of the work already accomplished. The subject is one of such vital importance that permission to publish in *Woman's Sphere* a part of this address was asked of Her Excellency, permission which was graciously and readily accorded. We quote the following interesting paragraphs:

"About three years ago His Excellency and I, while travelling through the Northwest and British Columbia, visited a good many hospitals in the larger towns, often finding patients in these hospitals in a very serious condition, owing to the fact that they had been taken ill, or had had some accident, far away up country where no medical relief was forthcoming—they had waited so long and suffered so much in reaching the nearest town, the case either ended fatally or else the patient recovered with a stiff arm or leg which would prevent him from earning his livelihood in the future.

"The possibility of using a Victorian nurse in these outlying districts had often been discussed, but the difficulty of covering the required distances made it impracticable, and the conclusion was arrived at that small cottage hospitals placed in convenient centres would be the only means of alleviating suffering and distress and rendering the life of the settler in these outlying districts less formidable by bringing within measurable distance the medical assistance which hitherto had been beyond his reach. With this view the Lady Minto Cottage Hospital Fund was started, and it seemed a fitting suggestion that these hospitals should be erected in memory of our beloved Queen Victoria, whose death we were then deploring, and who throughout her long reign had showed such a keen interest in the well-being of all her people. The Lady Minto Cottage Hospital Fund has so far reached about $26,000.

"From this sum eleven hospitals have been substantially aided, most of these being in the West. In Manitoba: Dauphin, Shoal Lake and Swan River;

in British Columbia: Vernon, Revelstoke and Kaslo; in the Territories: Regina and Yorkton; in Ontario: Fort William and Thessalon; in Nova Scotia: Pictou. Grants have been promised to Red Deer, N.W.T., and North Bay, Ontario, and in both places it is hoped that these hospitals will be completed now that the spring allows the building to begin again.

"The good done by this fund has been very great indeed. Localities have been carefully chosen so as to spread their benefits as widely and as wisely as possible. Local efforts have been fostered and encouraged so that hospitals have come into being much sooner than would have been possible without assistance from this fund.

"The Victorian Order has been much helped also. The nursing has been supplied through it, and thus many interesting and attractive spheres have been thrown open to nurses anxious to prove worthy of such promotion from the ranks of regular district nursing.

"Several of these hospitals have organized themselves as training schools for probationers chosen from their own localities. It is intended that at Revelstoke Indian women should be taught so as to nurse among their own people afterwards.

. . . . .

"In many cases, too, it has been found that the district nurse in a town has been the precursor of a hospital, and the Central Board of the Order has had to help during the first year or two to defray the expense of the nurses in new districts. The difficulty we have to face is how to meet the expenses which the growth of the Order entails.

. . . . .

"I am extremely anxious before I leave Canada, to raise, if possible, an Endowment Fund realizing $5,000 a year. Half of this sum will go towards the machinery of the Order connected with the hospitals and nurses. The other half will be given towards the erection of some hospital in one of the needy districts. The country is developing so rapidly the demand for these hospitals must increase. No man can be expected to bring his wife and children to settle in a district beyond the range of medical aid. If we can raise the required sum enabling one hospital to be built each year, we shall be doing a public service.

HER EXCELLENCY LADY MINTO

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY IN TORONTO BY GEO. E. GOOCH

"Toronto has already contributed the magnificent sum of $51,000 to this fund. Montreal has given $36,000, and the subscription list in Ottawa is about $7,000 and is daily increasing.

"As I have to-night the opportunity of speaking to delegates from all parts of the Dominion, I should like to suggest committees being formed in different towns to collect small subscriptions of say a dollar or fifty cents. We still need $30,000—would it not be a satisfaction for all classes to feel

that they are giving what they can afford to relieve the lot of others who are not in such fortunate circumstances as they are themselves, but who are doing a great work in helping to develop this vast Dominion? Ladies, I leave it to you to do what you can to assist this splendid scheme."

There is one burning question of the day of which every housekeeper, wilhe, nil-he, is forced to know something. It masquerades under various titles, perhaps the most general being "The Domestic Service Problem," and it is pressing itself upon the attention of men and women in every country where mistresses and maids may be found.

It was, therefore, only to be expected that such an organization as the National Council of Women of Canada should feel impelled to come forward with some suggestion as to its solution.

The suggestion, which came from the Toronto Local Council, was put before the annual meeting of the National Council in the form of a resolution which, summed up briefly, was a proposal to establish an "Order of Home Helpers," and in connection with it a training-school in which the Home Helpers should be taught, and which, when they graduate, should bestow upon them a certificate or diploma.

The idea in itself is a good one, but unfortunately the ladies who drew up the resolution fell into one very serious and regrettable error.

In these days, when untrained and incompetent young women, presuming on the present scarcity of female labour of all kinds, are arrogantly demanding the highest wages for the most unskilled and inefficient work, a training school for domestic servants is sorely needed and, if properly conducted, should receive the heartiest encouragement and support from every housekeeper and householder. But the women who drew up the resolution state that they were moved to do so by a consideration of the present widespread notion that domestic service is not an "honourable profession," and that those who engage in it have no "social standing." Indeed, inspired by this thought, the projectors of the training-school idea first chose for their order the felicitous title "The Honourable Order of Home Helpers," believing that the title of "Honourable" and an engraved certificate would either give their possessor "a social standing" or prove so attractive to her that she would willingly waive for their sake her objection to "serving" in any capacity. Happily, it was decided to drop the *Honourable*, substituting for it, I believe, *Alexandrian*.

In the discussion that followed the reading of the resolution, most of the speakers seemed to be possessed of the same idea—the dire necessity for raising the social standing of domestic servants. Indeed, in my opinion, the "servant question," as we are called upon to face it to-day, would never have reached its present proportions, might, in fact, never have arisen at all, had it not been for the deplorable amount of nonsense that has been spoken and written upon the subject in recent years by well-meaning but misguided philanthropists, and space-writers at their wits' ends for some fresh topic.

One speaker, in dwelling upon the high calling of "the general" and the nobility of "the sisterhood of service" asked dramatically if it were not as *honourable* to be a Home Helper as a trained nurse. One might as well inquire if it is not as honourable to be a drain-digger as an architect! Decidedly, no service is *dis*honourable but bad service; yet the social standing of a trained nurse is hers not because she is a trained nurse, but because it was already hers by virtue of her birth and breeding before she ever saw the inside of a hospital, and it is only in recent years, since the ranks of trained nurses have been largely recruited from the educated and refined classes, that the profession of nursing has either honour or status. When the nursing sisterhood was composed

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH

A GARDEN PARTY AT STANLEY BARRACKS, TORONTO, IN HONOUR OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES, LORD AND LADY MINTO

of Sairey Gamps and Betsy Prigs, a nurse's "social standing" was an unknown quantity. The girl who becomes a cook or a housemaid has exactly the same status in society as she had before she assumed her domestic duties. If she were a lady before, she remains one; if she were an uneducated, unrefined girl of the working class, she remains so, unless, indeed, her new environment and association, with the help of a patient and painstaking mistress, wear off a little of her native roughness and uncouthness.

As to the statement that it is owing to the odium which attaches to it, that girls turn their backs upon domestic service to flock to factories and shops, it is hard to support this argument in the face of the wailing that comes to us on every side from manufacturers and employers of all kinds of female labour, who declare that it is impossible to get the number of women and girls they require to carry on successfully their various enterprises. Milliners, dressmakers and ladies' tailors voice the same lament. The fact is, that for some reason unknown, at least to the present writer, there is at the present time a great dearth of all classes of working women.

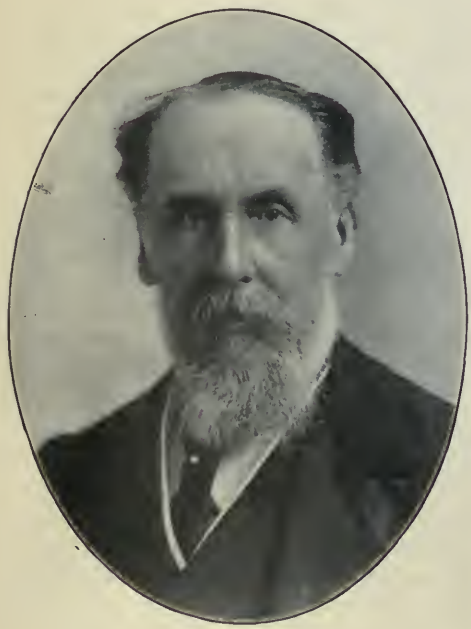
The founding of an order whose avowed purpose is to demand for its members social recognition from their superiors, will not add to the ranks of domestic servants, but will only unsettle and make more undesirable those we already have.

The training-school scheme in itself is most excellent, and if, through it, girls can be made to understand that competency and efficiency are as necessary in their calling as in other professions, and that only the skilled workwoman is entitled to high wages, the school will without doubt become widely popular with employer and employed, and will go far towards solving, with satisfaction to everyone concerned, the vexatious Domestic Service Problem.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

ANOTHER dramatic and operatic season is drawing to a close and, so far as Montreal and Toronto are concerned, the event is not to be lamented. Ninety per cent. of the plays which enter Canada at Montreal and pass out again at Port Huron or Windsor are pernicious and harmful. The play and the player emanating from the vice hotbeds of New York under the supervision of the theatrical syndicate are speaking generally a menace to moral progress. These plays reflect the mad rush for wealth and the unholy love for pleasure and licentiousness which is bred in great cities, and which is essentially the characteristic of New York. In no other city of the world, not excepting Paris, is vice so general, so brutal, so inartistic, so unafraid. As is New York, so is New York's plays and players. Nor is the influence of London upon the American stage a moral force. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her plays have a higher art, but a similar degeneracy. Sir Henry Irving and Willard must be excepted from the general condemnation.

NATIONAL THEATRES.



SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON
President of the Grand Trunk Railway System

That greatest of all United States moral journals, New York *Life*, in summing up the season, enumerates among the praiseworthy musical comedies "Everyman," "The Country Girl," "The Darling of the Gods," "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Little Princess." Mrs. Fiske's much tooted "Mary of Magdala" is pronounced meretricious and sensational. Beyond the musical comedies, there is nothing new worth mentioning even in condemnation. *Life* laments the decline of dramatic art which it ascribes to "an uneducated public and the commercial managers who naturally prefer the patronage of the masses to the approval of the critical few." Speaking of the musical comedies, the writer says:

"Comedy is a word with a fairly definite meaning, and these conglomerations of poor verse, cheap wit and vulgar allusions are not entitled to its use. With few exceptions they

are not musical in the real sense. They depend for success largely upon the display of the female human form divine and upon pleasing audiences who either cannot or will not enjoy anything which makes the slightest demand upon the intellect. It might be thought that with the lavish patronage these pieces enjoy there would be a market for libretti and scores showing brains and originality, but the reverse seems to be the case. Each new one is worse than its predecessor and panders to a less educated taste."

And Canada tolerates this degenerate art with great complacency. Even the newspapers, soothed with advertising and free tickets, fail to raise a protest against the filthy productions which masquerade as operatic and dramatic excellence. Nor has there been any attempt to found a national drama which shall be concomitant in its development with a national literature and a national art. There should be a people's theatre in Montreal, in Ottawa and in Toronto which would be served by Canadian artists presenting Canadian musical festivals, musical comedies and dramas which would be national in aim, artistic in character and educative in influence. Germany, Austria and other European countries have built national theatres for this very purpose, so that there is example and precedent for this important reform.

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING
Chancellor of Queen's University

Sir Sandford Fleming's attempt to bring journalism and the universities into closer touch has been productive of a dozen essays on the subject, one of which appears in this issue. The attempt is creditable to Sir Sandford and to the late Principal Grant who, in the last few weeks of life, arranged the details of this prize competition.

FLEMING AND GRANT.

These two men were closely associated for thirty years. In 1871 Sir Sandford was appointed engineer-in-chief of the Pacific railway surveys. In the following years he went across the continent to locate the route, and with him went George Monro Grant. Sir Sandford established the practicability of building a railway from Montreal to Vancouver, and Mr. Grant wrote the first really national book, "From Ocean to Ocean." In 1877 Mr. Grant became principal of Queen's University, a position which he held until his death; in 1880 Sir Sandford became the chancellor of that institution, a position which he still holds. Sir Sandford and Principal Grant also became advocates of a Pacific cable and of closer relations between the Colonies and the Motherland. Sir Sandford was president of the Royal Society in 1888; Principal Grant held the same office in 1891. Sir Sandford is a man of deep religious sentiment, and this was one of the chief characteristics of Principal Grant.

From these and other facts one might draw interesting conclusions. Of this, however, there can be no doubt, both are entitled to early position on Canada's honour-roll of great men. Principal Grant's light still shines though he has gone from us; Sir Sandford's towering figure still moves among us, though bowing slightly to the onslaught of the years, and his vigorous mind is still revolving schemes for the welfare of his fellowmen.

Ask any Canadian which country, Great Britain or the United

HON. RICHARD McBRIDE
The new Premier of British Columbia

States, is increasing its trade fastest, and the answer will give the credit to the United States. Canadians do not see British periodicals but purchase three million of United States periodicals annually. Hence they know little of Britain and much of the United States.

PESSIMISM AND CARNEGIE.

As a matter of fact, Great Britain's trade still stands at the top of the list, and is still equal to that of Germany and the United States combined, population considered. Mr. Warren, a prominent British writer, gives the following analysis in the May *Contemporary Review:*

For twenty-five years the United States has stood at the foot of the list, and there she stands to-day. And yet magnanimous Mr. Carnegie sheds sympathetic tears over Great Britain's approaching downfall, and says to the people of the Little Isles: "Better reconcile yourself to your destiny." This is the same Mr. Carnegie to whom the cities of Canada are erecting monuments.

The instability of Provincial Government in British Columbia is said to have been due to the fact that politics in that Province were not based on party lines. Premier Turner was dismissed by the Lieutenant-Governor in 1898, and Mr. Charles A. Semlin succeeded him with Mr. Joseph Martin as Attorney-General. The latter's conduct finally led to his expulsion, and he retaliated by defeating his colleagues in the Legislature. Mr. Semlin was then dismissed and Mr. Martin became Premier. He appealed to the people and was defeated; he resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. James Dunsmuir. This was in 1900. Last year Mr. Dunsmuir retired, and the reins of government were placed in the hands of Lieut.-Col. E. G. Prior, a former federal minister. He has recently been defeated, and his successor is Richard McBride, who was Minister of Mines under Mr. Dunsmuir. Mr. McBride has formed a Conservative Ministry, and will appeal to the people on straight party lines. The Liberals will oppose him under the guidance of a committee, the election of a leader being post-

PARTY GOVERNMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AVERAGE OF FOREIGN TRADE

PER HEAD OF POPULATION

	1875-9			1880-4			1885-9			1890-4			1895-1900		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom	15	10	4	16	8	6	14	17	10	15	10	2	16	3	11
France	8	1	6	8	14	9	7	16	1	7	19	4	8	3	9
Germany	7	9	1	6	16	11	6	14	11	7	4	11	8	1	1
United States	4	18	8	6	1	6	5	0	9	5	10	11	5	3	2

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR MORTIMER CLARK ADDRESSING THOSE PRESENT AT THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO GENERAL SIMCOE, THE FIRST LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA—TORONTO, MAY 25TH.
PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH

poned until after the elections. It remains to be seen whether the change will be productive of good. In Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, party government has long been recognized, and could not now be abolished, so firmly do the people believe in its efficacy. If the Government of British Columbia becomes more stable, the administration of the affairs of the Province will no doubt show a much-needed improvement.

Canada should not forget her debt to John Graves Simcoe. He commanded the Queen's Rangers throughout the Revolutionary War, and was a member of the Parliament which passed the Constitutional Act of 1791—which gave Canada representative institutions. As a consequence of that Act, he—whose name was already dear to the United Empire Loyalists—became the first Governor of the newly erected Province, Upper Canada. In 1792 he reached the Province and was received with joyous and hearty greetings. He inaugurated the new Government in a church in Kingston on July 8th, 1792, and shortly afterwards left for Newark, the first capital of Upper Canada. Here, on September 21st, the first Parliament of the Province met. In 1793 he transferred the seat of Government from Newark to Toronto, and at once set about opening a road from Toronto to Lake Simcoe—the famous Yonge Street. In 1794 he was made major-general. In 1796 he was transferred to St. Domingo.

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

For several years the Ontario Historical Society have been preparing to erect a monument to his memory, and success crowned their efforts last month. The statue is by Walter S. Allward and was unveiled by His Excellency the Governor-General.

John A. Cooper.

NOTES ON CANADIAN BOOKS

FOR the first time in its history, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE confines its notices to books written by Canadians or by those who have chosen Canadian themes. That such a course is possible, indicates intellectual progress on the part of the people, and an increased interest in Canada as a nation.

"A Detached Pirate,"* by Helen Milecete, is a series of letters written by a divorced woman living in Halifax to a friend in England. She has come from London to Halifax to be a female pirate, to be young and frivolous again, to escape from the Past and the memories thereof. She gains admittance to the civil-military society of that place and has a glorious time until her divorced husband turns up. Complications ensue. The characteristic of the letters is the brightness of them. They sparkle with fun and humour. Helen Milecete is a Canadian woman whose life's experiences have not been confined to Canada. Her present residence is Halifax. This is her second book, the first being "A Girl of the North."

* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Illustrated.

HELEN MILECETE
Author of "A Detached Pirate," etc.

"Bubbles We Buy"* is a Nova Scotian tale by Alice Jones, author of "The Night Hawk," for Alice Jones and Alix John are one and the same person. This story is a serious piece of work which brings Miss Jones close to being the leading woman novelist of Canada. The plot is well conceived with an originality modified by the history of Nova Scotia's fishermen and ship-captains. For Nova Scotian's sons have sailed the Spanish main, touched the fringe of the slave trade and made fortunes during the time of the Civil war. One of these died the richest man in the Province, leaving his wealth and his sins to be borne by his children. The story is magnificently told with a style which is open to little or no criticism, and with a worldly knowledge of men and destinies which distinguishes the genius whether statesman, churchman, litterateur or artist. Miss Jones has seen the tragedies and foolishnesses of life with an exceptionally wise pair of eyes and the folly of our worldly striving is expressed in the title she has chosen for this work, "Bubbles We Buy."

"A Rose of Normandy,"† by Wm. R. A. Wilson, is a tale of the French *régime* in Canada, that stirring period whose pathetic story has not yet been more than half told. It is a tale of swords, of adventure, of varied and thrilling incident, with La Salle, De Tonti and others as the chief characters—with Colbert and His Most Christian Majesty in the background. De Tonti is the hero whose love of Renée, "The Rose of Normandy," furnishes the motif of the book, but La Salle's adventures furnish the warp and woof of the plot. Even if partial to Canadian stories, the reader may safe-

* Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.
† Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

ly pass this tale by, even though it furnishes as much amusement and stimulation as the ordinary historical romance.

Another Canadian historical novel is "Jason-Nova Scotia,"* by P. W. E. Hart, who writes smoothly rather than wisely. There is little art in this novel, though there is certainly some history.

There are two among the new books of the month which should receive attention from the peacefully inclined Canadian. They are alike in their modesty and in their honest striving after artistic and literary excellence. "A Glimpse into My Garden" † is a bit of honest work by a Canadian woman who signs herself "Thornapple." A life in a country printing office has not given her many opportunities, neither has it clothed her with artificiality. Her verses ring with sweetness, naturalness and artless simplicity. "The Papers of Pastor Felix,"‡ by Arthur John Lockhart, are the work of a mature scholar, the prose-writing of a well-known Canadian poet. The papers are nine in number, the devout musings of a natural man with natural thoughts. He makes the spirit of Spring say:

"I love the wilderness; it is my home. I steal harmlessly into quiet dwellings; I wander over old battlefields, hover above the cataracts, crown me with wreaths of pine and maple, track the raftsmen down foamy rivers, and the voyagers into the Far West. I leap with glad children and dance in groves with light-hearted maidens; I haunt many places, from the prairies to the lakes and the Laurentian River, but I build my house among green leaves. I am the Canadian Muse, banished from my native country and wandering down to the Acadian lands, to the shores that answer to my beloved hills and forests....."

And this is Pastor Felix's explanation —and those who follow his footsteps in a reading of his pages will share his love of the good and the beautiful, his admiration of and content with the simple life.

*New York: The Bibelot Bros. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

† Thorold: The Thorold Post Printing Co.

‡ Toronto: William Briggs.

ALICE JONES

Author of "Bubbles We Buy," etc.

Last year Mr. Morang announced the publication of an "Annual Register," and did issue one volume, edited by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Owing to the decisions of fate and the makers of Canadian law, the second volume is issued by Mr. Hopkins under the name "The Canadian Annual Review."* It would have been much better, if legally possible, to label it "Annual Register, Vol. II." Such a title would have indicated stability and continuity. As to the contents, as was said of the first volume, the arrangement of the subjects and the general character of the work are excellent. As a work of reference it is far and away superior to anything ever attempted in this country. It is judicial, encyclopædic, and not too diffuse, and must prove very useful to the man who desires to preserve the best information of the year and yet is unable to keep a file of

*Toronto: Annual Review Publishing Co. Illustrated

MISS THOMPSON (THORNAPPLE)
Author of "A Glimpse Into My Garden"

newspapers or a scrap-book. It is even better than the scrap-book, because it is well arranged and admirably indexed. It is dignified and free from the advertisements which mar so many of the Canadian books of reference. Mr. Hopkins' dignified efforts should be appreciated.

"Anne Carmel," by Gwendolen Overton, is a story of French-Canadian village life. Anne and her brother Jean, a *curé*, live with their mother in St. Hilaire. Anne falls in love with Harnett, an Englishman, who comes to the region on a fishing trip. The author has brains enough to raise her novel above the dead level of modern uniformity.

"The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, is a Klondike story, the central figure in which is a St. Bernard dog named Buck. Buck's hard experiences are but exemplary of the desperate, vigorous, primeval life of the Klondike region since the discovery of gold and the consequent inrush of adventurers.

"Trapper Jim," by Edwin Sandys, a writer of whom Canada has reason to be proud, is a book for boys, small and great. Mr. Sandys tells them many useful and interesting things about trapping, camping, swimming, drawing, shooting, fishing, sparring and preserving the skins of wild creatures. He loves the outdoors and makes others love it more.

"Camping and Canoeing," by James Edmund Jones, (Toronto: William Briggs) is a work similar to that of Mr. Sandys' but narrower in conception and less comprehensive. It is, however, a splendid little volume for the boy who goes out to spend a summer among the lakes, islands and rivers of the newer parts of the country.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "Quebec" will be ready in the autumn.

EDWYN SANDYS
Author of "Trapper Jim," "Upland Game-Birds," etc.

AN ANECDOTE OF DAVID MILLS

WHILE the late Hon. David Mills could not be spoken of as a speaker of unusually ready wit, he was yet not to be heckled with impunity. His return blow, though not quick, was sure to strike the right spot, and strike hard.

Several years ago, when Liberals made blue-ruin speeches and blamed all ills the country is heir to, even to wire-worm and dry weather, upon the Conservative party and the iniquitous National Policy, Mr. Mills was addressing the electors of Kent County in this usual strain. He was showing that the exodus of young Canadians to the United States was assuming alarming proportions, the cause of this exodus being, of course, the villainous N.P. "How many, think you?" said Mr. Mills—"How many young Canadians have during the past year found it necessary to seek homes and employment in a foreign country. How many do you think?" From the back of the hall a very emphatic Conservative voice replied, "Not a damned one!"

"My friend," continued Mr. Mills, "has told us that not a damned one of our young Canadians crossed the International Boundary during the past year. It may be that my friend is right. It may be that they were all good Christian men who passed over. But were my friend in his present state of mind to cross the boundary I fear he would constitute an exception."

D. A. S.

RELIEVED

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began.

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate.

But she calmly resumed, "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh!" interrupted the editor, with extraordinary sauvity, "you don't know how greatly I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn, I'll stop and read the poem."—*Tit-Bits.*

SELECTIONS

A young lady one Sunday left behind her in church her prayer-book, in which was written the following:—

A bunch of flowers, a book or two,
A little billing, a little coo,
A little coming and going till
They go to church and say "I will"—
And that ends it.

On the following Sunday, on her taking up the book, she espied written underneath her lines the following effusion, possibly the work of some wretched married man:—

Young lass, you're wrong—you surely are;
You worked that rhyme just one too far,
It ends right there? Oh, no, it don't!
For coming home, she says "I won't."
And that ends it.

NOT LIKELY!

PORTER (at junction where all change for Glasgow, Perth and Paisley): "Are any of you here for Perth, Paisley, or Glasgow?"

Train moves off.

OLD LADY: "I was for Glasgow myself, but I wasna going to tell yon speirin' body."

—*Windsor Magazine*

"Papa," said the little boy, looking up from his book, "what is a curio?"

"A curio," replied the father, thoughtfully, "is something that costs ten times what it's worth."

A member of a Sunday school was one day asking some children questions on Bible knowledge. So far as as he had gone the children did very well, but when asked:

"Where does the word 'holy' first occur in the Bible?" the children could not answer for a minute or so, till a sharp urchin stood up and said:

"Please, sir, on the cover."

A Frenchman went to England to learn English, and the following sentence was given him:—

"The rough cough and hiccough plough me through."

The teacher told him the second word was pronounced "ruff." He thereupon said this:—

"The ruff cuff and hiccuff pluff me thruff."

"No, no; the third word is pronounced 'koff.'"

"Then," said the Frenchman, "it must be 'The roff coff and hiccoff ploff me throff.'"

The fifth, sixth, and eighth words were explained with the same result, which the reader may repeat for himself.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure."

"Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?"

"I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes; but the food disagrees with me, and my clothes don't fit."

HE—"Your mother will surely forgive us, won't she?"

SHE—"Mother! Why it was mother who suggested my running away with you!"

HE—"Your mother did! How could that be?"

SHE—"Well, you see, mother thinks your family isn't quite as good as ours, and so she suggested our running away, in order to have some excuse for making the best of it."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

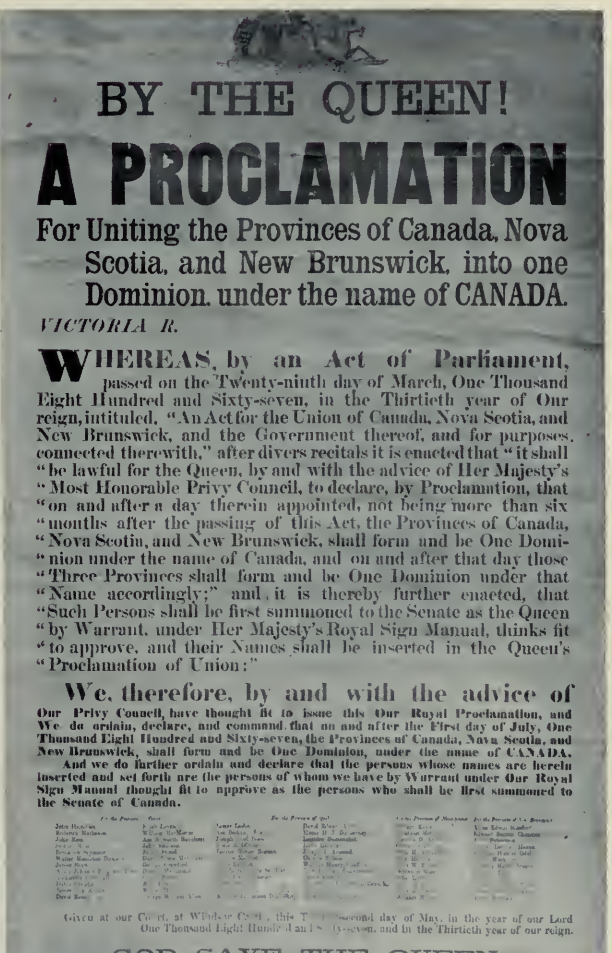
WHY JULY 1st IS DOMINION DAY

FEW people know why July 1st is Dominion Day, the general idea being that this was the day on which the B.N.A. Act of 1867, uniting the Provinces, passed the British Parliament and was given the Royal assent. This is not so, however, as the Act was signed by the Queen on March 29th. Another explanation must be sought. Clause 3 of the Act reads as follows:

"It shall be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, to declare by proclamation that on and after a day therein appointed, not being more than six months after the passing of this Act, the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick shall form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada; and on and after that Day those Three Provinces shall form and be One Dominion under that Name accordingly."

In this clause, it will be noticed, lay the power to appoint a "Dominion Day"—two words prominent in this part of the Act. But who would advise Her Majesty as to the day and date? Who would tell her the exact day on which everything would be ready for the Confederation?

Sir John Macdonald (then Hon.) was in England at the time the Queen signed the Act, as was Lord Monk, Governor of Canada. Both were taking leading parts in the Canadian drama being en-



BY THE QUEEN!

A PROCLAMATION

For Uniting the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, into one Dominion under the name of CANADA.

VICTORIA R.

WHEREAS, by an Act of Parliament, passed on the Twenty-ninth day of March, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, in the Thirtieth year of Our reign, intituled, "An Act for the Union of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the Government thereof, and for purposes connected therewith," after divers recitals it is enacted that "it shall "be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's "Most Honorable Privy Council, to declare, by Proclamation, that "on and after a day therein appointed, not being more than six "months after the passing of this Act, the Provinces of Canada, "Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, shall form and be One Domi- "nion under the name of Canada, and on and after that day those "Three Provinces shall form and be One Dominion under that "Name accordingly;" and it is thereby further enacted, that "Such Persons shall be first summoned to the Senate as the Queen "by Warrant, under Her Majesty's Royal Sign Manual, thinks fit "to approve, and their Names shall be inserted in the Queen's "Proclamation of Union:"

We, therefore, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, have thought fit to issue this Our Royal Proclamation, and We do ordain, declare, and command that on and after the First day of July, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, shall form and be One Dominion, under the name of CANADA.

And we do further ordain and declare that the persons whose names are herein inserted and set forth are the persons of whom we have by Warrant under Our Royal Sign Manual thought fit to approve as the persons who shall be first summoned to the Senate of Canada.

Given at our Court, at Windsor Castle, this Twenty-second day of May, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, and in the Thirtieth year of our reign.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THE PROCLAMATION WHICH MADE JULY 1ST, 1867, THE FIRST DOMINION DAY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA

J. D. MCKENNA

The only soloist who has sung before the House of Commons with the Speaker in the Chair, and the Mace on the Table.

acted in London. In a note to Lord Monk on April 5th,* Sir John speaks of several matters requiring attention and says:

"The day from which the union is to take effect must be inserted in the proclamation, and I would suggest Monday, the 15th of July, as a convenient day for that purpose. I do not think the Provinces can be united sooner, as the preparations for consolidating and amalgamating the different departments, administrative and legislative, must take a considerable time. These must all be completed before the day of the union, so that the whole machinery of government may be set in motion without delay."

Nevertheless, Sir John did better. He was entrusted by Lord Monk with the work of forming the first Dominion Ministry, and he returned to Canada early in May. Good progress apparently was made, and on May 22nd the Queen issued a proclamation which made July 1st, 1867, the first Dominion Day. A copy of that proclamation is reproduced herewith. It will be noted that the names of the first Senators are inserted. This was provided for by clause 25 of the Act. In a letter from Sir John Macdonald to Lord Carnarvon, dated January 30th, 1867, he says:

"With respect to the constitution of the Senate on its first formation, we propose that the names shall be settled by the Governors of the respective Provinces with their councils. . . . It is suggested that the names should be inserted in the proclamation concerning the Union. I can now say to you what I could not well say at the meeting yesterday, that any immediate nomination would be prejudicial to the existing Governments in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Legislatures of both these Provinces meet in March, and if the list were settled now, every man in the Upper House of both these Provinces who is omitted, rightly or wrongly, would vote against the Government."

This is a nice side-light on the patriotism of our politicians! Sir John apparently understood them extremely well.

A FAMOUS SOLOIST.

There is only one man in Canada who, though not a member of Parliament, has sung a solo in the House of Commons at Ottawa during a sitting. On the evening of May 28th last, an accident at the power-house cut off the electricity which lighted the chamber. The Speaker was in the chair, a minister was speaking, the House was all attention, when darkness arrested proceedings. Tallow candles were soon brought in and a solitary coal-oil lamp was found. But these were not sufficient to lighten the intellects of the members, and they proceeded to indulge in songs and choruses. Up above the Speaker's chair, in the press gallery, sat a long row of idle scribblers. Among them was one man with a sweet and well-trained voice. After a time this young man dared, what no man had ever dared in Bourinot's day, to raise that voice in song. It was a love-song, and over the House came a calm, for all men are lovers, whether members of Parliament, members of the press gallery, or weary watchers in the gallery. The song was sung, the members applauded heartily, and again the lights shed their lustre over prosaic members and onlookers, but the name of J. D. McKenna had been added to the list of Canadian heroes.

*Memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald, Vol. I., p. 390.

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI TORONTO, AUGUST, 1903 No. 4

IMPERIALISTS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

By the Editor

THERE were British Colonies and an Empire before 1750, but no Imperialism as it is understood to-day. The reason is clear. Before the advent of Cromwell and the Cromwellian Parliaments, the colonies belonged to the King. Charles I proclaimed, "We hold the colonies part of our Royal Empire." James I created the Kingdom of Nova Scotia as a colony, "holden of us from our Kingdom of Scotland." So New Albion (the district now covered by New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware) was dependent on "His Majesty's Royal Person and Imperial Crown, as King of Ireland." The colonies were the King's, and Parliament was forbidden to interfere with them. They were governed from the Royal Palace, and had the right to tax themselves, a right which they shared with no other. The colonies were thus part of the Empire which acknowledged King James and King Charles as Sovereigns.*

In 1650 the Parliament conquered this Empire. The King was beheaded and it was declared that "the plantations are and ought to be subject to and dependent on England and subject to the Parliament of England." The self-governing powers of the colonies were henceforth to be limited—a limitation which the American colonies resented, and against which they eventually revolted. Scotland, Ireland, the colonies suffered alike, they were governed by the Parliament without representation. In 1676 the first Collector of Customs arrived in America. The movement begun under Cromwell was completed in the settlement of 1688. For a hundred years the colonies suffered with more or less protest. In 1754 the American settlements sent representatives to a Congress at Albany to discuss a continental union which would be better able to withstand the encroachments of Parliament. This was the beginning of a new era.

At this congress in 1754 was a thinking Britisher, a man who believed in Great Britain, in the Colonies and in the Empire. He was but a visitor, an onlooker. He probably heard Franklin explain his plan, and was converted. Let us suppose so. In 1764 he wrote a book entitled, "The Administration of the Colonies," and in it set forth his ideas on reconstruction. Thomas Pownall was the first notable imperialist of the modern type. He advocated a "general and entire union of the British Dominions," to be governed from one centre. In other words, the colonies were to send representatives to the British Parliament. With shrewdness and insight he declared there would eventually be "either an American or a British Union." In 1776 the American Union came. The British union is still in the future.

* A splendid discussion of this will be found in "Our Colonial Kingdoms," by Harold G. Parsons; "Journal Royal Colonial Institute, No. 7, 1902-3."

Pownall desired to see the colonies left in all the free and full possession of their several rights and liberties as by grant, charter or commission given. "But in everything they shall depend upon the Government as a whole, and upon Great Britain as the centre." Commerce was extending the British dominions, and therefore the basis of its representative legislature must extend also. The scheme of giving representatives to the colonies would incorporate them within the realm and make their interests identical with those of the people living in Great Britain. The distance between the colonies and the mother country was no great objection to such representation.

Pownall's book, or at least the fourth edition, was dedicated to the Right Honourable George Grenville,* who in 1769 published a pamphlet urging the same reform. But these prophets were almost without honour among their fellows in the British Parliament, for Great Britain was not then prepared to treat Britishers-beyond-the-seas on the basis of political and commercial equality. A variety of writers followed the lead of Pownall and Grenville, even Adam Smith joining in the advocacy. The great Chatham also stood out boldly for the rights of the colonists, and looked forward to conciliation and a federal union between the colonies and Great Britain. But the British people, the British Parliament and the British King were obstinate.

It is interesting to note Edmund Burke's share in the early controversy. In his "Observations on a Late Publication entitled 'The Present State of the Nation,'" he ridicules the suggested American representation. He bases his objections on the difficulties of distance. It would take six weeks for the election writs to go to America, a certain amount of time for the proclamation and election, and six weeks more for the representatives to reach London. "In the meantime, the Parliament has sat and the business far advanced without American representatives." The American representatives could not afford to go to London without salaries; if they were paid they would be American agents and not independent members of Parliament. He concludes, "America is, and ever will be, without actual representation in the House of Commons."

With the acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States, the plea for Imperial Federation ceased to be of any consequence for many years, and Imperialism was almost synonymous with colonization. Canada was given the Constitutional Act of 1791, which established representative government, but maintained the supremacy of the British Parliament and its permanent and political officials. The War of 1812 drew forth the loyalty of the people, and the sacrifices they made for the British flag made them feel they had some part in the Empire. The first emigrants started to Australia in May, 1787, and there was no demand even for a local legislature for a long time. A legislative council was given in 1823, and five years later its powers were materially extended. The first regular emigration to South Africa dates from 1817, and progress there was not so fast as in Australia.

About 1830 two men came to the front as friends of the colonies. These men were Gibbon Wakefield and Chas. Buller. These men condemned the bureaucratic government of the Colonial Department, and thought the colonies should be self-governing communities. They also endeavoured to promote systematic colonization. Lord Durham followed with his plea for responsible government. Their agitation assisted in bringing self-government to the Canadian colonies in the 'forties and to the Australian colonies in the 'fifties. Thus, by 1855, the Parliament had no more than got back to the position taken by the Crown in the

*Several years previously when Grenville left the House of Commons after stern opposition to the declaratory act which asserted the supreme power of Parliament over the colonies 'in all cases whatsoever,' he was hooted by the crowd which waited to learn the issue without.—Green, vol. 5, p. 301.

GOVERNOR THOMAS POWNALL—THE FIRST IMPERIAL FEDERATIONIST

Governor Pownall was a graduate of Cambridge and early entered the Department of Trade and Plantations. Later he became secretary to the Governor of New York and afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. On account of his activity and his sympathy with colonial development, he was regarded by the governing classes of the colonies as objectionable. From 1768 to 1774, he sat in Parliament for a Cornish borough. After the Revolution he gave Harvard College five hundred acres of land for the foundation of a professorship in law. He died at Bath in 1805.

pre-Cromwellian days. The British Parliament's arrogance had prevented much colonial progress between 1650 and 1850, and had caused the separation of the American colonies. So much for the wisdom of that great body!

And yet during this period there were men who warned the Parliament as Pownall, Grenville, Adam Smith, Pitt and Franklin had warned it before the American Revolution. In 1831 Mr. Joseph Hume, for thirty years leader of the Radical party, introduced an amendment to the Reform Bill to admit representatives of the colonies into Parliament. He suggested nineteen representatives, as follows:

British India	4
Crown Colonies	8
British America	3
West India Colonies	3
Channel Islands	1
Total	19

Mr. Hume expressed his belief that some such measure must be resorted to keep British North America, and to attach the colonies to the mother country. He mentioned a Canadian petition of grievances received by him, which, he said, would be unknown if the colonies had representation. The amendment was defeated without a division.

In 1832 there was published at Three Rivers, in Canada, a book entitled, "Rights of the British Colonies to representation in the Imperial Parliament." The author, a Mr. Chisholme, declares that this subject had slumbered for fifty years, and that circumstances similar to those which gave it birth caused it to be revived—the perilous situation of the colonies. He says that "representation in the Imperial Parliament has become a topick of publick discussion during the last year," and "a great object of national attention and inquiry." He reviews the work of Pownall, Grenville and Adam Smith, and advances fresh arguments in favour of the scheme.

About this time also Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the famous Nova Scotian satirist, made some observations which entitle him to rank among the notable Imperialists. He felt that in its present state the Empire was like a barrel without hoops which must be bound together more securely or else tumble to pieces. "Now that steam has united the two continents of America in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a United Legislature." Later on, in "Wise Saws," he says, "It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain." As Mr. Blake Crofton points out, "Haliburton seems to have fretted under this subordinate status of the colonies, and to have yearned for a fuller imperial citizenship for colonists."

In spite of Hume, Chisholme, Haliburton and the Wakefield school, no perceptible progress was made beyond the extension of self-government to the larger colonies. On the contrary, a general conclusion that representation was impossible, and that eventual separation was imminent and unavoidable, seemed to have come into existence. This is evidenced by the following quotation from Lord Durham:

> "I cannot participate in the notion that it is the part either of prudence or honour to abandon our countrymen when our government of them has plunged them into disorder, or our territory when we discover that we have not turned it to proper account. The experiment of keeping colonies and governing them well, ought at least to have a trial ere we abandon forever the vast dominion, which might supply the wants of our surplus population and raise up millions of fresh consumers of our manufactures and producers of a supply of our wants."

And, at a later date, Lord John Russell, who at first had been opposed to granting even responsible government to Canada, took a more hopeful ground:*

> "The colonists . . . . . by their avowed desire to assimilate their institutions as far as possible to those of the mother coun-

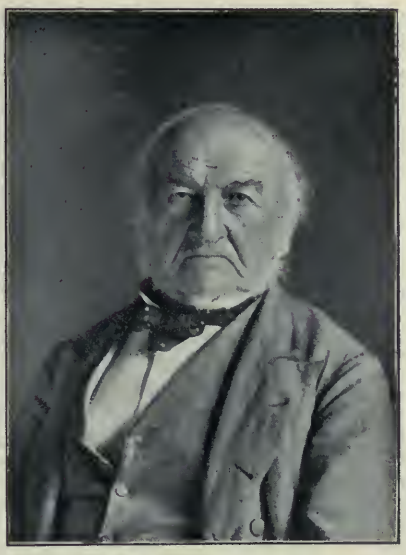
* Parliamentary papers, 1855.

try, have proved that this sympathy was not merely the expression of a common sentiment arising from common origin, but connected with a deliberate attachment to the ancient laws of the community from which their own was sprung. Whilst continuing, therefore, to pursue their present independent course of progress and prosperity, I have the fullest confidence that they will combine with it the jealous maintenance of ties thus cemented alike by feeling and principle."

Yet we find such men as Huskisson, Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, saying in 1828 that he does not doubt that the colonies will be, "one day or other themselves be free

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD), AN IMPERIALIST IN HIS LATER DAYS

nations, the communicators of freedom to other nations." And Huskisson is responsible for several colonial reforms, and, therefore, one who might be expected to be an Imperialist. His imperialism, however, was not unlike that of Goldwin Smith of a later date. Why he should think Canada would some day be independent it is hard to say. Perhaps he did not know that in 1825 a Captain Matthews was ordered to England to answer a charge of disloyalty because during a benefit performance given in York (Toronto) to a stranded company of United States



RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE—AN ANTI-IMPERIALIST

actors, he had dared to take off his hat while the band played "Yankee Doodle." Surely no loyalty would be more servile than that which reported Captain Matthews to the Imperial authorities! But Huskisson's sentiments remained the sentiments of

LORD SALISBURY—A MODERATE IMPERIALIST

many Britishers for nearly half a century, and, somewhat modified, is still the sentiments of a considerable number.

The Hon. Joseph Howe, a Nova Scotian who, like Haliburton, loved "Old England," said of Cobden and the other apostles of his school that "they preach day by day that colonies are a burthen to the mother country." Howe followed up the work of Haliburton and pleaded strongly for imperial consolidation. In 1854 he made a notable speech which is worth quoting from:*

"I think the time is rapidly approaching when there must be infused into the British Empire an element of strength which has scarcely yet been regarded. North America must ere long claim consolidation into the Empire of England, as an integral portion of the Empire, or she will hoist her own flag ....All that I seek for is entirely compatible with our present relations; by elevating North Americans to a common level with their brethren at home, I would but draw the bonds which bind us closer together....Let us then demand, with all respect, the full rights of citizenship in this great Empire....The statesmen of England, sir, may be assured that if they would hold this great Empire together, they must give the outlying portions of it some interest in the naval, military and civil services....How long is this state of pupilage to last? Look at the organization of the Colonial office; that department which is especially charged with the government of forty colonies, and yet has not one colonist in it! How long are we to have this play of Hamlet with Hamlet himself omitted?....I do not hesitate to say that room must be made on the floors of Parliament, and within the departmental offices of England, for the aspiring and energetic spirits of this continent."

Perhaps Howe's influence had much to do with stemming the tide of disdain. At any rate, he lived and spoke just before a period of renewed and modernized Imperialism.

In the introduction to a book on "Imperial Federation," published in 1876, Frederick Young reviews this period and carries the history farther. He says:

"A few years ago, the symptoms of a growing prevalence among a certain class of leading politicians in this country of opinions in favour of disintegration, at length roused to energetic action a number of influential men, animated by a loftier and more generous spirit, who were closely connected with and deeply interested in the welfare of the colonies. Assembling together they sounded the tocsin of alarm at the spread of these pernicious ideas and narrow views. It was thus that the memorable meetings which were held in the heart of the city of London, at the Cannon St. Hotel, in the year 1869, became the signal for the 'turning of the tide'....From that time the attitude of the Government of this country began to change. Public attention was still further kept alive by the 'Conferences on Colonial Questions' which were held at Westminster Palace Hotel in the month of July, 1871...."

This book contains the opinions of the editor and a number of other publicists. Mr. Young favoured the formation of an Imperial Assembly for Imperial Questions, with the Foreign and Colonial Ministers and the Chancellor of the Exchequer chosen from it. The present British Parliament would deal with purely domestic affairs. The Duke of Manchester, answering Mr. Young, urged the formation of a Council to advise the Colonial Secretary, such council to have the means of regulating the expenditure of any contributions for naval and military purposes which the colonies might vote.

That Mr. Gladstone took a rather narrow view of Imperialism is shown in many of his speeches. In a Midlothian address* delivered in Edinburgh on Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1879, he said:

"There is no precedent in human history for a formation like the British Empire. A small Island at one extremity of the globe peoples the whole earth with its colonies. Not satisfied with that it goes amongst the ancient races of Asia and subjects two hundred and forty millions of men to its rule. Along with all this it disseminates over the world a commerce such as no imagination ever conceived in former times, and such as no poet ever painted. And all this it has to do with the strength that lies within the narrow limits of these shores. Rely upon it, the strength of Great Britain is within the United Kingdom. ....We have undertaken to settle the affairs of about a fourth of the entire human race scattered over all the world. Is that not enough for the ambition of Lord Beaconsfield?"

It was loading the Empire, said Mr. Gladstone, not strengthening it.

* Speeches and Public Letters, vol. 2, p. 174 et seq.

* Gladstone; Political and other speeches in Scotland, p. 46.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY—LEADER OF THE LIBERAL IMPERIALISTS

Lord Beaconsfield's attitude, in later years, was undoubtedly Imperial, as Mr. Gladstone's was undoubtedly anti-Imperial. The following quotation from a speech made by Beaconsfield in 1872, shows that he considered Imperialism to be one of the planks in the platform of the Conservative party, as it is now a part of the settled policy of both parties:

"But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, the country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative Council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. All this, however, was omitted because those who advised that policy—and I believe their convictions were sincere—looked upon the colonies of England, looked even upon our connection with India, as a burden upon the

country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals..... They (the colonies) have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and, in my opinion, no Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our Colonial Empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

In 1884 the Imperial Federation League was formed in England under the guidance of the Hon. W. E. Foster, M.P. Its first plank was "that in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire some form of Federation is essential." On May 9th, 1885, a Canadian branch of the League was formed, and on motion of the late D'Alton McCarthy, of Toronto, and Mr. Townshend, M.P., of Amherst, N.S., the planks adoped by the English League were heartily accepted. It was not long after this that Lord Rosebery delivered an important speech at Edinburgh advocating Imperial Federation, and moved "That in order to secure the unity and defence of the Empire some system of Imperial cooperation and federation is imperatively required."

The work of Lieutenant-Colonel Denison and Dr. G. R. Parkin is too well known to Canadians to require more than mention. In the London *Times* for October 20th, 1890, Mr. Farrar Ecroyd, a Herefordshire manufacturer, advocated a preferential treatment of 15 per cent. *ad valorem* for colonial products and manufactures in return for a like preference in the colonies in favour of British manufactures. Sir Richard Cartwright, speaking about the same time at Chatham, Ont., declared that full, free and unrestricted reciprocity with the United States was the only course for Canada. In 1897 this same statesman was a member of the Government which established the Canadian preference on British goods. It was not long after Sir Richard Cartwright's Chatham speech that Sir John Macdonald spoke for the last time to a great political gathering in Toronto, and affirmed his unwavering opposition to discrimination against the mother country.

To pass from individuals to bodies, the work of the London Conference in 1887 must not be overlooked. The immediate results of this were not great, but it had some influence, since Imperial and Colonial publicists were brought into closer touch. It undoubtedly paved the way for Imperial penny postage, the Pacific British Steamship Lines and the Pacific Cable. J. H. Hofmeyer, of Cape Town, advocated a two per cent. tax on all foreign goods coming into the Empire over and above all taxes on British or Colonial goods. In June, 1892, the London Chambers of Commerce held a congress which was very similar to the Intercolonial Conference of 1887. Commercial Union of the Empire was the chief topic of discussion. This was followed by the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa in 1894, at which the Earl of Jersey represented the British Government. It decided in favour of preferential tariff treatment within the Empire. In June, 1896, the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire held another congress, and in 1897, 1900 and 1902, further Imperial and Colonial conferences took place. The results of all these conferences cannot be definitely stated, except that Canada has accorded preferential treatment to British goods for some years, Imperial Penny Postage and a Pacific Cable have come into existence, and the way has been cleared for further progress.

The work of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain demands special mention. Speaking in Toronto* in 1887, he said: "It may well be that the Confederation of Canada may be the lamp to guide our pathway to the Confederation of the British Empire. That idea may only exist at present in the imagination of the enthusiast, but it is a grand idea." Speaking at a dinner in London eight years later, Mr. Chamberlain remarked:†

*Foreign and Colonial Speeches, p. 13.
† " " " " p. 78.

RT. HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR, PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN—AN IMPERIALIST

"I am told on every hand that Imperial Federation is a vain and empty dream. I will not contest that judgment, but I will say this; that that man must be blind indeed who does not see that it is a dream which has vividly impressed itself on the mind of the English-speaking race, and who does not admit that dreams of that kind which have so powerful an influence upon the imagination of men have somehow or another an unaccountable way of being realized in their own time.... How far it will carry us no man can tell; but, believe me, upon the temper and tone in which we approach the solution of the problems which are now coming upon us, depend the security and the maintenance of that world-wide dominion, that edifice of Imperial rule which has been so ably built for us by those who have gone before."

At the Colonial Conference in 1897 he maintained that the idea of federation was in the air, and suggested that it might be feasible to create a great Council of the Empire to which the colonies would send representative plenipotentiaries. His more recent utterances, and the movement on the part of Premier Balfour and himself to have a thorough investigation of the commercial relations of the Empire, need little attention in an article which aims to give no more than a bare historical outline of the Imperial movement. These two statesmen are in

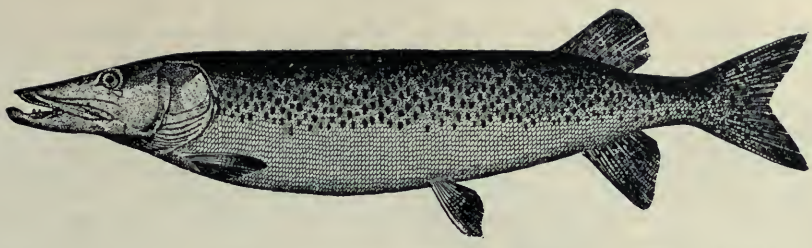
unison and in earnest, and their decision to ask the people of the Empire for a definite answer to the question must mark a new epoch in Imperialism. This attitude, as Mr. Balfour explained in the House of Commons on May 28th, was a necessary result of the last Colonial Conference which decided in favour of bringing the States of the Empire more closely together by a preferential tariff arrangement. Mr. Chamberlain is careful to state that it is untrue "that a new policy has been proposed to the country involving at a stroke an entire, absolute reversal of the whole fiscal policy of this country." He explains the present agitation as of two-fold origin; the opportunity of making preferential arrangements with the Colonies, and the impotence of Great Britain if the Colonies are commercially attacked by foreign countries or if the British industries are so attacked. This is the subject which he and Mr. Balfour desire to have treated, in the words of the latter, "in a sober, serious and scientific spirit." It is a subject which has arisen because "the conditions under which our present fiscal system was introduced are admitted on all hands not to be the conditions which now prevail."

Looking back over the history of the last fifty years, it must be admitted that Imperialism has made some progress. The coldness of British statesmen, as evidenced by the remarks and early attitude of Huskisson, Gladstone and Disraeli, has been displaced by a warmth of feeling which affected even the two latter statesmen ere they passed into the great beyond. The Imperial Federation League indicated the rising tide and the substitution of the title "British Empire League" in 1894, foreshadowed a broadening of the channel in which that tide was flowing. Imperialism started out with Pownall as a federation movement, and it continued as such until within very recent times. Just now it is commercial in character rather than political. A commercial zollverein seems more desirable than an Imperial Parliament, because it has become quite apparent that Parliamentary federation was impracticable, and really not necessary* to Imperial consolidation and unity. "The tie is the common crown and the common sentiment."

To-morrow there may be a new aspect to Imperialism. If the British workman prevents Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain making any change in the fiscal policy of Great Britain there will probably be a long pause and a fresh consideration of the situation. The spectre of disintegration may again be raised either by circumstances, by haughty Britishers whose imaginations are not stirred by the idea of creating a British Empire capable of holding its own in fiscal warfare, or by independent colonials whose broad territories and free air have given them self-reliance and unbounded ambition. Perhaps, the new Imperialist now waiting quietly just beyond the horizon may have in hand an agitation for an Anglo-Saxon Empire which shall have for its consolidating force that great, persistent Slav country which is now slowly gathering into its capacious maw large pieces of Asiatic territory. Perhaps the presence of the French in Canada and the Dutch and Germans in South Africa may lead to an enlargement of Imperialism which will include France and Germany, with one Imperial Council which will govern half of Europe, half of Asia and the whole of Africa, Australasia and America.

To-morrow's Imperialism will certainly not be the Imperialism of Pownall, and it may not be the Imperialism of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

*Compare Sir Charles Tupper's address at Lindsay May 4, 1900, where he explains his reasons for holding this view.



LUCIUS MASQUINONGY OR MUSKELLUNGE — A LEADING MEMBER OF THE PIKE FAMILY, DISTINGUISHED BY BLACK SPOTS ON LIGHT GROUND, AND ABSENCE OF SCALES ON LOWER HALF OF CHEEKS AND OPERCLES

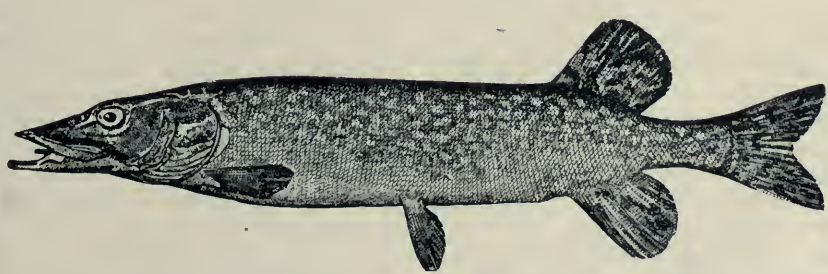
PIKE, PICKEREL AND MUSKELLUNGE

By Piscator

THE writer has been invited to make a few notes on the subject of certain Canadian fish nomenclature for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It makes one feel like a martyr approaching the stake. So many folk go afishing, some for love and some for profit, but how many ever really observe the object of their pursuit, its appearance, habitat, habits and food? And they who observe the least are usually the most dogmatic in their assertions.

An intelligent sportsman should at least know the name of the game, finny or feathered, which he seeks. I do not suppose the ancient Egyptian made any study of the fishes he caught, so long as they were marketable, or the Apostles either at a later date. And that reminds me. The late Bishop Wilberforce, shooting over Lord Shaftesbury's covers, was asked by the latter to remonstrate with a keeper who showed signs of leaving the fold for the Dissenters. So it happened when lunch was set out at the coverside, he opened fire on the recalcitrant keeper. The latter gently hinted that the Apostles never went shooting. "Quite right," said the Bishop, "and I am glad you read the Gospels carefully; but as a matter of fact the shooting was very poor in Palestine, so they took to fishing instead."

Ichthyology to-day is a practical and serviceable science; its benefits during the past fifty years are equalled only by the promise of the future. An ichthyologist looks on fish from a very different standpoint to that of an ordinary fisherman. Its structure and habitat are carefully noted, the head being the focal point of study. Without going



LUCIUS LUCIUS OR PIKE — IT BELONGS TO THE SAME FAMILY AS THE MUSKELLUNGE, FROM WHICH IT IS DISTINGUISHED BY THE PRESENCE OF SCALES ON CHEEKS AND ITS OBLONG SPOTS ON A DARK GROUND

into technical terms, one must bear in mind the measurements, mouth, jaws, throat, location of teeth, cheeks, gills and gill covers. Whether the latter are scaled or not, and to what extent, are determining factors in the equation. Sometimes the difference in species is very slight, yet there is a difference, only noted by an ichthyologist. In the case of the Canadian fish under our notice, none of these delicate discriminations are involved. The writer earnestly desires to disclaim any authority *per se*, beyond a genuine love of the subject and careful observation of many years. He refers confidently however to authorities quoted, all standard authorities, men who have given their lives to study of fish in all sorts and conditions, in all waters.

The characteristics and the nomenclature of the three species of ESOCIDÆ or Pike family under consideration are:

1. E. masquinongy or muskellunge.
2. E. lucius, pike of Europe and North America.
3. E. reticulatus or chain pickerel of United States.

In regard to E. masquinongy or "musky," its habitat is the St. Lawrence River, Great Lakes and north thereof. It is a species entirely distinct from E. lucius, as will be shown. The latter is found at Massawippi Lake, the headwaters of the St. Francis River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. By permit we netted around Ayers Flat and took specimens up to 20 pounds, but a glance sufficed to show E. lucius. Fishing myself in preserved water in England, with a ½-pound live bait, I had a strike, and after allowing 20 minutes to gorge, struck an invisible foe that after a long fight bit the line. A partly decomposed fish was found later by the keeper and my hook identified, the fish weighed 28 pounds. It was E. lucius. In Scandinavian waters they run far heavier, while the legend of a 90-pound Irish pike is well known. E. lucius maintains his cannibal haunts from Norway to Italy, extending even into Asia. Lake Thrasymene, in Italy, has yielded specimens of 40 pounds.

The simple reason of so much confusion *re* pike, pickerel and muskellunge lies in the fact that the ordinary angler capturing one of the Esocidæ over 5 or 6 pounds promptly labels it "Muskellunge" and goes home in glory. Weight is not an accurate test of the genus or species of a fish.

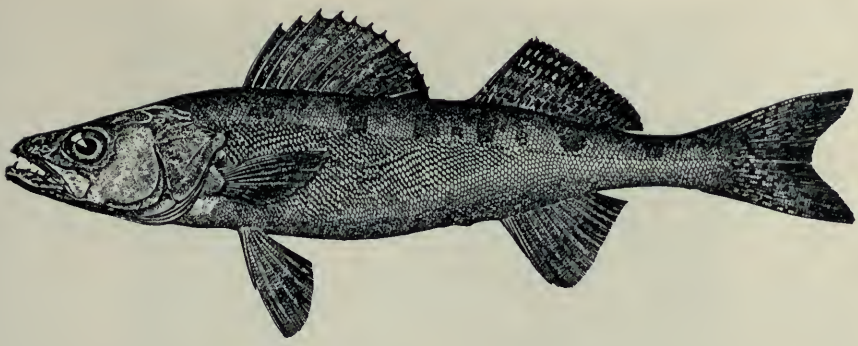
Now consider the E. reticulatus or chain pickerel.

> "Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel and beer
> Came into England all the same year."

This old doggerel shows pickerel as diminutive of pike. In Virginia, the southern limit of E. lucius, they are misnamed jack. In England, specimens of E. lucius up to 3 or 4 pounds are called "jack," just the same as grilse is applied to salmon up to 6 or 8 pounds. Here was probably an English colony applying English nomenclature. E. reticulatus rarely exceeds 5 or 6 pounds and is marked by a wavy series of dark grey bands on a lighter ground. It is found in shallower water than its cousins of the deeper deeps, and for table purposes is, I think, superior. This species is not known in Europe.

A brief glance at the illustrations will show the general difference of form between E. masquinongy and E. lucius. Both are tyrants and a curse to all waters they inhabit, especially the former. In short, they are simply fresh water sharks. E. reticulatus is not given, but is closely allied to E. lucius. These illustrations kindly furnished by Prof. Rathbun, of the Smithsonian, Washington, D.C., should carry conviction to the most prejudiced dissenter. The difference in colouring in E. masquinonge and E. lucius, and the difference in structure of head as well as body may be noted. E. masquinonge: lower half of cheeks and opercles bare; colour, black spots on lighter ground. E. lucius: cheeks entirely covered with scales, lower half of opercles bare; colour: light oblong spots on dark ground. (Bean)

All the Esocidæ are cannibals, gorging fish as the tiger kills, simply for



STIZOSTEDION VITREUM OR "WALL-EYED PIKE." IT IS MISNAMED, AND BELONGS TO THE PERCH FAMILY. DIFFERS FROM PIKE IN FINS, FORM AND COLOUR

the lust of blood. They may be taken at any hour of the day with live bait or frog, or mice. The writer caught one (E. lucius) of nine pounds fishing for sunfish with an angle-worm.

Now we come to Stizostedion vitreum, commonly called wall-eyed pike. Frank Forrester, not an ichthyologist, is responsible for the misnomer. This fish belongs to the Percidæ or perch family. Note the difference in form and structure generally. Only a very slight resemblance of snout recalls Esocidæ. The mouth is full of teeth, and has not the terrible molars of the latter. It is a Socialist compared with an Anarchist. It rarely feeds in daytime. After dusk, with a large silver chub, its capture is certain. Frogs, even green frogs, not too large, are welcome also.

How any observant mind can possibly confuse this fish with Esocidæ or pike family, is a mystery. Why not call it wall-eyed perch? It belongs to the latter family. But if you must label it pike, call it pike-perch.

In conclusion, this misnomer of game, feathered and finny, is very comical. Bass and weakfish are called trout; ruffed grouse are called pheasants; wall-eyed perch, jack salmon; and the list might be extended indefinitely. The writer hopes that the authorities consulted, and to whom our best thanks are due, Rathbun, Yarrow, *Forest and Stream*, and late Professor Milner, are sufficient to prove the simple fact that wall-eyed perch, as exemplified in S. vitreum, is totally distinct from Esocidæ or pike of any species.

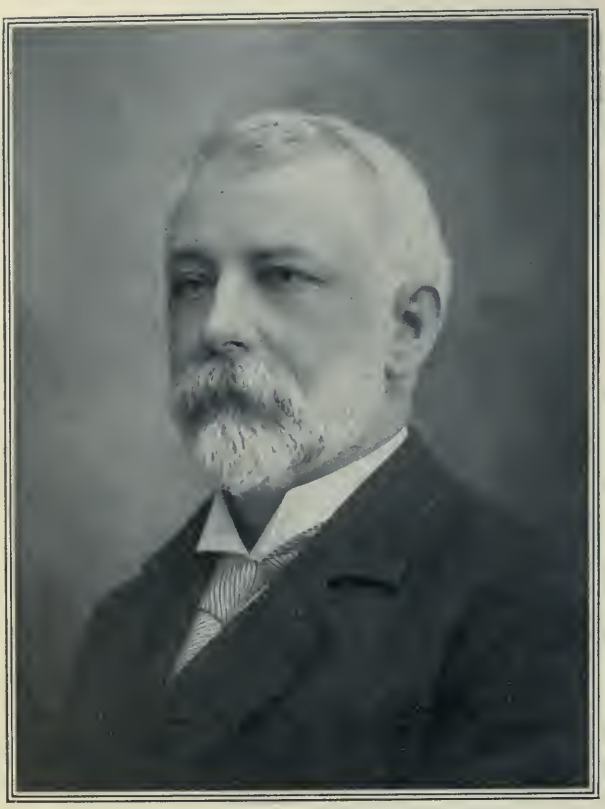
A CHILD AT PLAY

BY INGLIS MORSE

SING to me, sing, O little one,
A song of Life's glad sunshine!
Now prattle to the call I hear
Of robin in the woodbine!

'Tis here your eyes gaze on a world
Unknown before—a seeming.
For thee earth's sorrow is not yet,
To-day is but for dreaming.

Thy past is not a vision yet,
Nor all man's way for sinning.
The vastness of your realm lies hence;
Thy day is but beginning.



HON. MR. FIELDING, MINISTER OF FINANCE

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLV.—WILLIAM STEVENS FIELDING

HON. STEVENS FIELDING is fifty-five years of age. His white hair is the only badge that Time has insisted on to indicate that he has lived every minute of a highly useful life, has thought hard, and has borne great responsibilities. He is young at heart. He has never had an idle moment in which to harbour *tædium vitæ*. From his sixteenth year he has been in the throb of large affairs. He has the zest and alertness of a man of forty. In short, the Minister of Finance is in his prime.

Doubtless the secret of this perennial youthfulness is the fact that Mr. Fielding has all his life been occupied with matters which do not allow of a dull moment. He was first a newspaper man; after that a politician. He could not have chosen two businesses in which he would have had to work harder. On the other hand he could not have chosen two businesses which are less routinary. They are in a way allied. Both of them permit very little freedom from work, but a large amount of freedom while at work. Both are concerned with a tremendous, shifting scene. Both subsist in an element of novelty and surprise. Man and his doings are uncertain. The question of the newspaper as of politics is contin-

ually, What Next? Both keep a finger on the pulse of the world, the newspaper because it must relate the symptoms intelligently to its readers, the statesman because he must diagnose symptoms and apply remedies or prophylactics. When a man happens to be a leader writer on an influential party organ, as Mr. Fielding was, it is part of his duty to suggest treatments for national ills. He does it as a logician might who has certain leanings, and the thing ends there. The politician reasons it out too, but with him the remedy is a more ticklish performance. His risk is bigger because his career is at stake. He must consult expediency and walk, oh, so carefully, on the eggs of public sentiment. He must learn his country, not as something detached and self-centred, but as an integer in a universal scheme of things, likely to be affected by a wave of opinion which starts in a remote corner of the globe. Both the newspaper man and the politician who aspire to great roles must cultivate this bird's-eye view. Both must enlarge their minds to take in the whole field of human interest. Both must be able to seize the moment and make the most of it. Perhaps the newspaper man who intends to remain a newspaper man looks on his business more in the light of an intellectual pastime, but the leader-writer who speaks conscientiously finds party conviction, and often, too, party dictation entering so much into his work that he is a politician before he knows it. Statesmen, nowadays, get many of their ideas from the newspapers. These ideas would not be worth taking if they were not written by men who are statesmen *in posse*, politicians who will not come into the open, preferring to remain in a profession that charms them, where they are neither mute nor inglorious. If a leader-writer is, like Mr. Fielding, brave and active, if he prefers the clash of battle, if he is not averse from the sweaty contacts of the hustings, if he wants to be making history instead of investigating it, if he cares to be doing things instead of writing about them, then, like Mr. Fielding, he becomes a politician. Enough has been said to show that the two things are very near together, and that transition is easy.

We have seen that Mr. Fielding remains young because he has always been engaged in something that took him out of himself. He has worked hard, but hard work is the elixir of life when the heart is in it. He left school at sixteen years of age to enter the business office of the *Halifax Chronicle*. There is a story that he helped his education out by selling papers after school. It is probably true. Self-reliance is one of the Finance Minister's supreme characteristics. In the business office of the *Chronicle* he acquired that practical experience of figures which would have made a sound business man of him had he chosen commerce as a pursuit. It was good training for the future warden of the public treasure. In those days the *Chronicle* was perhaps a risky venture. It was a daily in a weekly town. For a while, until the venture got on its feet, there must have been some close financing in that business office in which William Stevens Fielding had a stool. At any rate, he has never forgotten the lessons he learned there, to keep books legibly, to administer wisely, to explain clearly, to contrive boldly, to ballast every scheme with common sense and shrewd management. Mr. Fielding's imagination is not one that shoulders the stars, but if he ever had been given to purple thinking that training in the business office would have corrected it.

The clerk's stool soon became too small for him. He had come under the spell of Joseph Howe. The lad of sixteen became for the time an anti-federalist because, perhaps, there was no man on the other side who could vie with Howe in eloquence. Young minds are often dazzled by the splendours of oratory into convictions that their riper judgment rejects. At any rate young Fielding ached to be moulding public opinion. He left his business office for the writing end of the paper. He did not become a leader-

writer all at once. He had the hardest kind of a hard time. He did six men's work because in those days on a Halifax paper one man had to do six men's work to hold down his job. The construction of a staff was then very simple. There was the managing editor, who directed the policy of the paper, wrote a column of triple-leaded thought every day, mixed with the big fellows at the club, spoke at the public meetings and drew all the salary. There was also The Other, who was police reporter, marine reporter, city hall reporter, court reporter, special writer, city editor, telegraph editor, news editor and proofreader. For this he had the satisfaction of seeing his copy in print, large slices of praise from the managing editor, and four dollars a week. In looking back on those happy, strenuous days, Mr. Fielding must take comfort from the thought that he was a good proofreader and caught all the mistakes. Ask any lazy reporter on a modern newspaper what he thinks of proofreaders, and he will say they ought all to be killed. Mr. Fielding wasn't that kind of proofreader.

Mr. Fielding, it will be observed, learned his Nova Scotia by actual daily contact with its men and institutions. When he came to write editorials this intimate experience was of great service to him. It gave his work a personal and authoritative touch. He knew what he was writing about, and he could always select the illuminating adjective. We hear a great deal nowadays about what the university can do for "journalism." It can do something in the way of courses in political economy, constitutional history, English literature, and so on—no scrap of knowledge ever comes amiss to the newspaper man—but it cannot give that personal acquaintance with the men who are behind great questions which constitute the salt of journalism. Mr. Fielding got it in the only way possible. He rubbed against them. He got his political economy that way, too, and his constitutional history and his English literature, and the other things that go to making a great editor. He met the men and the institutions in his daily rounds; that aroused his interest; his interest broadened; it took in Halifax, then Nova Scotia in the large, then Nova Scotia in the detail of the blue books; then the Dominion of Canada; then the world and the grand principles of political science. The young journalist had proceeded from the particular to the general, absorbing all the minutiæ that comes between, and making it his very own. The advantage of this method is that one learns not to despise the small things, and not to desert the multitudinous, dry, little facts for glowing generalities. Mr. Fielding achieved the grand view only after hard climbing. On his way up the mountains he had time to examine the strata. They, too, claimed his attention. As a consequence he has never been a rainbow-chaser.

Mr. Fielding wrote his first editorial when he was nineteen years old. He was nineteen years old in 1867, the year of Confederation. That is to say, Mr. Fielding began to take a direct, daily and continuous interest in national affairs, not only at a time when his mind was fresh and his impressions vivid, but at the very time when all our national affairs started. From 1864 to 1867 he had the great Confederation movement under his eye. This boy of sixteen saw the beginning of the movement; he watched its shift and change, go forward, go backward, fall, rise, wane, glow, finally culminate. And the boy of nineteen was asked to write about it. Since that time every political question in Canada has had its birth, and Mr. Fielding has been present in spirit at the accouchement of all and the death of many. In a word, he has lived all the history Canada has as a nation, knowing it, not as we do, imperfectly from books, but congenitally and intimately from experience. In those affairs in which he did not take part, he had the accurate, intellectual interest of the leader-writer; and in those in which he did take part he had the

responsible interest of a statesman. In this way Mr. Fielding's life covers the Dominion of Canada from the outset to the present day.

Mr. Fielding remained twenty years on the *Chronicle*. For two years he tried to be a newspaper man, and a working politician at the same time. He found his task too much for him. It was in 1884 that he abandoned the editor's chair for the chief seat in the Nova Scotian Cabinet. Since then he has been true to politics.

Of course, all Mr. Fielding's newspaper training had tended toward a political career, but his emergence from the editorial cocoon was sudden and spectacular. In 1882, being 34 years old, he was a candidate in the Liberal interest at the Provincial general elections. He was elected, and the Pipes-Thompson Conservative Government, which was considered by many an impregnable administration, was turned out of office. The Thompson part of the administration was Hon. John Thompson, afterwards Premier of Canada, at that time regarded as the strongest man in Nova Scotia. To make the Pipes-Thompson defeat more notable, it fell on the same day as the general elections for the Dominion, and was inflicted at the same polling booths. In other words, the people of Nova Scotia turned away after electing a largely Conservative ticket to Ottawa, stepped into another compartment, used another pencil and another ballot, and elected a Liberal Government in Nova Scotia. The explanation of this mystery was on every tongue. It was stated everywhere that Fielding's pen did it. From this it must not be imagined that Fielding was another Dean Swift come to judgment, a literary man in politics with the acerbity of a Juvenal and the style of a Goldsmith. The young politician was simply a ready-writer who knew the facts that most concerned the people, and used them ingeniously. Doubtless his editorials were like his speeches in Parliament, adroit, brisk, not merciless or crushing, but dealing many a shrewd blow and getting away before anger had time to mount. The Minister of Finance is not a great orator, but he is a clever debater.

Mr. Fielding became Premier and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia in 1884. He was 36 years of age, quite youthful as Premiers go in Canada. His life, which had up to that time been all hard work and comparative obscurity, now became conspicuous. He carried his industry with him. Success did not turn his head. All the friends he has made he has kept. Those who came in contact with him were quick to discover that he was honest, straightforward and sincere. His promise was as good as gold. If a man came to him with a plan it was Fielding's habit to raise objections. The man got warm, probably, and talked strongly. He would go away disappointed, but when he found out afterwards that the Premier was doing all he could to help him, he realized that the little show of opposition was just Fielding's way of drawing him out and ransacking the merits of the case. In Nova Scotia Fielding's Premiership is associated with three great matters, the fight for separate schools, the consolidation and development of the coal business, and the establishment of the iron industry. While he was working for his own Province he did not lose track of Dominion affairs. He took such a distinguished part in the Liberal convention at Ottawa in 1893, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier put him down in his book as a future colleague.

His performances since he was translated to his larger field at Ottawa are well known. The country has prospered under the Fielding tariff of 1897; the British preference has helped the cause of Empire. Mr. Fielding is a safe and cautious Minister of Finance. If he is not a brilliant, eye-filling statesman, he has still many of the useful, plodding gifts of a Walpole. He is mentioned as one of the three candidates for the Premiership when Sir Wilfrid Laurier retires.

H. Franklin Gadsby

Why Business Colleges Succeed

By P. D. McIntosh

Principal Central Business College, Toronto

GENERALLY speaking, the schooling that a student receives is of two kinds: that which is intended to give him mental power, irrespective of the use he is to make of the knowlege acquired; and that which, presupposing the attainment of this mental power, is intended to qualify him for a particular calling.

Thus, the doctor just entering upon his career as a practising physician, and looking back over his school days, will divide them into two periods. Along with a host of other students, since distributed into a variety of callings, he attended the local public and high schools where, without respect to his ultimate aim, he was carried over a course of studies intended to develop his faculties, discipline his mind, and give him education in the general sense. Incidentally he acquired knowledge, some of which will undoubtedly be of value to him, and the rest of which he may never have occasion to use again.

Then came the day when this mental power was attained, when the good mind that betokens the good learner was his. The acquirement of knowledge from being a mere incidental to his course became its great aim. He entered the medical school to study just those branches that would be necessary to his becoming a doctor. His whole concern was with what he learned, not with how he learned it.

It is even so with the lawyer, the druggist, the engineer, and the minister. This is why the medical school, the law school, the school of pharmacy, the school of practical science, and the school of theology succeed. The state recognizes that it owes to every child a certain measure of mental attainment, but it does not owe to every young man that measure of schooling that will fit him to enter upon a particular calling as a means of earning a living. This explains why the business college is here and succeeds. Just as some are attracted by medicine, law, pharmacy, science, or theology, so are some attracted by business. If the medical student needs a medical college, the business student needs a business college. It is the old story of the demand creating the supply.

And it is not a very difficult matter to account for the demand. It is true that a business college will not teach a young man all there is to know about business, any more than a medical college will teach him all there is to know about medicine, or a law school all there is to know about law; but in either case a measure of attainment sufficient to guarantee a successful entry upon the career is demanded. There may have been a time when a merchant preferred to take a young man without any special training and break him in himself, but that time has passed. To-day, when help is wanted, the business college is the great source of supply. Business men demand a measure of proficiency and are willing to pay for it. The man who loudly boasts his preference for help that he takes green and breaks in himself, is the man who wants to get help at a

price that can hardly be dignified by the name of wages or salary.

The field of labour, too, is practically unbounded, and the demand for workers increasing. We hear of the professions being overcrowded. A recent newspaper article pointed out that the city of Toronto has more doctors than any city in the world except Madrid. It is practically a notice that no more doctors need apply. We can scarcely conceive of such a notice to business enterprises. We want all we can get of them, and the more we get the greater will be the demand for the business college graduate.

Then again, the business college is attractive on account of the opportunity it affords of turning to account the mental discipline acquired in our primary and secondary schools. We have in Ontario a grand system of education. For a young country it is something of which we are justly proud. For the student who would attain to a high standard of mental power, the facilities are unsurpassed. The course from the public school to the high school, from the high school to the university, and through the university to the degree of Master of Arts, if faithfully pursued, should give the student a mind thoroughly equipped for mastering the details of any particular calling. The minister with his degree in theology would be all the better equipped for his high calling did he also possess a university degree. The preference that is being shown by the general manager of one of our leading banks for university graduates is but an indication that the training comes not amiss in business pursuits. But all are not permitted to thus far follow education for education's sake, before entering upon their lifework. Our schools of medicine, theology, and law recognize this by requiring of prospective students a degree of mental attainment much below that indicated by the possession of a university degree.

The business school, while not demanding any special standard of attainment, is able to accept students who possess but a public school education. In fact, the natural recourse of the student who has just finished his public school course, and who has no intention of entering a high school, would seem to be the business college. It is the only school of particular training at hand that can make use of his measure of mental attainment, as all the schools of professional training mentioned demand, as a general rule, a high school course in addition.

This may incidentally explain why so many people demand that the course given in a business college should in some way be sandwiched into the high school course. Men who strongly assert that not one cent of general taxes should be spent in order to qualify this man's son for his particular calling of medicine, or that man's son for his particular calling of law, see no anomaly in demanding that their sons should be educated for business at the public expense. This view will obtain just as long as an incorrect view is held of the position, in our system of education, of the primary school. Such a school, as we have before noted, exists for the purpose of giving our young people a measure of mental attainment. The same thing is largely true of the secondary school. It is not for the lawyer to say that his son, being intended for the bar, shall study just certain branches; or for the doctor to say that his son, being intended for medicine, shall study certain other branches. All children, irrespective of prospects in life, are to be carried over a certain curriculum that the faculties may be thereby developed. It is true a certain amount of knowledge must be incidentally obtained. The reading, writing, and arithmetic learned can be applied later to advantage in taking a course in the business college; they are just as useful in a medical school, or in a law school. There is no argument in this fact in favour of setting up a law school or a medical school or a business school as a continuation of a primary school, or as an adjunct to a secondary school.

The same point is, to our mind, well brought out in an interview with Mr.

Jas. L. Hughes concerning the new curriculum for public schools, adopted by the Toronto School Board. Speaking of Nature Study, Mr. Hughes says as follows: "The most radical change is the introduction of a broad course in nature study. The object of nature study in the schools is not to make scientists, or not even to prepare children to become scientists in later years. . . . .The new nature study utilizes the child's love of nature to deepen his interest power, to strengthen his observant powers, to train him to think, to increase his happiness, and to qualify him for the intelligent study of science. Nature study affords splendid opportunities, too, for the awakening and developing of his moral side."

It is quite true that in recent years a radical change has come over our ideas even in respect to what is good for discipline of the mind. The introduction of nature study just mentioned is but an instance of this change. Time was when, in our secondary schools, languages were to the fore as being the study best adapted to mental culture. Now we see signs of a change in favour of Herbert Spencer's view—"that what is good for knowledge is good for discipline." The increased prominence given to science in our high school curriculum, and the vast sums that are being spent in different centres of learning throughout Canada on equipment for schools of science, but indicate this change. We note also the introduction of Manual Training and Commercial Branches into our high schools. All these changes must be viewed in the right light. The aim of the high school is still very largely the development of mental power. We have simply changed our ideas as to the lines along which it may be developed. It is useless to view these changes as harbingers of the day when one room in a high school will be a school of practical science, another a machine shop, and a third a business college. Still, it is interesting to note that the work taught in business colleges is recognized as being of real practical value, both to the student who would qualify through it for a particular calling, and to the student who, in his course in the primary or secondary school, has to do a certain amount of it for the mental discipline it affords.

From these facts it would seem that the position occupied by the business college in our system of schools is but a normal one, and its success very easily accounted for. So long as there are business positions to be filled and young people anxious to qualify for them, just so long will there be business schools in which they may qualify. We believe that a step was taken in the right direction when, by the introduction of commercial work into the public and the high school courses, the attention of students in these schools was called to a line of work for which they might qualify as a lifework when they left the public or the high school. The future of the business college is thereby better assured.

Having thus accounted for the existence of the business college and thereby in a measure for its success, it may be well to note what other causes have contributed to that success. In the first place we note that it is in one sense a business enterprise, pure and simple. No false notions concerning professional etiquette have prevented business colleges from advert sing themselves in every legitimate way. They have something of interest to say to every young man and woman who is trying to solve the all-important problem of how to make a living, and with but little time to spend in school work. By means of their advertisements and prospectuses they have talked to our young people, and the result is that in the city of Toronto today there are people in attendance at business colleges from Newfoundland on the east to British Columbia on the west. Merit there must be in institutions that would thus attract the youth of our Dominion; but even a meritorious thing must be made known, and merit and advertising go hand-in-hand in business.

In addition to this advertising which is, as it were, the outcome of deliber-

ate effort along that line, there is always the advertisement of a satisfied student. Contrary to the practice followed by most of our special training schools, the business college takes a lively interest in seeing every deserving graduate placed in a position and started in his career. The energetic business college principal sees that his school is kept in close touch with the business public, and when vacancies occur he knows of them, and has a chance to recommend his students. The tangible results of a business college course are thus made apparent in the most conclusive way, for after all, much as we may desire education for education's sake, the ultimate aim of all our training is to enable us to make a living in this world. A boy leaves public school with a vague notion that he knows something, but he can do nothing. A six or a twelve months' course in a business college fits him to take a position as a stenographer or as a bookkeeper at seven or eight dollars a week, and he is off to a good start. That boy will always be an advertisement for his school. Even if he say not a word in its praise, his companions are prone to imitate his example. And this works to the advantage of the school in another way. A student thus placed will use his efforts to see that other vacancies in the same house are filled by students from his old school. We know of business houses in Toronto where from seven to ten students from the same college are employed. It is, then, very easy to see what a valuable factor in its success is this good will of an established college.

Looking next at the inside workings of the school, we find that this very close touch that is kept with the business man and his requirements has its effect on the curriculum. The business college knows exactly what is required of its students, and there is therefore in it that singleness of aim and concentration of effort that marks all successful enterprises. It is the boast of the business college that if it teaches but few things it teaches them well. In a recent article dealing with the subject of writing in Toronto schools, the writer was gracious enough to say that even if business colleges were superficial they could turn out good writers. We return thanks for the commendation concerning the teaching of writing, but desire to refute the statement of superficiality. It reminds us of a parson's condemnation of a certain book. He hadn't time to read it, but he knew it was not fit to read. How is it, for instance, that the specialists who are to teach the commercial work in our high schools find it possible to prepare in a business college for their examinations? If the measure of superficiality in a school be the amount the student in that school may learn as compared with what is to be known of the subjects taught, then all our schools of special training are superficial; but if that school be thorough, which, having a certain occupation in view, fits its students upon leaving school to immediately take up that occupation, then the business college is thorough. Practical thoroughness is, in fact, the great factor in its success.

In methods of teaching, the business college will be found to have developed an admirable combination of the individual and class systems. This has the double advantage of putting the teacher in close touch with his students, and of enabling the school to receive students at any time of the year. In other words, the school is open for business the year round. It is a school, but it is a business enterprise as well, and employs the successful business man's maxim of "Keeping everlastingly at it."

Incidentally, the business college draws support from some students who are not exactly bent on entering upon a business career. It is a familiar resort during the winter months for a large number of young farmers, who feel the need of a good practical schooling to fit them for the business side of their careers as farmers. High school teachers, who are trying to qualify as commercial specialists, find in the business college the only means,

outside of private tuition, of getting up their work. The Department of Education has outlined a course of work for them, but has provided no place in the schools under departmental control where that course may be pursued.

The night schools, too, in connection with business colleges, attract large numbers of young people who are engaged during the day.

These few instances will serve to show how the business school once established, follows the sound principle of always being out for business. Every possible legitimate use is made of the resources at hand. No time is thrown away by the month or two months. The school is always a going concern.

In thus giving an idea of the factors that enter into the success of the business college, we have kept in mind the college as it may be and is, very generally, conducted. We are not oblivious to the fact that just as we may have the pettifogging lawyer and the quack doctor, so we may have the swindling business college proprietor. Fortunately his advertisements of "positions guaranteed," "shorthand course in six weeks," and such like, are so palpably false that few are misled, and he is therefore comparatively few in number. Cast your eye over the list of business college principals in Canada, and you will find there the names of men who are good substantial citizens in their respective communities. If a certain measure of success is theirs, it is the same success that comes to any business man who, having recognized the wants of a community, establishes a business to supply those wants, and by patient and persevering effort labours for the upbuilding of that business. You will find in them men who are thoroughly in sympathy with higher education, but having recognized that, to many of our young people, the advantages of much schooling are denied, they have earnestly laboured to turn to profitable account the education which may be obtained. Their success may sometimes be measured in things material, but no bank account will speak so loudly of their success as the army of young men and women it has been their privilege to establish in the paths of good citizenship.

A SONG OF A DAY

BY ELIZABETH HOWARD

OVER the hills—the hills,
Clambers the great red sun,
While through the trees
Sings the sweet fresh breeze
That welcomes a day begun.

Down on the plains—the plains,
The great sun pours his ray:
Oh, a giant's might
Has the noon-day light
Of a perfect summer day.

Into the sea—the sea
The weary sun sinks slow;
Then o'er the lea,
Like a memory,
Creeps the crimson after-glow.

L'envoi.

Oh, a short, short day,
And a sweet, sweet day,
Is this little life of ours!

A WORD FOR THE APPRENTICE

By James P. Murray

IF we go back to the old days when workshops were small, we would find a skilled workman who did mostly all the work himself. When he found it necessary to have help, it was generally procured by binding an apprentice for a given term, the apprentice paying a certain sum. The master while working himself would train the apprentice, and it was this personal teaching which was of so much value to the beginner.

In those days a craftsman would have a general knowledge of his trade and the apprentice would learn its various branches. The lad would be kept at some particular work, but working side by side with experienced men doing the general work, he would soon gain such a complete knowledge of his trade and of the relation of one part of the work to another that at the expiration of his apprenticeship he was a well qualified workman.

Owing to the antipathy with which new methods and ideas were received, preference being for the well known slow, simple processes, with materials which were seldom changed, the lad would learn the value of the materials used, and the method of their manufacture.

With the advent of changed conditions, due to improved machinery, enlarged markets, extensive competition, and the growth of the small workshop into an extensive establishment, the question of apprenticeship has assumed an entirely different condition, and not for the advantage of the apprentice.

To-day he is called an apprentice but is not apprenticed.

The influence of the workman to-day is being used under the control of a trade union, to prevent the apprentice obtaining any benefit from what could be made an improvement on the early day methods.

To-day the apprentice must learn his trade the best way he can. The longer he is kept on one particular class of work the better he can turn out that one particular item, but having no knowledge of anything else pertaining to the work as a whole he develops no ambition and sinks into a condition no better—if as good—than the machine he uses.

If the trades and labour councils of to-day would carefully look into the matter seriously they would be strong advocates that the matter of technical education should not be hampered, but rather developed, so that apprentices by attending classes where the various processes of productive industries are taught from the raw material to the finished product, would be of far more value in the workshop, to themselves, to their employers, and to the country.

Now, to learn to swim you must get into the water, and the same idea applies to learning a trade.

Presuming we have our technical school so complete as to bar all criticisms, class teaching alone will not turn out a competent craftsman, but to a lad in a workshop taking advantage of the classes, he will find them of invaluable assistance.

Labour unions, however, object to the practical technical school, averring that to teach the theory is all that is needed. Selfishness in labour is very marked, and when the interests of apprentices are considered it becomes unreasonable. Apprentices may be the sons of their fellow workmen, but owing to a fear that the labour market may be better supplied with a more intelligent, competent and practical class of labour, labour unions are opposed to a complete technical school, and they restrict the number of apprentices to a shop.

By having apprentices attend classes in properly equipped and efficient technical schools, and by having real ap-

prentices in the workshop, labour will earn better pay, produce better results, create more work—excellence will always increase the demand—while an opportunity would be given for talent to develop and for ability to rise.

Skilled artisans would have a place among the teachers in the practical classes of a right kind of a technical school—and see where this leads. The skilled artisan being interested in his work, would be studying the latest publications relating to his work. This will extend his knowledge, and by offering in his classes new ideas, ever changing and improving, retain the interest of the students. Boys or young men who have been in the workshop during the day are never too tired in the evening to be interested in something, and if the classes are made interesting there will be no dearth of pupils.

Intelligence in a workshop is a very necessary commodity. According to the schedule of wages prepared by trades and labour unions, they grade the mechanic's intelligence into a certain number of classes, and no one is permitted to have a greater intelligence than his union is willing to allow him.

As only one student can win the scholarship, as only one competitor can win the race, so it must be in the workshop. Many apprentices may start under even conditions in a shop, but according to union rules they must finish even.

Make them free agents, give them the opportunity to learn all about their trade. Allow as many apprentices as the conveniences of the circumstances will permit, and the result will be a general improvement in the ability of the workman, an exceeding willingness on the part of the employer to pay the highest wage, a more perfect product, an increased market, larger workshops and a more prosperous community.

It is not recommended, however, that the practical classes of the technical school should be thrown open to anyone who applied. Permission to attend the classes should be considered a privilege, and a continuous attendance through a course one of the conditions allowing attendance. This would be necessary for the protection of the school's reputation. Careless or indifferent students ceasing attendance before the end of the course could only have the faintest smattering of their trade, would weaken the usefulness of the school, create an unnecessary expense, occupy room and time to the hindrance of more deserving applicants, and disconcert and annoy the teachers.

The subject is a large one, deserving of more than a passing thought, which may be said is all that is in these few remarks.

The apprentice may be compared to a tree. Train it well and care for it, and you have good fruit; but neglect it when young, cramp its development, and nothing can be expected but poor results.

THE MASTER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

A PEN laid down—a silent flute—and lo
The master had gone out, and left his kind.
Did Death, with hands upon our master, know
What deathless treasures he had left behind?

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

By Theodore Roberts

I.

I WAS cramped from the ten-mile drive in the farmer's express-waggon, and stiffer than if I had been in the saddle all day. To a war correspondent of three campaigns this jogging along an Acadian highway was slow work, indeed. Leaving my knapsack and gun on the platform before the grocery store, I entered the bar of the only tavern and called for a drink. The man of the place eyed me expectantly, and more than once seemed upon the point of addressing me. But his liquor was so vile, and my temper so edged by the discomforting nature of my mission that I gave him no encouragement. I had swigged stagnant rain-water with more gusto than I now felt toward this whiskey.

"Which road to the Hermitage?" I asked, pushing a coin toward him.

"North, right along the salt-marsh," he answered, with his eyes intent upon my face. He scooped the silver into his palm. "I might have known it wasn't him," he continued—"Why, I guess you're a good ten year younger nor him."

"Younger than whom?" I inquired, somewhat gruffly, turning at the door.

"Than Mr. Vincent," he replied. "But you look mighty like him, in size and shape," he went on," and that same all-fried stiff manner. It's twelve long years since I seen him. Twelve years since last he was home."

"My friend is dead," I replied, and leaving the place I got my knapsack on my shoulders and set out on foot for the Hermitage.

The season was September, and the time of day late afternoon. The quiet country was full of sunlight which seemed charged with vigour rather than heat, like a rare yellow wine. There was a tang of salt in the air, and a scent of shorn upland meadows. The bay and the salt-marshes lay on my right. I marked the plover, in flocks, along the lip of the tide, and promised myself some sport to lighten the dullness of this duty-visit. As I strode along the yellow road my thoughts went back to poor old Vincent, and all he had told me, at one time and another, of the secluded habitation of his parents. Why have I written "poor old Vincent," I wonder? He was not poor, and though ten years my senior at the time of his death, he was far from being old. He had done his work well, and had died at his duty. He had loved, and been loved in return—yes, loved in return—that was the devil of it. But I had been loyal to him, even then, and would now be loyal to his memory. I looked out over the level waters of the bay, and below the calm surface—just below—many beautiful lights paled and glowed. I thought of the eyes of the woman whom Vincent had loved.

The Hermitage stood in a fir-wood, behind rolling sand-dunes that reached into the bay far beyond the marshes on either side. It was already dusk beneath the firs, but, looking up, I could see the crimson light of the sunset on their purple spires. Then a queer, unusual contentment came to my heart, and I wondered at it as I lifted the clapper of the heavy knocker, and started the echoes thumping through the old house. Through the sidelights of the door I could see the red flicker of a fire. It was very quiet under the firs. Around the corner of the house limped and sidled an old dog—a black-and-white setter with matted coat, feeble legs and drooping tail. By the way he moved and held his head, I could see that he was nearly blind. I remembered Vincent speaking of a setter pup called Waggles. "Waggles," I said, "good dog." He sniffed my legs and yelped joyously, trying to look up into my face. I knelt down and rubbed his ears and clap-

ped him gently on the back. He licked my hands trembling with joy. "Poor old pup! poor old pup!" I cried. Then I looked up. The door of the house was open, and there on the threshold stood a girl, looking down at me. But the light was dim in the fir-wood, and I could not read the expression on her face. Getting quickly to my feet, I stood before her, cap in hand.

"Dick," she said, with a quiver in her voice, and before I could reply her soft arms were over my shoulders and her kiss was on my lips. She kissed me again. What the devil could I do? I couldn't push her away! I took her hands from my shoulders, and, still holding them, stared down at her feet. She was standing a step above me.

"You are Nancy," I said, huskily. I had quite forgotten, until then, that Vincent had once or twice spoken of a little sister—a kid in dresses knee-high, climbing the fir trees. She was silent, and I was afraid to look up. Was ever a man in a more awkward situation? And all the time the old dog kept scratching and sniffing at my legs. It would have been bad enough just to have to tell her that Dick was dead! But, Lord, to tell her that I wasn't Dick—now that she had kissed me! In the mad tumult of my feelings I knelt down, still holding her hands.

"Can you ever forgive me?" I whispered.

"Dick," she cried softly, "we would forgive you anything."

I felt her bending toward me.

"Don't, for heaven's sake," I cried. "Oh, can't you see—I am not Dick—I am only his friend."

She drew her hands gently away from me, but I pressed my lips to them before I let them go. I stood up, but did not look at her.

"And Dick—where is he?" she asked.

"He is still in South Africa," I replied, unsteadily. "I promised him to come and tell you." She made no sound. "So I came here," I continued, "before I went to see my own people."

"Why did he stay?" she asked.

I lifted my head and looked into her eyes. She read the answer there, and perhaps other things. The tears swam suddenly from beneath her lids.

"Come," she said, "you were Dick's friend."

I followed her into the dusky, firelit hall.

II.

The hall was square and low, with a fireplace at one side, a staircase in a corner, and many doors and windows. The girl lighted a couple of candles on the table. "Mother is dead," said she, "but I will tell my father. Oh, it will nearly kill him, I think. But you will help him bear it, Dick's friend."

She looked at me so frankly with her tear-wet eyes that I blessed her for the bravest heart in the world. But I only bowed in reply. Then she left me and went quickly up the winding stairs. The table near which I stood was dimly lighted by the candles. It was a huge old table, without a cloth, and its dark surface was scratched and cut. Upon it lay books in sad disorder, stray sheets of letterpaper, a light riding-whip, a magazine or two and some scattered cigarettes. I turned over the books. One was printed in German. It was a handbook on gardening. Another was Vincent's own story of the Turko-Grecian war, with my introduction. How keenly that reminded me of my dead friend, of the dangers and fooleries, the work and the play we had gone through together. I looked at the magazines. They were a year old. I drew a chair to the table and sat down, resting my head between my hands. A year ago we were rooming together in London. There was material for a good deal of thought. Again I hid my heart from my friend and listened to his talk of her with smiling lips. Again we rode together. Again I dragged him back to the shelter of the great rock and felt him die in my arms.

Someone touched me on the shoulder, and I opened my eyes, and looked up.

"You are tired," said Miss Vincent.

"No," I replied," but how long have I been asleep? I dreamed a whole year."

"Of Dick?" she asked.

I nodded. She took up one of the magazines.

"He sent us these," she said, "from London. Then he wrote only one letter after that. It was to me. I think he never got our letter about mother. He always wrote to me as if I was still ten years old. He used to seem a giant to me, and so good-natured and clever. Was he taller than you?"

"No," I replied, "he was half an inch shorter."

"And yet you do not seem so big," she said, though at first"—she stopped suddenly and turned her face away from me.

"Miss Vincent," I said, "it was Dick's dearest friend who received the welcome, and the memory of it will stay by him longer than the memory of that loyal friendship. But he can pretend to forget."

Presently she smiled at me.

"Are you Frank Stedman?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, wondering.

"Dick spoke of you in that last letter," she said, and I thought that in her smile there was a question. "You were shoulder to shoulder in peace and war, were you not! Down Eros, up Mars together!" I mumbled an embarrassed reply.

Then she told me that Mr. Vincent would not be alone until dinner. We drew our chairs to the fire, and talked of Dick, and something of ourselves. She had never known Dick as I knew him. Her childhood picture of him still clung. He was the big brother home on a visit, merry, fearless, and full of strange stories.

"Do you know," she said, "that my clearest memory of him is of a time when he and father were angry with one another. I did not like it, but the picture has always been with me. I went down to the marsh with them one morning, after plover. They were both smoking Dick's cigars, and talking and laughing like chums. I went between them, holding a hand of each. Waggles was with us. He was a wee pup, and had never been shot over before. He flushed some birds and ran after them, barking. That made father angry. Then he fired, and made a clean miss, and before he could get the bird with his left, Dick killed it—and laughed. Father called him a pup, and Dick said that though some pups flushed birds there were others that could kill them. I turned and ran home, with Waggles after me. But I could hear their voices, all harsh with anger, almost all the way. They begged one another's pardons next day."

As I sat there with Nancy, candlelight behind us and the red fire at our feet, toil and heart-ache, New York and London, envy, torn dreams, and weary armies, were less real to me than our shadows on the wall. I wondered at my past—at my desires and ambitions.

At sound of the dinner-gong Mr. Vincent came downstairs. He was straight and slim of figure, and grey of face. His hair was thin and snow-white. The lids of his sombre eyes showed a tell-tale red. He grasped me warmly by the hand, and laid his other hand on my shoulder.

"It is good of you to come," he said.

Then we went in to dinner.

Five days in the house in the wood passed like five golden dreams. I talked to Mr. Vincent about Dick. It seemed as if he could not hear too much. I talked to Nancy about myself, and wrote some verses, and wondered if I had ever been a journalist at all, jostling the elbows of men. I forgot my own people waiting, knife in hand, to kill the fatted calf.

One morning a boy on a wheel brought me a telegram from the village. We were at breakfast when it came. Nancy looked at the yellow envelope and then up at me, and I read fear in her eyes.

"Open it," said Mr. Vincent. "Open

it, my boy, and have it over with. I hate telegrams, and, begging your pardon, newspapers."

I tore the thin wrapper and read the scrawl.

"I believe I hate them too," I said, and looked at Nancy with consternation writ large on my face.

"What is it?" she asked, with one hand on the coffee pot.

"Venezeula," I said. "Some fools are fighting there."

My packing took me just half a minute. Mr. Vincent ordered the dog-cart, and then went to his room to change his coat. He was going with me all the way to the station.

"Nancy," I said, "I came to you from one battlefield, as Dick's friend. Do I leave you for another battlefield, nothing more than that?"

"Could a man be more than that,—more than his friend's loyal friend," she replied, looking out at the green branches of the firs.

"I have dreamed so, ' I said.

"Upon returning from new hardships," she said, lifting her eyes to mine, "should you receive ——," she paused, and turned her face toward the window. I heard a movement upstairs. "Nancy," I cried, "for heaven's sake, go on. I love you, dear."

"Should I welcome you again like that," she continued, calmly, "it would not be altogether a mistake."

I heard Mr. Vincent at the top of the stairs.

I caught Nancy in my arms, and for a second my lips were pressed to the fragrant glory of her hair.

As Mr. Vincent and I drove along the yellow road toward the village, the station, and the hardships beyond, I looked out at the waters of the bay. They were blue and clear, but below their calm surface a golden light glowed steady and tender. I laughed softly, thinking of the eyes of the woman I love.

TO A POET WHO ENVIED HIS ENVIRONMENT

BY BERNARD MCEVOY

AH! could I see these mountains with your eyes,
List with your ears the voices of this sea,
I with their glory might transfigured be;
But things, that finer things materialize,
Thwart me. A poet would idealize;—
Your homely tapestry of flower and tree
Wears for you many a grace I may not see;
Its texture gleams with more than Tyrian dyes!

More than a mountain is a poet's line;
Sweeter the music of soul-swept lyre
Than Ocean's organ in its tenderest key;
And they shall live when heights of solemn pine
Crumble to cinders in the general pyre,
And lava flows where waves kiss smilingly.

A POLITICAL TRAGEDY

By L. E. Fletcher

"YES," said the old lady, "when I first came here there were only two houses in this end of the village, ours and, over there where they've built the church, the Trevelyans'. Our two gardens joined. John and I had been married three years when they moved in. They had just been married. My, she was a sweet young thing; I never saw such little white hands as she had. Most of the village folk thought her haughty, but she wasn't. She came of an old family and George Trevelyan was well off." The old lady paused a moment and then went on: "Yes, she was always running in and out, so bright and pleasant, never knocking at the door, but coming right in and talking to me while I was doing my work.

"By and by children began to come along. John and I never had any." Here she sighed heavily. "But I thought almost as much of hers as if they had been my own. They were in and out all day long and the gate between the gardens was never closed. And all this time we had never so much as had a cross word between us.

"Well, then, you know, all that political trouble began. York county had always been Liberal straight through and through till that man Jackson, the Conservative candidate, came down here and stirred everybody up. He got the ministers all drawn into it—just as if they hadn't plenty to do taking care of their churches. John always said that politics was no work for ministers to go into. Anyway they did and they said things from their pulpits that never ought to have been said. Nobody goes to church to hear politics, they go to hear the Word.

"Well, after that Sunday there was the greatest trouble. There were those that held that the parsons had no right to try and influence their congregations in politics, and there were those that held that they had a right to say what they were a mind to. People who had lived next door to each other for years in unbroken friendship were that bitter they wouldn't look at each other. Things kept on that way, and then they had the great division. All those that were against the parsons mixing themselves up in politics withdrew from the churches, and afterwards they started places of worship of their own. My," exclaimed the old lady with another sigh, "what a lot of bitterness there was. John was one of those who believed that the ministers should stick to their work of saving souls, and, of course, I thought as he did.

"Well, the next thing I heard was that Gertrude (that was Mrs. Trevelyan's name) was all on fire with politics, going round with that coaxing way of hers and trying to get every man in the village to vote for Jackson, and having those ministers in to tea, and I don't know what. Well, I was that disappointed and disgusted I didn't know what to do. I've always said that women had no call to interfere with politics; that's men's business.

"One afternoon Mrs. Hiltz and Mrs. Macdonald came in for a chat. It was in this very room. Mrs. Macdonald was sitting right where you are now and Mrs. Hiltz was over there, and we started talking about all this trouble, and Mrs. Hiltz asked me what I thought of Mrs. Trevelyan going round mixing herself up in the business. Well, I'm one of those that must speak the truth right out, and I said then and there that it was men's work and I had no patience with any woman who would push herself into politics, and I said to them, 'I only hope she won't mention the subject to me, for if she does I shall have to say

right out what I think, and we've always been the best of friends.' Well, I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when the door opened and she came tripping in. She had the prettiest dress on and looked so sweet and dainty. Well, I was so afraid she would begin to speak about the wretched politics that I didn't know what to do and I kept talking as fast as ever I could about all sorts of things. But it was no use. All of a sudden she turned to me with one of her winning smiles and said, 'Mrs. Hunt, won't you persuade your husband to vote for Mr. Jackson this time?'

"Well, I looked at her square in the eyes and I said, 'No, I won't, and what's more, I hope your precious Mr. Jackson will get such a beating that he will keep out of this county for the balance of his days.' Then she tried to coax me, and I got that riled that I just put my hand down on the table like this and told her what I thought of women meddling with the men's concerns and the ministers using the house of God to try and get votes. I talked pretty straight to her, and bye and bye she got up and flounced out of the house, and I turned to Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Hiltz, I was so riled, and said, 'It's as well she's gone, for if she'd stayed another minute I would have asked her to leave.'

"After that we did not speak. Some people tell all they know and I suppose it came to her ears that I had said that if she hadn't gone that minute I would have asked her to leave. Anyway she was very proud, and so was I. My, it was lonesome those days without the children running in and out. I used to go out sometimes and watch them playing in the garden. No one will ever know how I missed the little dears.

"The months slipped by and we never spoke. One day, it was in midsummer and the heat was intense, I heard she was taken down with sickness. The days went by and she got worse. She had no help in the house and the neighbours seemed scared to go near. There was only her husband and he didn't know anything about sickness. I knew the place must be in a pretty state with all those young children, and yet I didn't feel as if I could go and offer to do anything. However, there didn't seem to be anybody else, and one afternoon I took some broth and went right across the garden and into her back door. My, you never saw such a mess as her kitchen was in. I did not hesitate, but walked right into the room where she was lying in the bed with her eyes closed. She looked that white and frail that it would make the tears come to your eyes to look at her. I stood by the bed with the bowl of broth and she opened her eyes. She looked at me for a minute, but she did not move, and then she said in such a little weak voice you could hardly make out what the words were, 'Is it true that you said that if I hadn't gone that minute you would have ordered me out?'

"Well, I had a fearful struggle with myself. There she was, looking that weak and sick and I knew if I denied having said that, it would ease her mind and she would let me nurse her,' but then it did not seem to me as if I could bring myself to tell the lie. I didn't know what to do, but just stood there, while the tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

"At last I said, 'Yes, I did say it. I'm not saying that I'm not sorry I said it, but I did say it and I won't deny it; and you must take this broth and you must let me look after you till you're better; then you can speak or not as you please.'

"Well, after a minute she took the broth and smiled a queer little smile and went to sleep, and I stayed with her till she was able to get round again. After that we were as good friends as ever till they moved away to the States to live. But I often think of all the trouble just a few words can make." And the old lady became silent and reflective."

TO BUSINESS IN AN AUTOMOBILE—A MORNING SCENE IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO

AUTOMOBILES IN CANADA

By A. Grant Brown

IT is almost certain that the automobile will be a feature of our civilization for many years to come. The United States will manufacture this year about thirty thousand machines, worth more than thirty millions of dollars. European factories are equally busy, and the Canadian factories are following. The experimental stage has been passed.

The evolution has been gradual. The stationary steam-engine led up to the self-propelled steam-locomotive running on iron rails. What a revolution in land transportation it has caused! Then the electric car appeared, with a further displacement of the horse. But every person cannot own steel rails and a franchise. The people wanted something which would carry them over the country without the use of specially prepared roadways. Then came the bicycle, and for a time the people went "faddy" over it. The bondage of the iron roadway was broken. The roller-skate was a toy in comparison. Away the people went over hill and dale, breathing fresh air and enjoying new sensations every hour. But, alas, the bicycle required continuous muscular exertion. It soon lost some of its popularity, though it never will lose it all with the young person to whom muscular exertion is a necessary part of the life, or to the man who desires quick locomotion with a small investment.

Then the inventors turned to the development of the automobile. In 1885, Daimler patented his high-speed gas or mineral-spirit engine, and this was soon applied to self-driven launches and vehicles. All inventions converged upon the automobile—the bicycle contributed gearings and pneumatic tires, the electric car contributed its experience with motors, the gasolene-engines gave a propelling power with a light load of fuel. Now, behold the automobile—electric, steam or gasolene; light or heavy; four-horse power or sixty; $800 or $10,000; ten miles an hour or eighty. The automobile is a roofless street car, needing no overhead wires and no steel rails; it is a

luxurious Pullman car which wanders over the country in the pure air instead of in a continual shower of cinders and a continuous cloud of smoke; it is a sanitarium on wheels. It was a luxury yesterday; it will be a necessity to-morrow.

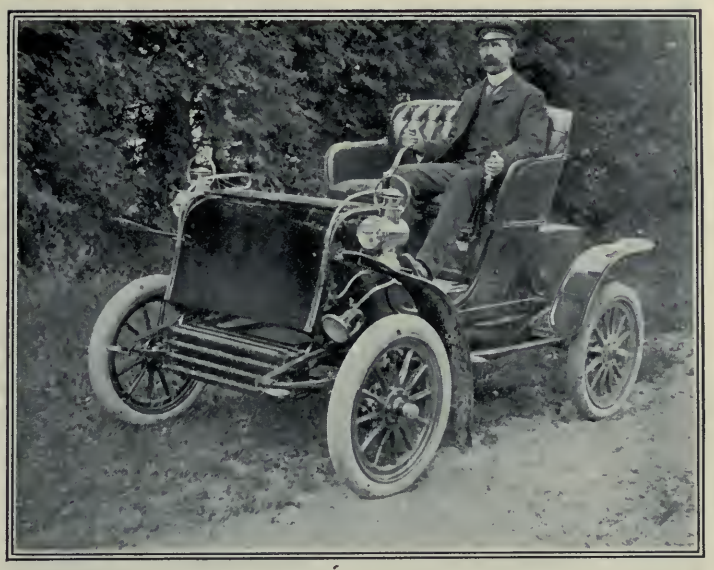
The future will find new uses for the automobile. An automobile train is running in France; an automobile mail service has been organized in Italy; in Chicago a street car franchise has been granted to an automobile company as an experiment; in England they are using them to haul coal to the railway stations. Delivery waggons, hansom cabs and drags are already on the city streets.

Although Mr. J. L. Moody, jr., of Hamilton, is said to have been the first to operate an automobile in Canada, the most of the experimenting, so far as this country is concerned, has been done in Toronto. Mr. J. C. Eaton, of the T. Eaton Co., is said to have brought the first to Toronto. R. Parker & Co. had the first automobile built in Canada and were the first to use it for commercial purposes. The Simpson Co. had an electric delivery waggon built about the same time. But Sir William Mulock was the pioneer in gasolene machines built in Canada. He ordered six motor tricycles and quadracycles for the use of the Post Office department and soon the streets of Toronto were frantic with the chucking of these little red machines. They were constantly in the repair shop, since postal clerks were not expert chauffeurs, but four of them are still in daily service after four years of constant use in all kinds of weather. So far as collecting mail goes, however, the Postmaster-General now relies on the horse and waggon of ancient days.

R. PARKER & CO.'S VEHICLES—THE SMALLER ONE WAS THE FIRST ELECTRIC CARRIAGE BUILT IN CANADA. THE LARGER MACHINE IS A GASOLENE

He was ahead of his time in this experiment.

An electric-automobile company did business for several years in Toronto and an electric-car livery was open for two summers. The latter is now a matter of history, and the former has been purchased by the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., who are manufacturing neat electric vehicles. However, most of the machines used in Canada are imported, and most of them are gasolene. There are about seventy-five machines in Toronto, a number in Hamilton and Montreal and a few scattered through the other cities.



DR. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT TORONTO AUTOMOBILE CLUB, IN A STEVENS-DURYEA—A GASOLENE MACHINE WITH EXTRA SEAT IN FRONT

While the present demand for automobiles is supplied mainly by imported cars, by next year the domestic cars will be found in abundance. At first the public was uncertain as to the best type of car for this country, and it was natural that manufacturers should wait until this matter was settled. Besides, the demand up to the present time has been limited and manufacturing on a sufficiently large scale was impossible. Electric cars are already being turned out, and next year there will likely be some runabout gasolene carriages and small touring cars of Canadian manufacture. The expensive car for touring and racing purposes will no doubt continue to be imported. Whether the motor-car will create the manufacturing activity caused by the bicycle, it is difficult to predict.

The introducers of the automobile have numberless amusing experiences to recount. At first even the staid middle-aged citizen would stop and turn to stare, while the ubiquitous small boy was ever ready with apt comment. With the latter a very general custom has been to throw down caps for a passing automobile to run over. The origin or purpose of this superstitious practice is not known. Boys, too, have all kinds of amusing equivalents for, or corruptions of, the word "automobile." "Billy-goat," "Automobub-

MR. HOWARD CHANDLER IN HIS CADILLAC—A GASOLENE MACHINE WITH DETACHABLE TONNEAU

MR. WILLIAM HYSLOP IN HIS OLDSMOBILE—A GASOLENE RUNABOUT

ble" and "Ought-to-know-better" are instances. A lady automobile driver of Toronto was much amused at a new name the boys invented for her machine. They evidently reasoned that there should be a feminine noun for an automobile driven by a woman, and from "billy-goat" they evolved "nanny-goat." Horses resented the first intrusion of the automobile. But this is natural. Any thoughtful, far-sighted horse would object to the driving of a carriage without his aid as much as the union labourer objects to "scab" labour. Or perhaps the horse feels as if it must be the ghost of some race-horse long since dead and gone that so mysteriously draws the car. But the city horse, at least, is fast becoming familiar and unabashed before the automobile, just as he has become familiarized in turn with locomotive, street-car and bicycle. Indeed, it is often not the horse but his driver who is frightened.

MR. JAMES W. BAILLIE IN HIS RAMBLER—A GASOLENE MACHINE

Before the principles of automobile construction were well understood breakdowns were frequent. A rather eccentric Canadian bought a machine a few years ago; he was a reckless driver and was always having breakdowns. To guard against these he first built on in front a huge tank which would hold gasolene enough

to carry him three hundred miles. But breakdowns continued, and he was often towed home by a horse. At length he went to a blacksmith and had him build on in front a whiffletree, and on his trips he carried a set of harness. But still he was not satisfied that he was ready for every emergency. The horse might not be on hand. His next plan was to put a ring behind, so that the automobile could lead the horse out and the horse could do the towing back, but before he could carry out this ingenious scheme he died.

An agent, in trying to sell one of the early automobiles, used to show a hole in a three-inch plank wall the machine had made in a collision. He would say admiringly, "Look at that now! She couldn't have done that if she hadn't been strong." But tastes differ, and it isn't everyone who wants an automobile to make holes in a three-inch board wall.

MR. T. A. RUSSELL IN THE IVANHOE—THE NEWEST ELECTRIC MACHINE

The old type of auto has been the butt of innumerable jokes. The most common topic was the auto gaily passing the horse at the start, but being ignominiously hauled home. Then reckless speeding furnished a variant, and every chauffeur was supposed to have his string of victims' scalps. But with the building of improved cars and the wearing away of the novelty, these well-worn jokes are disappearing, and the auto is being given its rightful place by the side of the locomotive, the electric car and the bicycle.

Anyone who has ever ridden in an automobile will not wonder at its growing popularity. The swift, smooth, skimming sensation, the delightful freshness of the never-failing breeze, the fascination of smoothly turned corners, and even the accompaniment played by the chug-chug of the gasolene car, or the buzz of the electric, combine to make automobiling a recreation inferior to none and comparable to few. For it is recreation in the literal sense of the word. It really helps to create anew the business man worn out with the nervous strain of office hours, or the busy doctor who could find time for no other amusement. Nor is it only as an enjoyable pursuit that automobiling is making its way. Its advantages from a strictly utilitarian point of view are rapidly winning re-

DR. JENNIE GRAY, TORONTO, IN HER ELECTRIC RUNABOUT

cognition. The fact that the automobile "eats only on working days," gives it an economical advantage over the horse; and since it can go faster than a horse when the road is clear, as slow when necessary, occupies less space, is under better and quicker control, and has a far greater carrying capacity, its ultimate triumph is assured.

When a man sets out to buy an automobile the first thing to be considered is what type of car to get. His decision must be guided largely by his needs. The gasolene car is best adapted for long tours. It will carry gasolene enough to run from one to three hundred miles, and the gasolene tank can be easily refilled. The steam car is neat, quiet, and can develop great power; but it takes some time to get up steam and its boiler needs frequent replenishing. In consequence it is the least popular car in Canada. The

MR. AND MRS. J. C EATON, TORONTO, IN THEIR WINTON TOURING CAR

electric auto is as neat and quiet as the steam and is easier to handle. It is the ideal carriage for the city and for short tours. The latest design can run from forty-five to fifty miles without recharging, and has a maximum speed of fifteen miles an hour. The ideal arrangement for an automobile is to have a stable of automobiles, e.g., a large gasolene touring-car, a smaller gasolene runabout for eighty or a hundred mile runs, with two or three passengers, an electric runabout for the city and shorter runs, and an electric brougham for wet weather. But for most people this can be only an ideal.

MR. J. C. EATON IN HIS ELECTRIC RUNABOUT

Perhaps the most promising electric machine made in Canada is the Ivanhoe, the designer being Mr. H. P. Maxim, who was for many years with the Westinghouse Co., of Pittsburg, and with the Electric Vehicle Co., of Hartford. He is a son of the inventor of the Maxim gun. The vehicle is equipped with a slow-speed Westinghouse motor, thus obviating the necessity of using gear reduction to arrive at the proper speed. It has only six points of bearing, four on the axle and two on the motor. Its batteries are placed in such a way as to distribute the weight equally over the front and rear axles.

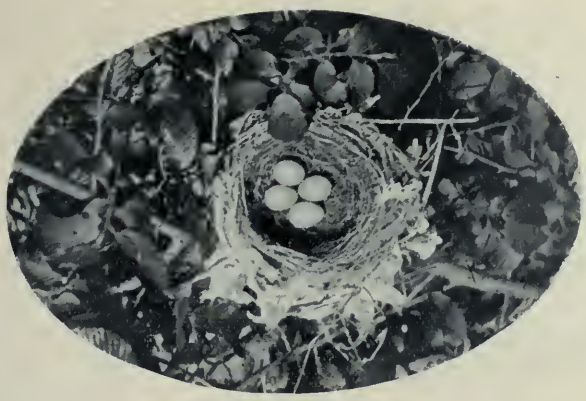
The initial cost of an automobile in Canada varies from $800 for the cheapest runabout, to from $2,000 to $3,000 for a big touring car. Running expenses consist of the cost of power, oil for lubrication, and wear on tires, and of charges for attention. An expert estimates that 1¾c. per mile will cover the cost of running expenses of a good gasolene runabout well handled. The cost of power for an electric machine varies from 1c. to 2c. per mile. A Toronto doctor finds it costs for charging, repairing, etc., an electric runabout $10 per month on the average. The running expenses of the steam automobile are somewhat greater. One Toronto dealer charges $10 a month for cleaning, adjusting and lubricating; while gasolene and other supplies make another $15. In other words, a gasolene machine costs about as much to keep as a horse, but it is capable of doing almost four times the work.

As to the life of the automobile it is difficult to obtain definite information. There is one gasolene auto in Toronto which still runs very well after six years' service. But the latest types of automobiles are too recent to have received the test of time. However, they

THE "CANADA"—AN ELECTRIC DRAG USED FOR TOURIST SIGHT-SEEING IN TORONTO

have not yet begun to appear in the junk-shops.

A short discussion of automobile legislation must not be overlooked in an article on automobiles. The automobile frightens many horses, especially in rural districts, and reckless "speeding" has sometimes proved dangerous to pedestrians. In consequence considerable hostile feeling has often been aroused, and a tendency to restrict automobiling by legislation follows. Automobilists, of course, admit that danger may arise from reckless automobiling just as from reckless driving of horses or spurting of cyclists, but they contend that is no reason why the great body of prudent automobilists should be penalized. The framers of such legislation, however, usually seek to put the speed limit of the auto at a ridiculously low figure—and naturally, for the majority of the legislators have never been in an automobile and have merely seen them pass at a speed which sometimes looks dangerous. They do not realize how quickly the power can be shut off and the car stopped. A gasolene runabout going at full speed—25 miles an hour—can be brought to a stop in less space than a horse travelling at eight miles an hour; and going at normal speed, from 10 to 15 miles an hour, it can be stopped in correspondingly less space. An electric car is under similar control. Yet the Toronto by-law placed the speed limit for automobiles at 7 miles an hour, and the Ontario law as framed permitted only 7 miles—and that when a good walker can go 5 miles an hour. Fortunately, however, when our legislators learned by experience the qualities of the automobile the limit was raised to 15 miles for the country and ten for the city.



NEST OF THE WOOD THRUSH

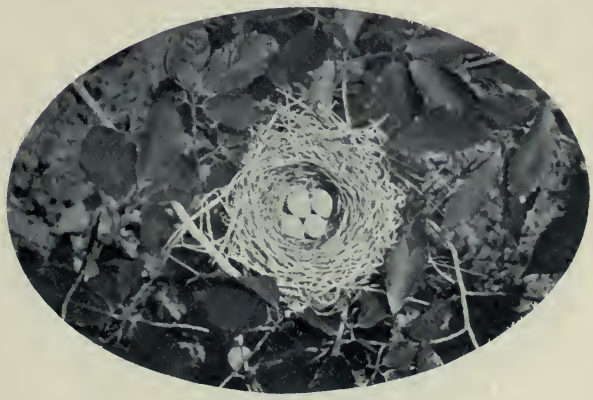
THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIRDS' NESTS

By O. J. Stevenson

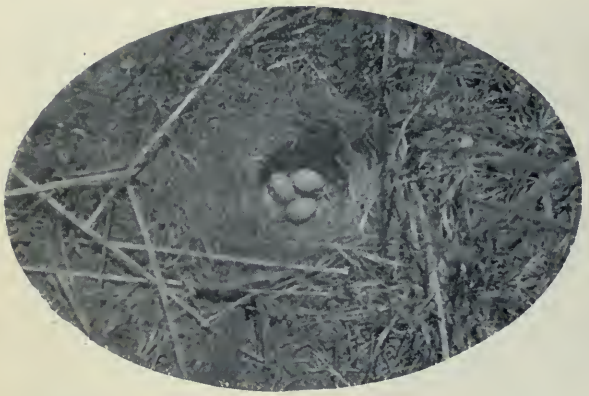
OF the various branches of amateur photography, I have found none so interesting and instructive as the photography of birds' nests. I suppose that the principal reason for this is the one which is the most obvious, viz., that it necessarily combines with it the most interesting of all nature studies, and necessitates an increasing acquaintance with bird life and all its surroundings.

I will always feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to my charming summer neighbours of a few years ago, a pair of wood thrushes, who first interested me in the phenomena of bird-nesting. To be sure, I was already a lover of birds and of the lower animals in general, but I remember distinctly how my interest in the inspiring devotional strain of the devout puritan in the valley beside my dwelling, led me to take an interest in his somewhat bulky domicile in the fork of a sapling near by, with its foundation of dead birch leaves, and fragment of Latin exercise sandwiched in for effect, as is the way of the world—and above all, with its four blue, robin-like eggs—till one fine morning in early June found me wasting plates in the praiseworthy attempt to get a lasting memento of my interesting neighbours.

My success was not inspiring, for with an ordinary kodak, focussing upon so small an object as a bird's nest is somewhat difficult, and the sunlight is not invariably accommodating. But the chief point was that I had become interested in a new field of photography, and henceforward had a double



NEST AND EGGS OF THE SCARLET TANAGER



NEST OF THE HORNED LARK FOUND IN THE GROUND IN EARLY APRIL

incentive in prosecuting my pleasant ramblings into a surrounding country.

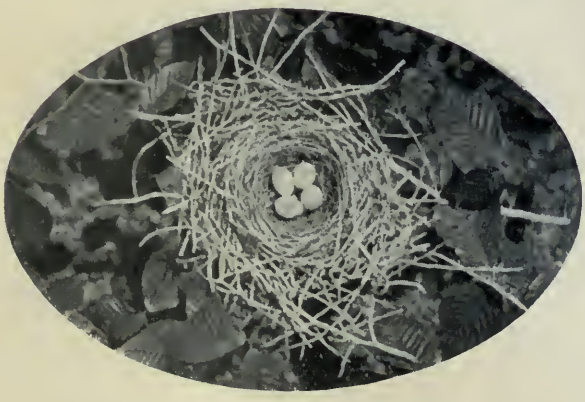
Indeed, I am very sure if it had not been in the pursuit of my hobby I would never have waded, small boy fashion, in the marshes in the early spring for the Redwing's nest in the reeds, or risked my neck on the overhanging limb, forty feet up, where the Tanager builds, or troubled myself to unroof the old granary to let a little sunlight into the nest of the Chimney Swift, or crawled on my hands and knees to find the nest of the old Plover who I knew was breeding somewhere in the strawberries in the garden. Indeed, there lives perpetually in my memory the recollection of many an interesting and invigorating ride or walk across the country, that I owe, in part at least, to the development of my latest hobby.

In bird-nest photography the element of difficulty in securing a satisfactory picture in individual cases, is not the least source of interest and pleasure; for every nest to be photographed requires different treatment from all others, and many are the ingenious devices which require to be adopted to overcome the natural obstacles in the way of securing a representative picture.

But by far the most interesting feature of the subject is the opportunity and necessity for observation and study of the birds themselves, their friends and foes, their songs and calls and complaints, their nesting habits and their solicitude for their precious treasures of eggs and young.

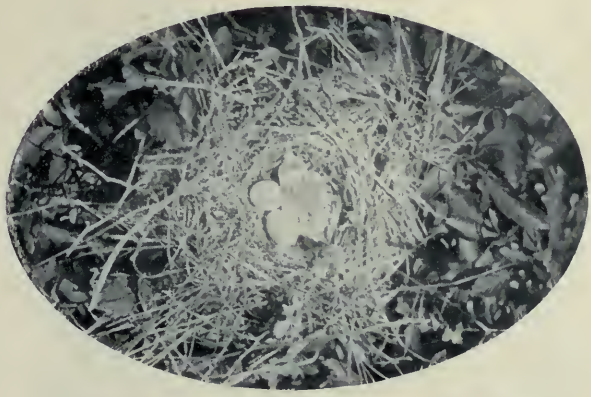
An expedition in the earliest April days, for example, leads me across the fields to the nest of the Horned Lark, a little round of dried grass and stubble, discovered only after patient search, where through the cold windy nights of early April with its frost and sleet and rain, the assiduous mother-bird, regardless of the elements, continues to guard the warmth and safety of the promised brood.

And later, in May, when the frosty gurgle of the lark's song from the unploughed fallow, has given place to a chorus of mingled notes from every shaded grove and coppice, I know that in the open wood away to the west of the town I may see, if I will, the wonderful red birds, the Tanagers, and hear the rich rolling orchestra of their cousins and inseparable companions, the Grosbeaks. It is a temptation to watch the household operations of these latter per-



NEST OF THE TIMID GROSBEAK

formers, for, strangely enough, the male and female alike take turns in relieving each other of the tedious task of brooding. But, alas! woe betide me if I even glance, for eavesdropping and window-peeping are of all things justly abhorred, and the next afternoon on passing the same way I find that the solicitous pair, in righteous indignation at my intrusion, have destroyed the contents of the nest and have set forth to find a new and safer dwelling in the deeper privacy of the thick forest.

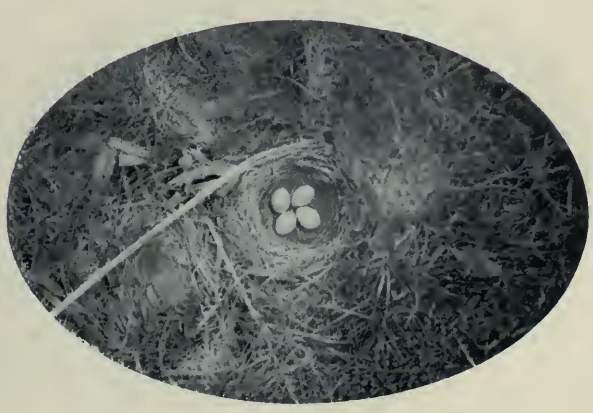


YOUNG CUCKOO AND FRESHLY LAID EGGS IN THE SAME NEST

With June leaves and increasing warmth comes the Cuckoo, the "rain-bird," the mystery of the springtime. The nest I am almost sure to find in the prickly hawthorn, not far from the riverside, and the kodak is accordingly once again brought into requisition. There is, however, some difficulty in securing a bona-fide reproduction of nest and eggs. So flimsy a nest as the Cuckoo's will fall to pieces on the least provocation, and besides, there is no certainty at any time that the set of eggs is complete, for it is not an uncommon thing to find young birds and freshly laid eggs in one and the same nest.

MEADOW LARK'S NEST OF DRIED GRASS

In July it is warm for nest hunting, but I do not have to go far, for from the top branches of the shade tree or in the thick grape-vine trellis, I hear the wheezy whistle of the Cedar Wax-wings, the grand fops and coxcombs of springtime, and I know that after all their cleaning and combing and pruning of feathers, they are about to set the machinery of the household mill in motion. I am doubly interested, too, in securing a photograph of them, inasmuch as, in spite of their delicate colouring and beautiful ornamentation, they are my



VESPER SPARROW'S NEST IN THE GROUND

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD'S NEST AMONG THE RUSHES

friends of winter as well as of spring, and I know that I am sure to find them, in the coldest zero weather, feeding on the mountain-ash berries in the trees beside my door.

And when the Waxwings fail me I sometimes go down into the old grain warehouse, in the gloomy and dusty compartments of which I am sure to find the nests of a score of Chimney Swifts, curiously glued together and fastened firmly on to the face of the wall by the saliva of the bird. The eggs of all birds that nest in dark places are white, and those of the Chimney Swift are no exception to the rule. But aside from the nest and eggs, I find another interesting feature of the nesting habits of the Swift in the fact that the mother-bird almost invariably refuses to leave the nest on your approach, so that there is a good opportunity for the photographer to make the acquaintance of the bird at first hand.

In hunting and fishing and in most other pastimes it is in reality from the sense of uncertainty and expectancy that we derive the greatest source of pleasure, and in nest hunting and nest photography this additional element of enjoyment is never lacking. If I cross the pasture field in spring or early summer, there is not a tuft or tussock of dried grass but may form the natural protection for the Meadowlark's nest and young, or not a cavity in the ground which the Grass Finch or Vesper Sparrow may not have lined with dried grass and hair. Or if I chance to take a turn through the wild-raspberry patch at the edge of the wood I may start a handsome Brown Thrasher from the thicket, or throw the nervous little Indigo Bird into a paroxysm of excitement by venturing too near to the favoured shrub in among the rotting stumps of the clearing. My garden every year has its surprises in the form of new arrivals and visitors unexpected, and as for the river bank and the great woods beyond, there it is that expectancy reaches its height, and eye and ear and muscle are alike strained and on the alert to catch the faintest indications of any of the almost unlimited possibilities on which the imagination continually loves to dwell.

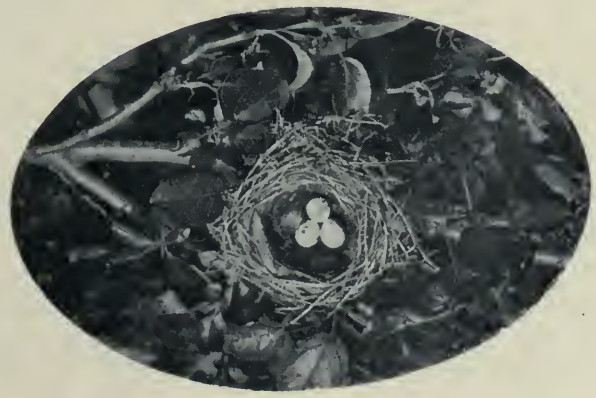
THE CATBIRD'S LITTLE HOME

Occasionally, too, the interest in individual cases is heightened by unexpected peculiarities in the location or structure of the nest. A few summers ago I noticed a Robin nesting on one of the rafters of the grand-stand in the athletic grounds, a few feet above the heads of thou-

sands of spectators who assembled every afternoon. On another occasion I found that two pairs of Phœbes had built their nests under the cars of an inclined railway, and that in spite of the fact that the cars made their trips to the top of the hill every few minutes, they continued to feed and care for their young. While the car to which their nest was attached was making a trip to the top of the hill, they procured a supply of food which they fed to their fledglings on their return.

THE AUTHOR FOUND A PHŒBE'S NEST UNDERNEATH THIS CAR. WHILE THE CAR WAS MAKING A TRIP, THE OLD BIRDS COLLECTED FOOD WHICH THEY FED TO THE YOUNG BIRDS ON THEIR RETURN.

But, besides the attractiveness of nest photography as an incentive to nature study in its most interesting phases, it has, on the purely mechanical as well as on the artistic side, a sufficient fascination of its own to commend it to the tender mercies of the amateur photographer. All of the photographs of nests accompanying the present sketch are taken at a distance of three feet, and it has been a matter of no little interest in the developing and printing of the pictures themselves, to observe the effects of the difference in size, position, materials and colour in the finished photographs, and to compare them with my remembrance of the original nests. Added to this, however, it is, moreover, a source of considerable pleasure to the lover of nature to have at his disposal a number of interesting mementoes of his pleasant afternoon rambles as well as of the most attractive of his woodland friends.



KING BIRD'S NEST AND EGGS

BIRDS OF THE NORTH WOODS

By C. W. Nash

ORIGINALLY the Province of Ontario was a forest country and its fauna consisted of such forms of life as were adapted to a wooded region. By degrees nearly all the land south of the Canada Atlantic Railway has been cleared of its timber and brought under cultivation, with the result that many forms of animal life, which were formerly restricted to the prairies and natural meadows of the south, have now extended their range and have followed cultivation, far to the north of their limit of twenty-five years ago. On the other hand, some few species, once common throughout the Province, are now only to be found in the north where natural conditions still prevail. Most animals are very sensitive to changes in their surroundings; some species are quick to take advantage of anything in their favour and will readily adapt themselves to a new environment. The Swallow tribe and the Swifts exhibit this faculty in a marked degree. All the Swallows (with the exception of the Bank Swallow) now make use of our houses and barns as nesting places, and have quite deserted the hollow trees and caves to which they previously resorted. The Bank Swallow, however, still prefer making their own burrows in the face of some steep bank, where they nest in colonies. They are just as fearless of man as any of the rest of the family, but apparently they have not yet seen any advantage in taking possession of a ready-made hole in a building and abandoning their social life in the cliffs. The House Wren, Phœbe, Blue-bird, and our emigrant friend, the House Sparrow, are all notable examples of the ability of certain species to profit by the changes men have made. These birds have attached themselves so closely to us that they are now rarely seen (during the nesting season at any rate) very far away from human habitations. Other species simply avail themselves of the food supply and nesting facilities afforded by our clearings, but do not in any way attach themselves to us or rely upon us for protection. The true birds of the forest, however, have not in many cases, shown any disposition to change their ways and adapt themselves to life in the clearings; sometimes in the winter a few stragglers may visit the pine groves and wood lots of Southern Ontario, but when they do so they seem out of place, they are restless and hurried in their actions, showing that they do not feel at ease. To see these birds and learn their ways, one must visit them in the woods of the north land, there they are in accord with their surroundings; their wild notes, which sounded strange and harsh over the cultivated fields, now harmonize perfectly with the rugged scenery of the grim forest which is their home.

There is an attractiveness in this north land of ours which is irresistible to those who have once come under its charm. It is a country of evergreen trees and moss-covered rocks, lightened up by countless crystal lakes and rushing streams; a land which has not as yet been wholly disfigured by the lumberman or bushwhacker. Here the gentle notes of the Bluebird, Phœbe or Bob-o-link are never heard, but from over the lake comes the scream of the Fish Hawk and the laugh of the Loon, while from overhead the rolling croak of a Raven vibrates on your ear. These sounds intensify the sense of wildness and solitude which always impresses the traveller in a northern evergreen forest. Among the hardwoods this feeling is never so strong, small birds are more abundant and their call notes and songs are of a more lively and familiar character. The brisk little

squirrels too are generally sufficiently strong in evidence to dispel the oppression one is apt to feel amongst the giant evergreens.

The most characteristic family of birds found in the woods are the Wood-peckers. Nine species occur in Ontario, all of which, with the exception of the Flicker, are strictly tree climbers. The Flicker commonly feeds upon the ground, but none of the others do so. The Arctic three-toed Woodpecker, the American three-toed Woodpecker and the Piliated Woodpecker (better known as the "Cock of the Woods") are true birds of the forest, very seldom showing themselves in the neighbourhood of cultivated lands. The other species are pretty generally distributed all over the Province, making themselves quite at home in orchard or wood lot.

COCK OF THE WOODS—"A MORNING CALL"

Nine species of Woodpecker are found. Note the short tarsus, the great size and strength of the feet, the large sharp claws and the hardness of the bill. Its tongue is long and barbed, so as to enable it to draw bugs and worms out of the holes in dead trees. The feathers on the top of the head are red, as is a small patch below the eye.

DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

The Cock of the Woods is not exclusively a bird of the north, but heavy timber is necessary for its existence. Before the original forest was cleared off it was undoubtedly found all over the Province. Up to 1880 there were always a few pairs in the counties of Wentworth, Haldimand and Norfolk, and in July, 1881, I found a pair with their young in what was known as the Indian bush, south of Brantford. From these haunts the birds have long since disappeared, they cannot (like the smaller species) adapt themselves to civilized conditions. The primeval forest with its grandeur of giant trees, silvery lakes and rushing streams, and the companionship of nature's wildest forms of life, seem to be the necessary associations of this chieftain of the Woodpeckers.

It is always a shy bird, difficult to approach and very clever in keeping at a safe distance from danger. Its large size, dark colour and habit of constantly hammering on the branches of dead trees render it noticeable enough, while its call will attract attention at any time. It is very noisy, constantly uttering a succession of loud notes

CANADA JAY OR WHISKEY JACK

A fluffy creature which is fond of attending at the cooking operations of campers. It has a partiality for cooked food.

DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

which very much resemble cackling laughter. This it does while flying from tree to tree or when working over the trunk searching for the tunnels of the borers which form its chief food.

No creature shows a more perfect adaptation to its method of life than does this Woodpecker. Its strength is simply marvellous and will hardly be credited, until it is actually seen at work upon some stump or dead trunk, into which it is drilling in search of its prey, or when it is engaged in excavating a hole for its nest. Watch the great bird as it hurriedly scrambles around a tree trunk, throwing itself from side to side and clinging with ease in any and every position except head downwards, and making the forest ring with its powerful strokes as it opens out the burrow of a fat grub. Then take one in your hand and notice the short tarsus, the great size and strength of the feet, with two toes directed forward and two backward, the claws as large and sharp as a cat's, and the size and hardness of its bill. Its capabilities will then be fully realized. The tongue of a Woodpecker is a highly specialized organ, eminently fitted to the purpose for which it is used, and in this species it reaches nearly its highest development. It is so constructed as to combine the two characters of length and strength which are needed for extensile purposes, the tip being horny and barbed along the edges. In use it is extended far beyond the tip of the bill and is thrust as a probe to the end of the partly opened tunnel of a borer which is then impaled upon the hard, sharp tip and held by the barbs so that it can be drawn out and devoured.

The nesting place of the Cock of the Woods is a hole dug out by the birds at a considerable height in some large tree, deep in the forest, lined only with some few fine chips. In this are deposited from four to six pure white eggs. After the young leave the nest they follow their parents until late in the fall when they shift for themselves.

The wild, unapproachable disposition of the Cock of the Woods is in marked contrast with the general character of most of the smaller residents of the north woods. They are much

less shy with the visitor to their domain than are the feathered residents of our farms and wood lots. They have not yet learned to mistrust all men. Even the Ruffed Grouse, which by hard experience has learned to be wary near the settlements, will only just flutter up on to a branch when disturbed in its seclusion of the forest. The little Chickadees and Nuthatches will fearlessly alight upon the stick you have cut for firewood as soon as you have laid it open, and will pick out the grubs exposed as confidently as if they believed the whole thing was done for their benefit.

And who that has ever camped in the north has not admired and been entertained by the impudent familiarity of that expert petty pilferer the Canada Jay, or Whiskey Jack as he is more commonly called. As Whiskey Jack he is generally known, but he has as many aliases as a city pickpocket. Moose bird and meat bird are names sometimes applied to him, more particularly in the East, I believe.

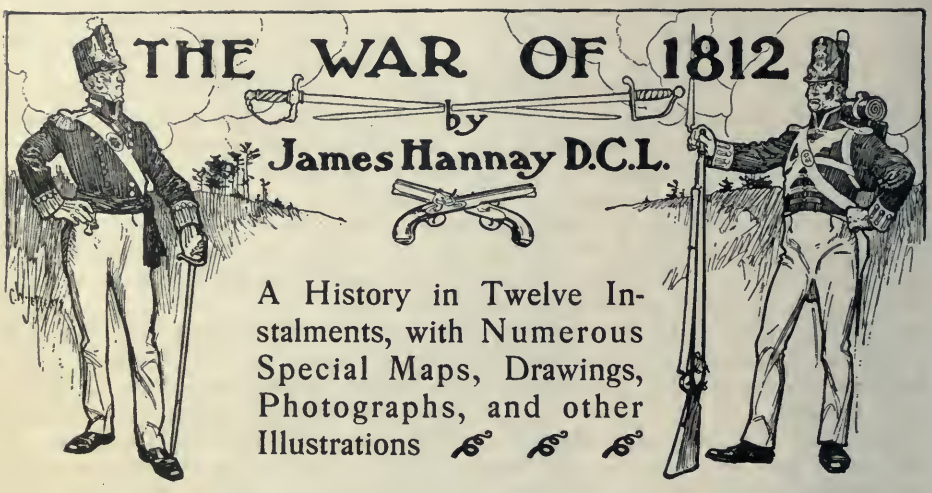
Wherever I have camped in Northern Ontario or in the wooded parts of Manitoba during the fall or winter, I have never yet failed to have Whiskey Jacks as constant visitors. As soon as the first strokes of an axe sound through the woods, these birds will come to investigate. You hear musical whisperings in the trees about you, and on looking up will see several of these fluffy creatures watching your operations with the greatest interest. The quaint air of wisdom and curiosity they assume as they turn their heads from side to side to look at you, first out of one eye and then the other, is indescribable, and all the time keeping up a sort of complacent conversation, as if perfectly satisfied that something good would certainly result to them from your labour. When the cooking commences their interest in the proceedings becomes deeper, and they draw closer to the fire, ready at any moment to seize scraps that may be thrown aside; nor will they stop at that, but will in the most impudent fashion help themselves to anything eatable that is left unguarded, even close to your elbow. I have often seen them alight on the edge of the pot in which food was cooking, and reaching down, fish out pieces of meat. On one occasion I was cleaning some hares on a small log. Several of these birds were, as usual, in close attendance, and more than once attempted to peck pieces of flesh off the carcase I still had hold of as I laid it down on the log.

I do not understand why nearly all writers say that the Whiskey Jack's voice is harsh, discordant, squealing and so forth, and fail to give it credit for any pleasing utterances at all. This is contrary to my experience altogether. It is true that the bird has a very wide vocabulary, and can, when the spirit moves it, produce some of the queerest screams of any bird I know. Yet, when it is pleased with itself, as it generally is, or when anticipating a good feast, its notes are as musical as those of any bird of the woods.

A good deal of mystery has always attached to the nesting of this bird. The reason for that is, the bird is a very early breeder, and but few people are in the habit of visiting the spruce forests to which it resorts at the time it is engaged in incubation.

The nest is usually built early in March, while the thermometer may in the north land still be hovering near zero. It is a compact, closely built structure, very neatly and warmly lined with fine grass and feathers. In it are usually deposited four eggs of a greenish gray ground colour, spotted with dark gray, lavender and brown. The young, for some time after they leave the nest, are much darker than their parents, being nearly all over of a dark sooty colour, acquiring their white markings after maturity.

I can quite understand why trappers should dislike this bird, because it sometimes injures the skin of animals that it may find dead in their traps, by eating holes in them; but it is a great favourite of mine, and will always be welcome to my camp in spite of its petty pilfering of eatables.


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Instalments, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

EIGHTH INSTALMENT—CHATEAUGUAY—CHRYSTLER'S FARM—BURNING OF NEWARK

CHATEAUGUAY

THE appointment of General James Wilkinson to the command of the Northern army of the United States, in place of General Dearborn, has already been noticed. Wilkinson was an old friend of Armstrong, the War Secretary, and the latter seems to have thought that the new commander would be a good instrument to carry out the plans he had formed for the invasion of Canada. These plans which were approved by the Government, involved the capture of Kingston, and a descent from there to Montreal. Wilkinson offered some objection to this proposal, which he deemed premature until more had been accomplished on the peninsula. Owing to this disagreement, when General Wilkinson arrived at Sackett's Harbour on the 20th August to take command of the army, no definite plan of operations had been determined upon, but at a council of officers held on the 28th, it was determined to concentrate at Sackett's Harbour all the troops in that department, except those on Lake Champlain, preparatory to striking "a deadly blow somewhere."

This Lake Champlain army was the same that General Dearborn had assembled at Plattsburg twelve months before, and was under the command of General Wade Hampton. It consisted of more than 4,000 infantry of the regular army, a squadron of cavalry numbering 180 men, a train of artillery of 10 guns and a body of New York State Militia, which brought its total strength to about 5,500 men. This formidable force, which formed the right wing of Wilkinson's army, went into camp at Chateauguay Four Corners, a few miles south of the Canadian line, on the 24th September, and remained there awaiting orders.

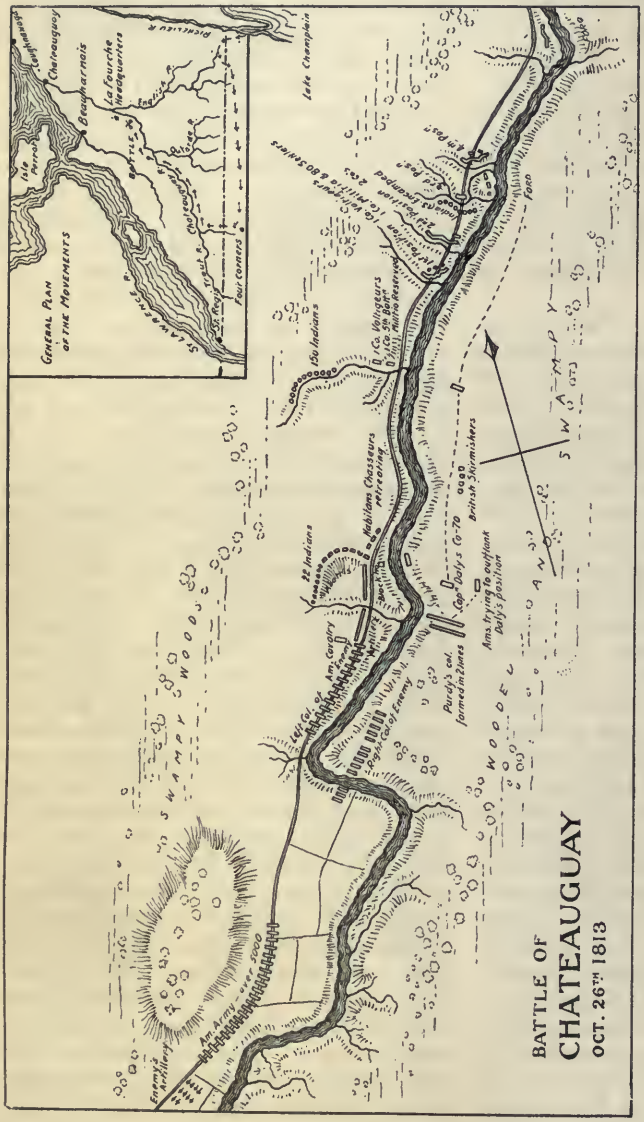
As Secretary Armstrong, in consequence of the difference of opinion between them as to the plan of campaign, was led to distrust Wilkinson's judgment, he went to Sackett's Harbour early in September and established the seat of his department there. Such an unusual course appeared to be rendered necessary by the eccentric conduct of General Hampton, who had refused to take orders from Wilkinson, claiming that his was a separate command. Armstrong was still bent on attacking Kingston, and it was not until the 16th October, when it was learned the place had been reinforced, that the project was abandoned. The British had received intelligence of the meditated movement, and on the 2nd of the same

month, Major-General De Rottenburg had left the Niagara frontier for Kingston with the 49th and 104th Regts., by which movement Major-General Vincent again became commander on that line. To compensate in some measure for this reduction in force, the army on the Niagara frontier had been reinforced by the 100th Regt. It was now agreed by the War Secretary and General Wilkinson, that the attack should be made on Montreal, and that, while the latter with the main body of the army descended the St. Lawrence, Gen. Hampton should advance down the Chateauguay River with his force and form a junction with Wilkinson at Isle Perrot.

The place selected for the concentration of Wilkinson's army was Grenadier Island, which is about 17 miles distant from Sackett's Harbour, and within four miles of the point where the St. Lawrence leaves Lake Ontario. The starting of the expedition had been delayed so long that the boats in which the troops were embarked were impeded by storms, 15 of them lost and many of them damaged. Between the 19th and 26th of October all the troops reached Grenadier Island and were ready for active operations. The army thus assembled was the most formidable in numbers that had yet been collected for the invasion of Canada, and, according to the American official accounts, consisted of more than 8,800 men. There were four brigades of infantry, a fifth brigade consisting of light troops, and three regiments of artillery, with 38 field pieces and a battering train of 20 pieces, under General Porter, besides two regiments of dragoons. This army remained on Grenadier Island until November 1st, with the exception of Brown's brigade, some light troops and heavy artillery, which went down the St. Lawrence on the 29th of October and encamped at French Creek, near Clayton. This was done to cause the British to believe that Kingston was the point aimed at, so as to induce them to concentrate their troops there and uncover Montreal.

At the same time that Wilkinson's troops commenced to embark at Sackett's Harbour for Grenadier Island, orders were sent to General Hampton, on the Chateauguay, to move down that river with his army, towards the St. Lawrence. This he began to do on the 21st October. The change of his line of advance into Canada, from the road from Champlain to La Colle, to that by Chateauguay, had rendered it necessary for Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry to adopt new measures of defence. That vigilant and active officer took up a position on the left bank of the Chateauguay River at a point about six miles above the junction of the English river with the Chateauguay. The ground he occupied was a thick forest and its situation was favourable for defence. De Salaberry's left was protected by the river, which was unfordable, except in one place just in the rear, where there was a rapid and the water was shallow. This ford was covered by a strong breastwork with a guard, and some distance from it in advance, on the right bank of the river, was a strong picket of the Beauharnois Militia to prevent the enemy from stealing suddenly on the ford, under cover of the forest. De Salaberry had protected his front by temporary breastworks formed by trees which had been felled by his woodmen. These breastworks lined the banks of four deep ditches or ravines, which ran at right angles to the river. A mile and a-half in advance of the outermost of these breastworks he had obstructed the road, which ran parallel to the river, with an abattis of trees. The working party engaged in this service had with it as a protection from any sudden attack, two subaltern detachments of the Voltigeurs. The successful defence of this chosen position was in the highest degree important, for the country behind it to the mouth of the Chateauguay river, was mainly open and cultivated, and might have been easily traversed by an invading army. Lieut.-Col. De Salaberry's whole force with which to guard this vital point did not exceed 800 rank and

file. It consisted of the two flank companies of the Canadian Fencibles, four companies of Voltigeurs, and six flank companies of embodied Militia and Chateauguay Chasseurs under Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, late of the Glengarry Regt. There were also at the post 172 Indians under Capt. Lamotte.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF CHATEAUGUAY

On the 22nd of October the greater part of Hampton's army had crossed into Canada and encamped at Spear's, near the junction of the Outard with the Chateauguay river. A road for the artillery was made through the woods, and Hampton's 10 guns were brought up to his camp. Beyond Spear's were seven miles of open country, and then commenced the tract of open forest in which De Salaberry had taken his stand. After making a reconnaissance, in which the ford on De Salaberry's left flank was discovered, Hampton, on the evening of the 25th, detached Col. Purdy with the 4th U.S. Infantry and the light troops of the first brigade to force the ford and fall upon the British rear at dawn. It was arranged that as soon as Purdy's musketry was heard, General Hampton and General Izard should make an attack in front with 3,500 men. The morning of the 26th dawned, and Hampton's troops stood to their arms, but there came no sign from Purdy. That officer, owing to the ignorance or treachery of his guide, had lost his way in the woods, and could neither find the ford nor the place from which he had started. The forenoon was well spent before he reached the vicinity of the ford, and in the meantime General Izard had advanced with the main body of the army to the front of De Salaberry's position. The two subaltern detachments of the Voltigeurs, which were charged with the duty of

guarding the working party, immediately retired to the abattis, after exchanging shots with the enemy. De Salaberry, in the meantime, had arrived with the light company of the Canadian Fencibles commanded by Capt. Ferguson, and two companies of his Voltigeurs commanded by Captains Jean Baptiste and Juchereau Duchesnay. He posted Captain Ferguson's company on the right, in front of the abattis in extended order, a few Abenaquis Indians being placed in the woods on its right flank. To the left of the Fencibles, Jean Baptiste Duchesnay's company of Voltigeurs occupied the grounds in extended order to the river, while the other company of Voltigeurs under Captain Juchereau Duchesnay and about 35 sedentary Militia, were thrown en potence along the margin of the river for the purpose of checking the enemy, in the event of his appearance on the opposite side. The whole force thus drawn up to oppose the enemy did not exceed 250 rank and file.

General Izard advanced with his 3,500 men along the left bank of the river, in open columns of sections, and wheeled his troops into line in front of the Canadians who opened a brisk fire. The Americans replied with battalion volleys, which however were for the most part ineffective. The Canadian skirmishers were driven back to the abattis, but beyond this not one inch of ground was gained by Izard's formidable force. The Americans, mistaking the retirement of the skirmishers to the main body for a retreat, set up a shout of victory which was replied to by one of defiance from the Canadians, and Col. De Salaberry, at the same moment, ordered his bugler to sound the advance. This was heard by Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, who was with the reserves, and who, thinking De Salaberry was in need of support, caused his own buglers to answer, and advanced with two of his companies. At the same time he sent ten or twelve buglers into the adjoining woods, who sounded the advance all along an extended line, and led the Americans to believe that they had a large army to contend with. This deterred them from making any farther advance until Purdy's flank attack had been heard from.

This flank attack did not prosper any more than that of General Izard on the Canadian front. Purdy's heavy force had succeeded in driving back about 60 Chateauguay Chasseurs under Capt. Bruyere, but they were speedily reinforced by the light company of the 3rd Battalion of embodied Militia under Capt. Daley, and the advanced guard of the Americans driven back. Purdy's detachment, however, was too powerful to be resisted by so small a body, and it was pressing along the right bank of the river, in overwhelming numbers, when it was received by a heavy fire from Capt. Juchereau Duchesnay's company of Voltigeurs, which lay concealed on the opposite bank of the Chateauguay. The Americans were instantly thrown into the greatest confusion and fled back into the woods. A few of them managed to swim across the river, and carried to General Hampton such alarming accounts of the enormous number of British and Canadians on the right bank of the river, that he immediately ordered a retreat. The rest of Purdy's men, frantic with terror, broke up into scattered detachments, which, mistaking each other for enemies, kept up a spirited engagement the most of the night.

The battle of Chateauguay was won by 380 Canadians, most of them French Canadians, against more than ten times their force of American Regulars. The Canadian loss was only two killed, 16 wounded and four missing. Lossing states the American loss at "about 15 killed and 23 wounded;" but, as more than 90 dead bodies and graves were found on the right bank of the river alone after the battle, we are forced to the conclusion that Lossing in this, as in many of his other statements, is not telling the truth. Twenty prisoners were also taken by the Canadians. Chateauguay was a sad blow to American pride. Major-General

Wool, who was there, said long afterwards:—"No officer who had any regard for his reputation would voluntarily acknowledge himself as having been engaged in it."

Hampton retired from Chateauguay to his camp at Spear's, and three days later retreated with his whole force to Chauteauguay Four Corners, harassed by the victorious Canadians and by the Indians under Capt. Lamotte. On the 11th November another retrograde movement was made, and Hampton retired to Plattsburg. Thus ended this formidable invasion of Lower Canada by the right wing of the "Army of the North." As an acknowledgment of the bravery of the embodied Militia of Lower Canada in this and other engagements, the Prince Regent granted a pair of colours to each of the five battalions, a mark of his approbation which was fully deserved and highly appreciated.

CHRYSTLER'S FARM

IT is now time to return to Grenadier Island and French Creek, where Wilkinson's army of 8,000 men halted on the first of November, in blissful ignorance of the defeat and retreat of Hampton. It should be understood by the reader that in all the operations which followed, down to the eve of the final abandonment of the expedition, General Wilkinson and his men were acting under the full belief that Hampton's army was advancing victoriously through Lower Canada to join them on the St. Lawrence. While General Wilkinson's army was being transported from Grenadier Island to French Creek, Commodore Chauncey undertook to blockade the British in Kingston harbour. But in spite of his efforts, two brigs, two schooners and eight gunboats got out and attacked the Americans at French Creek, on the afternoon of the 1st and the forenoon of the 2nd November. It was not until the appearance of Chauncey's fleet that they retired. The Americans lost two killed and four wounded. The British vessels, although fired at with red-hot shot, sustained little or no damage. Wilson arrived at French Creek on the 3rd, and on the morning of the 5th, just at dawn, the American army embarked in more than 300 boats and scows, and protected by 12 heavy gunboats, began to move down the St. Lawrence.

The British up to this moment had been unable to discover whether the expedition was intended to attack Kingston, Prescott or Montreal. Yet their vigilance was such that the instant the Americans left French Creek their enemies were in pursuit of them. A heavy armed British galley and several gunboats followed them and attacked their rear. The flotilla arrived at Morristown early the same evening, having been annoyed by the British gunboats all the way down. As the batteries of Fort Wellington at Prescott were considered too formidable to be passed in the day time, Wilkinson halted on the following day three miles above Ogdensburg, and landed his ammunition and all his troops except a sufficient number to man the boats. That night the boats ran past Fort Wellington with little loss, and again embarked the troops and ammunition at the Red Mill, four miles below Ogdensburg.

On the 7th Wilkinson landed Col. Alexander Macomb with a select corps of 1,200 men, and Lieut.-Col. Forsyth with his riflemen at the head of the Galops Rapids, to drive away the British from the prominent points of the river, and particularly from Matilda, where the St. Lawrence is little more than 500 yards wide. On the previous day General Wilkinson had addressed a proclamation to the people of Canada, which is in a very different strain from that of Hull. In it he had stated that he had invaded the Canadas to conquer, not to destroy, "to subdue the forces of His Britannic Majesty, not to war against his unoffending subjects." He promised protection to the persons and property of those who remained quietly at home. Only the old and feeble, however, could

be persuaded to do this, for the general in his official despatches complains of the "active universal hostility of the male inhabitants of the country." On the 8th, Wilkinson's army arrived at the White House, opposite Matilda, about 18 miles below Ogdensburg, and here the general called a council of his officers, consisting of Generals Lewis, Boyd, Brown, Porter, Covington and Swartwout. He had received a report from a spy employed by Colonel Swift, which stated the number and position of the British forces to be 600, under Colonel Murray, at Coteau du Lac, strongly fortified with artillery; about 300 artillery, but without ammunition, at the Cedar Rapids; 200 sailors, 400 marines, and a body of Militia at Montreal, with no fortifications, and 2,500 Regulars daily expected from Quebec. The same agent also reported the number of the Militia between Kingston and Quebec at 20,000. Wilkinson stated his own force at 7,000 non-commissioned officers and men, and put the question to the council, whether the army should proceed to Montreal. This was answered in the affirmative by all the officers, the more readily as Hampton had been ordered to join them with his army at St. Regis, and it was fully expected he would be there by the time they reached that place.

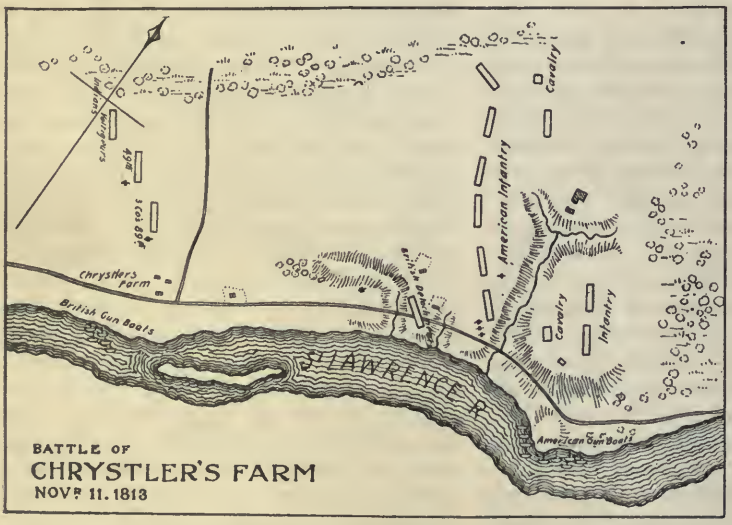
Macomb's detachment of 1,200 men encountered no other opposition on the Canadian shore than that of about 60 Militia, who, of course, were not numerous enough to seriously impede his march. But a British force was rapidly approaching, which was destined to prove even more annoying to the Americans than the "teasing" British gunboats which hovered on their rear. The troops at Kingston, in the beginning of November, which were available for service down the St. Lawrence, were the 49th Regt. and nine weak companies of the 2nd Battalion of the 89th. The former had arrived from the Niagara frontier a few days before, and its sadly reduced state from the sickness which had prevailed there, may be inferred from the fact that when it left Queenstown only 16 of its 50 commissioned officers were fit for duty. On the 4th November the two flank companies of this regiment were pushed forward to Fort Wellington, and on the morning of the 7th the remainder of the regiment, the nine companies of the 89th, a small detachment of artillery and two 6-pounders, set out in the same direction. This detachment, which was embarked in the schooners *Beresford* and *Sydney Smith*, seven gunboats and a number of bateaux, did not number more than 560 rank and file. Captain Mulcaster, who commanded the flotilla, skilfully evaded Chauncey's blockading squadron, and reached Fort Wellington on the 8th, the same day that Wilkinson held his council of war. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Morrison, of the 80th, who commanded this "Corps of Observation," was joined at Wellington by the two flank companies of the 49th, detachments of the Fencibles and Voltigeurs, a few Provincial Dragoons and some Militia artillery with a six-pounder, in all 240 rank and file. This reinforcement raised the strength of Lieut.-Col. Morrison's little army to 800 rank and file.

At Fort Wellington Capt. Mulcaster substituted bateaux for his two schooners, and on the 9th landed Lieut.-Col. Morrison and his force at Point Iroquois, a short distance from Matilda. The British were now close on the heels of the American army, which was advancing down the St. Lawrence in boats and by land. That very morning General Brown had crossed to the Canadian shore with his brigade and dragoons, to march down the river in connection with Colonel Macomb's detachment. A few hours later, when the British were discovered approaching, General Boyd was detached with his brigade to reinforce Brown with orders to cover his march, and, if attacked by the pursuing British, "to turn about and beat them." On the same evening General Wilkinson's army halted at Williamsburg. The American Commander-in-Chief had learned that a formidable British force

had collected at the foot of the Long Sault, and on the morning of the 10th General Brown was sent forward to dislodge them. This formidable force consisted of 300 Dundas and Glengarry Militia under Capt. Dennis of the 49th, and 30 Indians. When this officer was apprised of Brown's approach, he took immediate measures to impede his progress by destroying the bridge over Hoop Pole Creek, and distributing his men in the thick woods on the opposite bank, from which they maintained a severe fire on Brown's force. The latter was thus delayed several hours in his advance, and time enough given for the removal of all the stores at Cornwall. In this skirmish the Americans lost several killed and wounded, but, although they used cannon, they did not succeed in inflicting any damage on the Militia.

While General Brown was thus engaged with the Militia, General Wilkinson remained halted, awaiting intelligence from him. About noon he heard Brown's artillery down the river, and nearly at the same time was attacked by the British gunboats under Captain Mulcaster. Wilkinson was obliged to land two 18-pounders to resist this new danger, and most of the day was spent in disembarking and re-embarking the heavy guns. Only two miles were made by the Americans that day, and in the afternoon Wilkinson's vessels anchored for the night just below Weaver's Point and almost opposite the farm of Mr. John Chrystler. General Boyd's force was also encamped close by. It was not until 10 o'clock on the morning of the 11th that any message was received from Brown. He had reached the foot of the Long Sault, but his troops had been drenched by the heavy rain and were obliged to pass the preceding night without any shelter. He asked that the boats with supplies be sent to him as speedily as possible, and Wilkinson had given orders for the flotilla to proceed, and for General Boyd to resume his march, when the appearance of the British in his rear forced him to halt and give them battle. Thus was brought about the famous battle of Chrystler's Field.

The force which was drawn up at Chrystler's to receive the Americans was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Morrison, and was the same "Corps of Observation" that has already been described. It consisted of 340 rank and file of the 49th Regt., about 300 of the 89th, and detachments of the Canadian Fencibles and Voltigeurs, a few of the Royal Artillery and Militia Artillery with three guns and half a dozen Militia Dragoons, in all, about 800 rank and file of white troops, with 30 Indians under Lieut. Anderson. Lieut. Col. Morrison posted his men in a position which he had previously selected, his right resting



MAP OF BATTLE OF CHRYSTLER'S FARM

on the river and his left on a pine wood, and showing a front of about 700 yards. The ground occupied was perfectly open, and the troops were thus disposed. The flank companies of the 49th Regt., and the detachment of Canadian Fencibles with one 6-pounder, under Lieut. Col. Pearson, were on the right, a little advanced on the road which skirts the river and passes Chrystler's house. Three companies of the 89th Regt. under Captain Barnes with a 6-pounder were formed en echelon with the advance and supporting its left. The remainder of the 49th and 89th Regts. thrown more to the rear with one gun, formed the main body's reserve, and extended to the woods on the left, which were occupied by the Voltigeurs under Major Herriot and the Indians under Lieut. Anderson. It is difficult to get at the exact force that the Americans brought into the field in this battle. General Wilkinson, in his first official despatch in regard to the affair, says: "It is impossible to say with accuracy what was our number on the field, because it consisted of indefinite detachments taken from the boats, to render safe the passage of the Sault." In the next paragraph of his letter, however, he says: "Our force engaged might have reached 1,600 or 1,700 men, but actually did not exceed 1,800." But in a second despatch written two days later, which he asks the American Secretary of War to consider as an appendage to his first official communication, he says: "Having received information late in the day that the contest had been somewhat dubious, I ordered up a reserve of 600 men whom I had ordered to stand by their arms under Lieut.-Col. Upham, who gallantly led them into action, which terminated a few minutes after their arrival on the ground." Here we have an admission from the American general himself that he had 2,400 men engaged, or three times the British force. Yet it is not easy to understand why his available force should have been so small. A few days before he had announced his army as numbering 7,000 non-commissioned officers and privates. After making allowance for the detached forces under Brown, there certainly would be 4,000 men left with Wilkinson, of whom all but a few hundreds left in the boats might have taken part in the battle. It seems impossible, therefore, to resist the conclusion that the American general who, at the time of the battle was confined to his bed, had been misinformed as to the details of the engagement and the number of men he had in the field. Lieut.-Col. Morrison described the enemy as "consisting of two brigades of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, amounting to between three and four thousand men." There were in reality parts of three brigades and three brigadier-generals. The enemy brought six guns into action.

General Wilkinson's orders, as described by himself, were for Brigadier-General Boyd, "to throw down the detachments of his command assigned to him in the order of the preceding day, and composed of his own, Covington's and Swartwout's brigades, into three columns, to march upon the enemy, and outflank them if possible and take their artillery." About two o'clock p.m., Boyd proceeded to endeavour to carry out these orders. Swartwout was detached with the fourth brigade to attack the British advance, which was composed of light troops, while Covington was directed to take a position at supporting distance with the 3rd brigade. The British skirmishers fell back on the main body, and at 2.30 p.m. the action became general. The whole of Swartwout's brigade and part of the first brigade under Colonel Coles now endeavoured to turn the British left, while the third brigade, under General Covington, made a front attack. Swartwout's flank attack was repulsed by the six companies of the 89th, formed en potence with the eight companies of the 49th, both corps moving forward and occasionally firing by platoons. As their united strength did not exceed 420 rank and file, the character of their achievement in defeating one entire American brigade and part of another

will be understood. The efforts of the enemy were next directed against the British right, and to repulse this movement, which was made by General Covington's brigade with four cannon, the 49th took ground in that direction en echelon, followed by the 89th. When within half musket shot these two regiments formed in line under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy. The 49th was then directed to charge one of the enemy's guns, but this movement was checked in consequence of a charge by the American dragoons on the right, as if persisted in, it would have exposed the 49th to an attack on their flank and rear by the cavalry. These dragoons, however, were received in so gallant a manner by the three companies of the 89th, under Captain Barnes, that they speedily retreated, and Barnes, following up the advantage he had gained, by a sudden charge captured the gun. This was the turning point of the battle. General Covington fell mortally wounded, and his brigade got into confusion. The fourth brigade was also pushed back, and it was followed in its retreat by the first, under Col. Coles. At half-past four the Americans had given way at all points, and their retreat was rapidly becoming a rout, when their disorderly flight was partially checked by the arrival of the reinforcement of 600 men under Lieut.-Col. Upham. The American light infantry attempted to cover their retreat, but were driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieut.-Col. Pearson with the flank companies of the 49th and the detachment of Canadian Fencibles. The British occupied the ground from which the Americans had been driven, but as they had no cavalry, they could not pursue the routed enemy.

In this battle the loss of the British was 22 killed, 147 wounded and 12 missing. The Americans stated their loss at 102 killed and 237 wounded. The British took more than 100 prisoners. As General Boyd, in reply to an enquiry by General Wilkinson, admitted that he could not maintain himself on the Canadian shore the night of the battle, it was necessary to embark his whole detachment, with the exception of the dragoons and light artillery, which were marched down the river. The embarkation was effected under cover of the darkness, and the American flotilla proceeded about four miles towards Cornwall and landed the defeated army on the American side of the St. Lawrence, where no British troops could molest them. On the following day the troops were re-embarked and the flotilla ran the Long Sault and formed a junction with General Brown's detachment at Barnhart's, three miles above Cornwall.

At this place an unpleasant surprise awaited Wilkinson. A short time after his arrival, Colonel Atkinson, General Hampton's Inspector-General, waited on him with a letter from that officer in which he declined to join Wilkinson at St. Regis, as he had been ordered, and informed him that he was marching to Lake Champlain to co-operate in the attack on Montreal from that point. Wilkinson called a council of war which decided that the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for that season, and that the army should go into winter quarters at French Mills, on the Salmon River. This programme was at once carried out, and on the following day the entire army crossed over to the American shore. Their movements were hastened by the news that there was a considerable British force at Coteau du Lac, and that Lieut-Col. Morrison's "Corps of Observation," which had defeated them at Chrystler's, was close at hand.

The failure of Wilkinson's expedition was the greatest of the series of humiliations which American pride had to endure in the course of the war. From the magnitude of the preparations that had been made and the number of men employed, success was reasonably to have been expected. More than 14,000 disciplined troops, including Hampton's army, had been engaged in the invasion of Canada, yet all their efforts had come to nothing.

The sedentary Militia of Lower Canada, which had been called out for active service in view of the threatened invasion, and who had responded with alacrity, were dismissed to their homes by a general order of the 17th of November, in which they were justly complimented for their loyalty and zeal. A great danger had been averted, and the last chance which the Americans had of successfully attacking Kingston or Montreal had passed away.

BURNING OF NEWARK

THE extreme anxiety of the American War Secretary to make the armies of Wilkinson and Hampton so strong that a successful invasion of Lower Canada would be the crowning effort of the year, had been the means of reducing the American force on the Niagara frontier and bringing operations there to a standstill. As it was considered that more glory was to be acquired before Montreal than in Upper Canada, all the regular officers of high rank were with Wilkinson and Hampton, and Fort George was left in command of Brigadier-General McClure, of the New York Militia. In the absence of General De Rottenburg, who had been called to Kingston, General Vincent again commanded the British forces on the Niagara frontier, having his headquarters near St. Davids. On the 9th of October the news of Procter's defeat on the Thames reached him, and as it was considered certain that Harrison would follow and attempt to capture the British post at Burlington Heights, it became necessary for Vincent to fall back and concentrate his army at that point. Accordingly the delicate operation of withdrawing the army from in front of a very superior enemy was commenced the same day, and conducted with such skill that the main body of the army had been nearly twelve hours on the march before the disappearance of the pickets notified the American commander that the British were gone. General McClure, with the bulk of his army, followed as far as Twelve Mile Creek, but the rear guard, consisting of the 100th Regt. and the light company of the 8th, under the command of Colonel Murray, presented such a formidable front that he did not attempt any attack. Vincent reached Burlington Heights without loss, and was there joined by the remnant of General Procter's army, numbering 246 officers and men.

General McClure, in a proclamation addressed to the people of Upper Canada which he issued at this time, chose to treat the retirement of the British army from before Fort George as an abandonment of the Province. Matters certainly wore a very unpromising aspect, and the Province was much nearer being abandoned than most people were aware at the time. For as soon as Sir George Prevost heard of Procter's defeat he sent orders to General Vincent directing him to evacuate all the British posts west of Kingston. That such an order should have been issued shows the extreme folly of a Commander-in-Chief attempting to direct operations from a distance without a knowledge of all the facts. Sir George Prevost doubtless believed when he issued the order that Harrison was advancing in force through the Western Peninsula, and that a speedy retreat was the only way to save the army. Fortunately for the interests of Canada and the credit of the British arms, the officers who were charged with the execution of the order had better information than the Commander-in-Chief, and were not afraid of responsibility. General Vincent called a council of war at Burlington Heights which decided that the order should not be obeyed, and that the army should not retreat. This noble resolve, which was taken in one of the darkest hours of the war, at a time when the Americans looked upon Montreal as already theirs, was the means of winning back all that had been lost on the Niagara frontier that year. It nerved the arm of every British soldier and Canadian Militiaman to greater efforts, and inspired

the hearts of all the people of the Province with renewed courage.

The retirement of the British from the vicinity of Fort George gave General McClure a free hand for the practice of the only species of warfare in which he was competent to shine—that of marauding and plundering. American soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants of Newark, and the farm houses in its vicinity were systematically robbed by McClure's troops. This general had offered the friendship and protection of his government to the people of the Province, but these fine sounding words proved to be without meaning. Friendship and protection were only for those who would renounce their allegiance and co-operate with him in the work of making Upper Canada an American state. All others who preferred to remain British subjects were to be dragooned into submission. Bands of American soldiers scoured the country, pillaging and destroying the houses of the inhabitants and carrying off the principal of them to the American side of the Niagara River, where they were incarcerated in filthy dungeons.

McClure, whose force now consisted of nearly 3,000 volunteers and Militia and a few hundred Regulars, continued his course of outrage and robbery on the inhabitants within his lines, until it became imperatively necessary for the British Commander to attempt to do something to check it. Colonel Murray, who commanded the British advanced posts, on his own urgent representations, obtained permission from General Vincent to make a demonstration against the Americans, but with strict injunctions not to go beyond Forty Mile Creek. The news of Murray's advance with 380 of the 100th Regt., a few volunteers, and less than 100 Indians, was the signal for McClure to retreat from Twenty Mile Creek, where he was posted. Colonel Murray having obtained permission to extend his march, advanced as far as Twelve Mile Creek, and compelled McClure to retire to Fort George. But even there he did not deem himself safe, although the fort had been greatly strengthened during the summer and autumn, and he resolved to abandon Canada altogether. Before doing so, however, he completed the record of his vandalism and cruelty by an act which has made his name forever infamous in the history of the war.

The beautiful village of Newark, with its peaceful inhabitants, although it had suffered somewhat in the various contests which had occurred around it, still remained a pleasant and habitable town. It contained about 150 houses and two churches, in which its residents worshipped the same God that the Congress of the United States had earnestly requested to aid them in murdering and robbing the people of Canada. From the very first moment when McClure obtained the command, he seems to have cast an evil eye on Newark, and obtained from Secretary Armstrong the following order, which he afterwards used to justify his conduct:

War Department, Oct. 4th, 1813.

Sir,—Understanding that the defence of the post committed to your charge may render it proper to destroy the town of Newark, you are hereby directed to apprise the inhabitants of this circumstance and invite them to remove themselves and their effects to some place of greater safety.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Armed with this order, McClure could afford to wait until his vengeance against the unfortunate people of Newark could be sated to the utmost. December came with its bitter blasts and blinding snowstorms, so that the living creature that was left without shelter was foredoomed to death. On the 18th of the month, which chanced to be a Friday, just before nightfall, McClure sent his officers to notify the inhabitants of Newark that he was about to destroy their town, and that such of them as desired to save any of their effects should remove them at once. Half an hour later the incendiaries followed, and

soon every house in the village was in flames. The sun had set, but the sky was lighted up with the conflagration, which told of the cruel and wanton destruction of a peaceful town, and the inhabitants of Newark were homeless. More than 400 helpless women and children were driven out, without food or shelter, to endure the rigour of a Canadian winter that dreadful night. The aged and feeble, the sick and dying, and the new-born infant were alike sharers in the common doom which had been decreed against them by an infamous government, and executed by a man still more infamous than the men he served. Every building in Newark, with the exception of a single house, that of Mr. Gordon, was destroyed.

Murray from his camp at Twelve Mile Creek saw the conflagration of Newark, and divining its purport, hurried towards Fort George, hoping to surprise the garrison. The cowardly McClure became panic-stricken as he approached, and fled across the river in such fear that he left the whole of his tents, sufficient to accommodate 1,500 men, standing. So great was his haste to get away that the new barracks which had just been built were left unconsumed, the fort was not blown up, and a considerable number of cannon as well as a quantity of stores were left behind. Thus was the whole Niagara frontier once more cleared of the invader, and this region rescued from a merciless enemy. Once more the British flag floated over Fort George, which the Americans had been good enough to strengthen and improve so greatly that it could have stood a regular siege by a formidable force, if defended by men of courage instead of the cowardly incendiaries who had occupied it.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOME

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

"O MOTHER, the bells are ringing as never they rang before
And banners aloft are flying, and open is every door,
And down in the streets are thousands of men I have never seen ;
But friendly are all the faces—O, mother, what can it mean ?"

"My little one," said the mother, "for many long, weary years—
Through days that the sunshine mocked at and nights that were wet with tears—
I have waited and watched in silence too proud to speak, and now
The pulse of my heart is leaping, for the children have kept the vow ;

"And there they are coming, coming, the brothers you never knew ;
But, sightless, my ears would know them, so steady and firm and true

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* Written for the Home-Comers' Celebration held in Toronto, July 1st to 4th.

Is the tramp of men whose fathers trod where the wind blows free
Over the heights of Queenston and willows of Chateauguay.

"For whether it be a thousand, or whether a single man—
In the calm of peace or battle, since ever the race began,
No human eye has seen it—'tis an undiscovered clime
Where the feet of my children's fathers have not stepped and beaten time.

"The dweller upon my threshold had vaunted and jeered and cried,
'The pledge of your offspring's birthright, your children have swept aside;
They cumber the land of strangers, they dwell in the alien's tent,
Till home is a word forgotten, and love but a bow unbent.

"'Planners and builders of cities (Were ever such men as these?)
Councillors, guides and moulders of the strangers' destinies—
Conquerors, yet are they conquered, and this is the word and sign;
You boast of their wise seed-sowing, but the harvest they reap is mine.'

"Ah, little the stranger knew me, this mocking but friendly foe;
The youngest mother of nations, how could the stranger know
The faith of the old grey mother, her sorrows and hopes and fears?—
Let her speak when her sons are tested like mine, for a thousand years.

"Afar in the dim savanna, when the dawn of the spring is near,
What is it wakes the wild goose, calling him loud and clear?
What is it brings him homeward, battered and tempest torn?
Are they weaker than birds of passage, the children whom I have borne?

"Nay, the streets of the city tremble with the tread that shakes the world,
When the sons of the blood foregather and the mother flag flies unfurled—
Brothers are welcoming brothers, and the voices that pierce the blue
Answer the enemy's taunting—and the children of York* are true.

"Wanderers maybe, traitors never! By the scroll of their fathers' lives,
The faith of the land that bore them, and the honour of their wives,
We may lose them, our own strong children, blossom and root and stem,
But the cradle will be remembered, for home is aye home to them."

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* An old name for the City of Toronto

Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, Grosser Wendelstein. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Murneys found themselves at the table d'hote of their new "pension" opposite two ladies who talked a good deal to each other, though as far removed as the poles in temperament and interests. One was a faded social flower—a widow, who had lived all over the world and had a set of correct opinions ready for every possible subject. The other was a cold, unornamented, "ramrody" sort of woman—a spinster, a very Amazon in the service of advanced thought, tempered by a touch of British conservatism. The widow commonly came to dinner in a lace mantilla; the Amazon appeared at luncheon in a walking hat and skirt. Next the widow sat a lady who was quite hard of hearing; and with her the widow delighted to talk of aristocratic mutual acquaintances. It was sensibly elevating, socially, to hear the widow conjecture in a tone loud enough to pierce her companion's dull ears whether or not Lady Blank would go to her villa in Cannes for the winter, or why the Prince of Centesimi had ceased to be interested in his Tuscan estate.

Next Mrs. Murney sat a non-conductor, conversationally—a Russian who never spoke to anybody except his hostess, and to her in German. Beside him was a German girl who delighted to practise her English. Opposite her was a rich French doctor and his wife who seemed to talk anything they liked; and beside her an Italian who had lived many years in Siam, and who talked a remarkable English all the time. Opposite Herr Werner, who sat next to Jessica, was a young American couple, in love with each other and with travel.

"I'm really afraid to buy anything," the young American wife was saying. "The New York customs house is simply awful."

"I think we all get to be free traders over here," observed Mrs. Murney.

"I heard of a man once," said the American husband, "who thought it would be a good joke to scare his wife; so when they got off at New York, he called a customs house officer and said: 'You better search that woman. I think she is smuggling some lace.' So they called her aside and searched her, and found eight hundred dollars worth on her which

she had bought for friends and didn't tell her husband about. When the officer came out and thanked the astonished husband for his timely hint, he realized the pleasures of being too funny."

"I thought," said the French doctor, sweetly, "that American wives and husbands kept nothing from each other."

"That," observed the widow, "is a pleasing fiction. I lived for twelve years in America."

"I shouldn't call it 'a *pleasing* fiction,'" broke in the Amazon in a wintry voice. "Why should a woman sink her individuality in a partnership?"

"Why should a man?" the American husband inquired militantly.

"Why should he, indeed?" retorted the Amazon, "though, for that matter, he seldom does."

"Does the woman, do you think?" asked the widow softly.

"Too often," from the Amazon.

"It is better, I think, where they both do," observed the American wife with downcast eyes and a sweet half-smile.

"It is best," said Herr Werner, "when their individualities are alike;" and Jessica raised her eyes to his approvingly.

"German husbands—ah—wear a—I cannot think," began the German girl with more pluck than vocabulary.

"A long pipe?" suggested the French doctor, innocently.

"No-o!" said the German girl, quite seriously; and she was visibly going over her mind methodically in search of that missing word.

"A pair of spectacles?" laughed the American husband.

"A marriage ring?" growled Herr Werner.

His countrywoman smiled her thanks at him. "Yes," she said, "that is right. German husbands wear a marriage ring; but you English—husbands—put it off, isn't it?"

"They never put it on," said Jessica.

"No-o?" cried the German girl in great surprise, looking as if she would doubt the propriety of a marriage of that kind.

"Different people," observed the American husband, "wear the ring of subjection in different places—the German on his finger, the bull in his nose, the American in his voice."

"While the Englishman, I am told," broke in Jessica, with a recurrence of her old manner, "puts it in his wife's name."

Herr Werner had a gratified expression at this, until the Amazon remarked that a German's treatment of his "frau" was simply uncivilized.

"The frau," observed the German girl, "is out of the kitchen getting—."

"To make room for men," shot in the French doctor, "as in France. With us, the business of cooking is too vitally important to be left to the ladies," and he smiled jocosely at his wife.

"The ladies," said the Amazon, "seldom cook with us."

"But they do with us," cried the American husband. "We have the cook-lady and the laundry-lady, you know, and all the rest of it."

It would be impossible to put in print the disgust on the Amazon's face. The gentleman from Siam now began a monologue upon Italian domestic life, deadening his voice at regular intervals—but never stopping it—with a forkful from his plate.

"The Italian is a queer fellow," he was saying presently. "One said to me just the other day—'It costs me five thousand lira to live; two thousand to keep my house, to feed me and to clothe me, and three thousand to drive me out in the corso.' Now I would have said four thousand to live and one thousand for carriage; but the Italian is all for show. Still he lives very cheaply; he eats many macaroni, cooked in all style, and much vegetables;" and he began giving the price of vegetables in the various Italian cities.

The table had been subtly conscious for some minutes that an affectionate difference of opinion had sprung into existence between the French couple.

Only a low word or two in lightning French had been spoken, but an incessant though noiseless discussion of shrugged shoulders and wrinkled foreheads and moue-ed lips had followed. Now, however, it was ended, and Madame had her way; for she placed a quieting hand over the Doctor's as it lay, potently nervous though still, on the table, and asked the Swiss hostess if she wouldn't poach an egg for "M'sieur."

"Oui, certainement," and a smile; and the order was given.

The Doctor assumed a delightful air of resignation. Madame flashed at him a mischievous glance that had, however, a light touch of motherliness in it. Then he turned to Jessica with—

"My wife spoils me."

"Nothing is pleasanter," responded Jessica.

Madame beamed on her and almost spoke, but thought better of it; possibly she might have told the girl that she would learn one day that it is as pleasant to do the spoiling.

Several days later when the Murneys climbed the hill from the quay, after having spent the morning with Herr Vogt, Jessica caught sight of a familiar face in the drawing-room. Pushing open the door, she saw others; and then she knew them—the Vassar party.

"Why, Miss Murney!" "And *Mrs.* Murney!" they chorused; and then—"Are *you* here?" and "When *did* you leave Dresden?" and "Where *have* you been since?"

"Where have *you* been?" asked Jessica.

"Oh! let me see," cried one of them. "From Dresden we went to Prague and then to Vienna—Oh! Vienna *is* sweet. You ought to see the officers on—on—What is the name of that street?—Where the cafes are, you know!"

"Karntner strasse," said the Fraulein in charge of the party a little wearily.

"Karntner strasse! Oh, yes! Such distinguished looking men! And then the Prater on a Sunday!—and the Bohemian girls!"

"Oh, and you should see the girls wearing Cashmere shawls over their heads in Venice," broke in another enthusiastically.

"Why, have you been to Venice, too?" asked Jessica, in astonishment.

"Yes; and Florence and Milan. We were a long time in Florence—did everything."

"How delightful!" said Jessica, her head beginning to whirl.

"But the Last Supper there is a fraud," one of them warned her solemnly. "All faded."

"It is not in Florence, Bertha," corrected the Fraulein. "It is in Milan."

"Oh!" said Bertha. "Well, we took the street car to it anyway."

"Are you going to stay long here?" asked Jessica.

"Quite a while!" said one of them. "We are going to do Lucerne and a run down the Lake this afternoon, go up the Righi to-morrow, and possibly on to Geneva next day."

That afternoon Jessica went with Herr Werner to study the old paintings on the two curious wooden bridges that cross the swift Reuss as it flows out of the lake through the city; and very redolent of the elder time they found them. Slowly they walked from one to another, making out the meaning of each, so full of the mystery of a religion that was frankly and constantly supernatural, and of the greatness of rulers who led their people into battle, risking something more than the annoyance of disturbing cablegrams.

When they had tired their eyes and [illegible] their imaginations, they walked home past the Schweizerhof; and Mr. Hughes, who had walked Lucerne three days in silent search of the Murneys, there met them.

So it was true, he told himself, Werner was here, and not in Poland at all. The three chatted for a few minutes and exchanged addresses; and then Jessica and Herr Werner went on up the hill.

"He's hypnotized her, damn him," said Hughes to his moustache. "She is up in the air all the time—not a bit like herself. Should have a brother

here, by Jove!—I wonder what her mother is about. Hypnotized, too, likely."

Which last was nearer the truth than most of his soliloquy; for Mrs. Murney was again dreaming of New York opera and golden streams, and a home on Murray Hill—yes, and a cottage at "the Pier."

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Theodore Hughes considered his position at great length that night, sitting in the starlight on one of the benches by the lake and near the Casino while doing it. The sound of singing floated in from happy boatloads out on the placid water; a circle of lights marked the sweep of the old town; upon the hill behind him an occasional bright ray broke through the foliage of the trees, one, perhaps, from the lamp beside which Jessica possibly sat—Jessica and "that cursed German." Across the harbour tingled and circled and clashed a light-etched "merry-go-round" with a mechanical orchestra. The clear, cool air of the Alpine night lay on his cheek and the vast mountain masses were a dim shadow. Gradually Mr. Hughes' cigarettes turned from coal to ash, and he seldom moved except to extract another from his case.

What should he do about it? Should he do anything? He found it easier to argue that he shouldn't than that he should, but the conclusion was less satisfactory. Still Miss Murney had no claim upon him. She was not even a countrywoman of his. If she chose to have that dreamy German with her, and her mother was willing that she should, why should he—but that German was disgusting, and no mistake. They probably went walks together, and she sat among the wild flowers and made daisy chains for him. It would be unmanly in him (Hughes) to go away and leave a young girl to that. He would drive off the German vampire and then he would go away. If she did not want him about he would not stay about, but it was only common chivalry to rescue her from positive danger before he went.

As for the "how," he knew but one way, and that was to see the German and tell him he must clear out and leave the girl alone, and if he wouldn't "clear out," to knock him down. That settled, Mr. Hughes took a turn by the lake and went to bed.

The next day Herr Werner went down town in the morning and did not turn up for luncheon at the hill-top "pension." But the others did, and the French doctor was inclined to be talkative.

"I like Americans," he said to Mrs. Murney with that astonishing skill in point-blank compliment which is second nature to the French race. "They seem nearer kin to us than the English—not so cold, quicker, more—more intuitional."

"I think we are," agreed Mrs. Murney. "I find English people difficult to get acquainted with."

The widow shrugged her shoulders. "Some people," she said, "prefer peanuts to walnuts because they have so little shell."

"You are not English," said the Doctor to her quickly.

"No, but I like them," she replied. "They know what friendship means—they are steadfast and loyal."

"Pouf!" cried the Frenchman. "Every man is his own best friend, and of the rest of the world he asks—sympathy with his mood, entertainment, '*bonne camaraderie*,' nothing more."

"Yet sometimes he wants to borrow a dollar," remarked the American husband drily, with a smile to his plate.

"Don't you think that Americans make good friends, too?" Jessica asked of the widow.

"Splendid!" was the reply, and with enthusiasm. "Especially," he added, "for light afflictions. They are so instantly kind, and so solicitous, and so quick to take trouble for you."

"But do you never want friends when the sun shines?" asked the Doctor.

The question seemed to reach an

inner sanctuary in Jessica, and she said thoughtfully, half to herself—

"Do we, I wonder? Is it not companionship we want then?"

"Ah!" breathed the Frenchman, with a quick glance at her that told how true he found her intuition, and how surprised he was to find it so.

"That is which I think," joined in the gentleman from Siam who had begun to find his own long silence oppressive. "When I am gay, I want friends, friends, friends, but when I am sad I select to be alone."

"That is like the animals," pleasantly observed the Amazon. "When wounded, they hide themselves."

Jessica heard little of this, for she was still thinking of the Frenchman's question.

"You like to enjoy things," she now said, "with people who see them as you do, without asking whether they would stand by you in trouble or not, but when trouble comes, you want one with you who will stand the closer the darker it grows—and it matters little then whether he sees all the colours of the rainbow as you do."

"'One'—'he,'" quoted the young American wife under her breath.

Jessica heard it, however, and flushed furiously, resolving never to think out loud in public again. For she knew that in her mind, "companion" had meant Herr Werner, and "friend" Mr. Hughes, and she was not a little startled to see so plainly her attitude toward the two men.

The conversation then turned to the kind of time the Vassar party were probably having on the Righi—with an interlude by the Italian from Siam on the loneliness of life in the "clubs" of the tropics—and from that to the dangers and follies and daring of Alpinism.

"Alpinism! It sounds like a new religion," said Jessica.

"It is," the American husband assured her cheerfully, "with a ready-made hymn in 'Excelsior' and climbing toward heaven as an object."

"And for a god," observed the Frenchman, "the image of one's self a niche higher than any other," and then, after a pause—"This making of gods in one's own image is not a new idea in the history of religions."

Herr Werner was meantime having his luncheon with Herr Vogt, and there was a suffused blush under his left eye and his nose looked large and tender. And Herr Vogt's protruding eyes were rolling in alarm at Herr Werner's singular story. He was learning for the first time what it was that killed the song-spirit in the wonderful Miss Murney, and made her a lump of clay. It was the malevolent presence of a rude, frozen-faced, soulless, raw-beef-eating barbarian from England, who led her to play at a silly ball game until she was a mere panting, perspiring animal, who ridiculed every out-reaching of the soul and cared only for jingle music or sloppy ballads, who had no imagination, no love for the dream, and who, when he was present, dragged the song queen down to his level—that of a street singer enjoying a romp in the country. And, worst of all, he had followed them from Dresden to Lucerne.

"But can you not keep her from him?" cried Herr Vogt—of course, in German.

"He has seen her," answered Herr Werner gloomily, "and he knows her address, and nothing on earth—not a regiment of Uhlans—would keep him from her."

"What can we do? What can we do?" lamented Herr Vogt. "We must not lose her again. She will be the star of Europe."

"Listen to me," asked Herr Werner, impressively. "Who brought her to you this last time when she waslost?"

"It was you."

"Yes, and though you did not know it," went on Herr Werner, "it was I who brought her to herself the day she went to Meissen."

"Ah!" cried Herr Vogt. "She told me that it was there that her eyes were opened."

"Yes—and with me. Now listen! We must get her away from here and at once. We must hide her from this barbarian."

"But will she go?" asked Herr Vogt.

"Yes; now she will—she has not been seized by the English bulldog yet. But you must command; you must say that you are going and I must only seem to follow."

"Yes—but where?"

That was the question, and for an hour they discussed it. Berlin would have won, but it would be so easy to trace them there—Herr Vogt was so well known, and the German police so omniscient. Then the Murneys would want a reason for passing Dresden.

At last, Herr Werner had an inspiration. "Why not say Paris?" he proposed. "We can tell her that it is for the advantage of the opera, and I know a safe nook in the Latin Quarter."

So it was settled, and Herr Werner took his boat back, stopped at a chemist's to get his eye painted and his swollen nose reduced, and then climbed the hill and walked through the garden to the veranda to find Hughes and Jessica pacing up and down there as if they trod the deck of a ship.

The two men bowed stiffly and Herr Werner said that he had been taking a little journey on the lake. Then he called their attention to the rose-tints and the softly shaded blues that lay among the massed mountains piled up to the Southern horizon.

"Very pretty," said Hughes, patronizing the prospect in quite a proper, self-respecting fashion.

But Jessica had leaned upon the railing, and her eyes went out to the marvellous beauty of the scene, soft and yet rugged, majestic and yet tinted like a garden flower.

Herr Werner smiled under his moustache. He had pitted the Alps against the Englishman. Let him bully them if he could!

CHAPTER XIV.

As Mr. Hughes walked down the hill from the Murney "pension," he did some resolute thinking. Clearly, the "knock down" argument did not dispose of Herr Werner. He came up after it, not exactly smiling but unabashed, and while Mr. Hughes despised him for not fighting back as the rules of the game demanded, he had a sporting respect for the man who had come out of the struggle unconquered. He was still at the Murney "pension;" he would be there to-night, practising his devilish, mesmeric arts. For there was no longer any doubt about them. He (Hughes) had found Jessica dreamy and abstracted when he had called after luncheon, just as she had been during those last days in Dresden. If he had not known her as she was before Werner got hold of her, he would have thought her pretty dull company. But there was the same soft, smooth cheek—a shade thinner; the same deep-breathing bosom; the same masses of silken black hair; something of the same quick play of mind—but not quite. It winged about so much in the clouds now that he hardly knew whether it was quick or slow. But gradually as they talked she had come nearer and nearer to the prankish, gay-hearted spirit of the old Jessica. Then "Svengali" came! when in a flash she was back in the clouds again, talking a sort of watery, womanish rendering of Werner's nonsense. It was downright sickening.

Well, what should he do? Let Werner go on? He might not get a chance to knock him down again for a month. Perplexed and growing more indignant with every step, he reached his hotel, and there was amazed to find a lady with outstretched hand and sweet smile, awaiting him in the hall.

"I know you're surprised," she said. "I knew you would be when I got Sam to come on here. But I wanted to see how you made out with the big hypnotist and his poor victim. Herr Werner's here all right, isn't he? I just couldn't wait." It was the lady from Maine.

"Well, I'm not making out," said Hughes savagely.

"He's here, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"I knew it. I knew it. I told Sam—"

"Who's Sam?"

"Why, my husband—don't you know?"

"I never heard his first name."

"Oh, well, Sam's with me. And now come up to my room and tell us all about it. I'm just dying to hear."

At first Hughes demurred. There was nothing to tell. But the voice of the lady from Maine rose as she conjectured freely what had happened with a view to improving his memory, and people in the hall began to look at them curiously—so he went. There she elicited from him that he had seen them, that he believed Jessica to be hypnotised, that he had met and remonstrated plainly with Herr Werner, to which he added with a reserved, deep-throated note of self-approval that he had incidentally knocked him down—

"No! Did you?" cried "Sam," waking up to a new interest in the affair.

Hughes nodded.

"Why, however, did you get the chance?"

"Met him outside the wall."

"Well, that's magnifyke, as the French say."

"And he's still there?" asked the lady from Maine.

"Yes, he is," grimly, "and she's still right under his thumb."

"What—can—we—do?" the lady from Maine conjectured in slow wonder.

"Rescue her and carry her off," suggested her husband lightly.

"Where to?" she demanded, cheerily ready for the adventure. "We couldn't bring her to this hotel"—doubtfully.

"Well, I guess not," agreed her husband in hearty tones. "I don't want to carry no screeching women through these halls, thank you."

Hughes had risen. He was in no mood for this banter. The matter was serious—and Jessica was not to be regarded as "a screeching woman." How hopelessly vulgar some good-hearted people were!

"Might take her to Jimmy Woods' cottage across the lake," drawled "Sam" in slow tones, getting up to see Hughes out.

"The very thing!" cried the lady from Maine, excitedly. "Sit down, both of you; sit down. The very thing. Oh, I've always wanted to rescue some one from somewhere, and now I shall. It will be so—mediæval and—and romantic. We'll climb the hill—at night—"

"No, we won't, Martha; not we," drily from her still standing husband.

"Oh, you won't — unless you're made," his wife flung impatiently at him; "but listen, Mr. Hughes—" and she told him while he stood listening stoically but eager to get away and think, how Jimmy Wood had told them they could use his furnished cottage down the lake, how nice it was and how complete in everything, and then pointed out that she and her husband could take it and could carry Miss Murney off there and keep her for a few days until Herr Werner's spell was broken when she would be grateful to them for ever after.

Mr. Hughes smiled, said that he must congratulate her on still retaining the romance of sixteen, and politely took his leave.

"You are the silliest old fool," growled her husband.

"After dinner," said the lady from Maine, "we will row over there and see what the cottage looks like."

When they started the evening was yet light, and Mr. Hughes was standing on the veranda, mechanically smoking a cigarette.

"We're going to get the cottage ready," said the lady from Maine, smiling knowingly.

Mr. Hughes smiled back slightly and lifted his hat in farewell. Then he went on smoking and thinking. What could he do? Hour by hour, Jessica's peril had grown more real in his eyes. Werner, who had taken his knockdown and then come back again with a pale smile, seemed no longer a man to him—a man restrained by decency and human feeling. Hughes felt that he had no reliable key to the conscience of such a man—his sense of what was proper did not work like that of other people, "other people"

meaning English people. What might he not do with two helpless ladies in his hands, and one of them a lovely girl?

Yet how could one interfere? What case had he for the police—if, like a born Englishman, he did not entirely distrust a foreign police? For the fourth time his twitching fingers broke his cigarette, and then he began walking aimlessly down the street.

The light faded and the shadows of the mountains lengthened and thickened until it was dark. Conscious of what he was doing and yet not recognizing it in the open court of his keen sense of "the correct" in conduct, he slowly wound up the hill toward the Murney "pension." He found himself at the lower side of it, with a garden between him and the house, entirely hiding all save the roof. But here was a gate and yonder wound a path. Dignity stood in his way for a few moments, and then there came to him on the quiet air the sound of her singing—low and unforceful as if she were singing to herself. Perhaps she was alone in the garden; the gate swung noiselessly under his hand and he went toward the voice. It stopped—and then came again—and then died out. He mounted several flights of steps and followed the windings of the upward path until the house came in sight—the high veranda with lighted windows behind it. The cheerful chatter of voices swept in gusts out of the open windows, but none of them was Jessica's. Then slowly he became aware of two figures seated outside in the shadow. One of them laughed—the pure, rising laugh he had learned to listen for. His cheek burned suddenly as he remembered where he was, and he stepped noiselessly backward with a view to making his escape. But Jessica's voice arrested him.

"Why is it," she was asking, "that when I am with you I seem to have another self inside of me—a self with eyes to see? I have it all the time now since we came to this 'pension'; but I lost it wholly after I left you at Dresdch."

Hughes set his lips. Was more proof needed?

"Now, to-night," Jessica went on, "out there in the purple dark I seem to see a great god sleeping—the great god of the mountains—I," and there was awe in her voice, "can almost hear him breathe, deep and slow."

"You see him," said Herr Werner, solemnly, "because he is there. The wonder is not that you see him, but that so many do not."

"Purple gods!" said Hughes in his choking throat. "Blue devils more like!" And red-faced, strangling, he went headlong down the winding path. The laughter that followed him from the open windows seemed the merriment of fiends.

Could he do nothing? Was the sweetest girl in the world to be the victim of this cowardly, insinuating charlatan with his cheap tricks, while an Englishman who loved her—yes, who loved her—stood by with lax fingers?

It was a white face that he showed the lady from Maine in her room that night when he asked—

"Is the cottage ready now?"

"Yes. Why? How—"

"To-night?"

"Why to-night?" she cried in amazement. "We could plan so much better—"

"It is to-night or never with me," said Hughes.

She looked at him hard, and saw that he meant it.

"To-night then," she cried, waving her hand above her head. "Hurrah! To-night!"

Hughes turned quickly as if to speak. He could not do it with such absurd people. But he hesitated, for the question came like a blow—"What then will you do?" He might rescue her alone, but the essence of the thing was to have somewhere to keep her while she regained her senses. That the lady from Maine offered. So he set his chin again.

This alliance with inevitable absurdity was harder than to face death. To die was entirely proper, but a midnight escapade with these—. Still it was to be endured; it was all in a day's work; and he would do it.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PORTRAIT

By Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

WHEN Honoria Duncan slipped quietly out of this life she left only three relatives and an unusually small number of friends to mourn for her. The relatives were—her niece, Penelope Monteith; her great-niece Honoria, and Laurence Mackay, a second-cousin. The friends consisted of her faithful maid, a little girl who sometimes did errands for her, her man-servant and his wife, the rector and the doctor. In a way these were friends—but in such an unenthusiastic, unemotional way that with most of us it would not count for friendship at all. Their affection was as mild, their regret as calm, as the lady's life had been still and colourless.

As for the relatives, Penelope had not seen her for a quarter of a century; Honoria the younger had never seen her; and Laurence, the second-cousin, had met her only on one occasion, which he had improved by borrowing a large sum of money.

When Penelope (who was a clergyman's widow, and therefore not overburdened with filthy lucre) was notified that her aunt had left to her only her jewel box, to Honoria a portrait, and to the second-cousin, the beautiful old homestead and two flourishing farms, it is no wonder that a little flame of wrath flickered up in her mild nature. Still, there would be the diamonds! Aunt Honoria's diamonds were worth a small fortune—and surely they would be in the jewel box. This thought consoled her a little for the general injustice of the will. As for Honoria, she was full of curiosity to see the portrait and the jewels, and very philosophical in her mood as to the lands and houses which should have been theirs.

It was on a wild February day that the jewels and the portrait came to their owners. Mrs. Monteith and Honoria settled cosily down by the drawing-room fire to enjoy their new acquisitions, quite sure that no visitors would disturb them in the midst of the blinding storm. The jewel-box was inspected first—and here a cruel disappointment awaited Mrs. Monteith. The diamonds were gone! There were the little velvet nests where they had lain, but of the beautiful sparkling gems which she remembered from her childhood, not a trace!

"She must have sold them!" Mrs. Monteith exclaimed. "And they were heirlooms; they should never, never have gone out of the family."

"Or given them to 'Cousin Laurence,' or the doctor, or the rector or anyone, Mater-dear! We cannot tell, and after all they were her own. Come and look at the other pretty things and don't be cross with a poor dead lady! See these garnets; what a lovely old-fashioned set!"

And Honoria threw a garnet necklace around her mother's neck, clasped the massive bracelets on her wrists and perched a butterfly-shaped ornament on her hair. Mrs. Monteith's indignation vanished as it always did before Honoria's irresistible good humour, and they proceeded with their examination of the trinkets. There were several quaint hair-brooches and rings, a few fine cameos, a topaz brooch and bracelets, and in a little crimson leather box a beautiful string of gold beads with a gold heart for a pendant. This was something for which Honoria had always wished, and her mother at once presented it to her.

"And now for your portrait, dear," she said. "Come, I believe I am more interested in it than you are."

"Why, of course, it is Great-aunt Honoria," Honoria the second answered. "Don't you suppose so, Marmee?"

"Most probably, but we do not know. Here, take my scissors, love, and cut the string. It would take you all the afternoon to untie those knots."

"I shall hang her in my den," Honoria said, accepting the scissors to satisfy her more impatient mother—"at least, unless you want her for *this* room, Mater-dear." (Honoria seldom gave her mother the same name twice in succession, and Mrs. Monteith answered uncomplainingly to a series of odd appellations.)

"No, you shall have her in your own sanctum," she laughingly answered. "I will not interfere with the disposition of your legacy."

"It is a handsome frame, at least," Honoria said, as a beautiful band of beaten silver was disclosed by her efforts.

"And should be a good-looking portrait," said Mrs. Monteith. "Aunt Honoria was handsome, in her way."

"It *is* a good-looking picture," said Honoria, in a queer, stifled voice. "But pray, was Aunt Honoria in the habit of masquerading? And was she really as handsome as this?"

And she turned the big picture suddenly to face her mother, who gave a little gasp of surprise.

She was confronted not by Aunt Honoria's regular and uninteresting features, but by the portrait of a young and remarkably handsome man. He was clad in the costume of fifty years ago. His face was of a longish oval, and pale but clear in colouring, with features almost perfect in their Greek outlines, and tawny hair, with a decided inclination to curl. But, perhaps, the greatest charm of the face lay in the large, dark gray eyes, which looked out of the canvas straight into those of the beholder. They were truly marvellous in their tenderness and fire, seeming to express the very spirit of unspoiled youth.

"Who *can* it be?" Honoria asked.

"Let me think!" her mother mused. "It is no relation, I am sure of that. It may be—yes, it *must* be—I remember hearing that he was fair and very handsome; yes, that must be who it is!" After which exceedingly lucid and satisfying speech she relapsed into meditative silence, still gazing at the picture.

"Mummie!" ejaculated Honoria, in mild exasperation. "How can you be so tantalizing? Who, dear, who must it be?"

"It must be Dale Hamilton, the man to whom Aunt Honoria was engaged."

"Engaged! Aunt Honoria engaged!" Honoria cried, as if such an idea were almost too astounding.

"Yes, indeed," her mother answered. "They were certainly engaged; it was announced, and they had been fêted by the families on both sides, and he had given her an exquisite ring—when all of a sudden she broke it off, and neither the young man nor anyone else ever found out why. My mother said that Dale Hamilton was the handsomest man she ever saw."

"Well, I shall hang him in my den at once," Honoria said. "And as this is the fourteenth, dear, I think I shall consider him a Valentine!"

"Rather ghostly," said Mrs. Monteith with a shrug. "A valentine from a dead great-aunt, and the valentine itself the picture of a man who must be quite eighty—if he is alive at all."

But Honoria was not to be dissuaded. She carried off the picture, and with the help of the sturdy Katherine (who had lived with them ever since Honoria was a baby) hung it in a good light on the coffee-coloured wall of her den.

II.

It was three weeks after the arrival of the surprising portrait and the disappointing jewel-box. March had come in like a lion; then there had been a day of thaw, followed by a night of heavy frost; and now the streets were covered with glaire ice, and to walk abroad without ice-stick and creepers was to imperil life and limb.

Mrs. Monteith was reading in the drawing-room, when Honoria entered, dressed for a walk. Very pretty she looked in the warm brown she loved, with a touch of blue at her neck and in her hat.

"It looks so shiny and silvery out,

Mater-linck! The trees are all glistening, and, oh, it is lovely. I must take a little run!"

"A *run*, indeed! Dear child, if you walk most carefully you will scarcely escape a fall, unless you take my creepers. Do, do be careful!"

But Honoria fled at the mention of creepers, and Mrs. Monteith settled down with her novel beside the cosy fire. But her peace was to be of brief duration. In less than three minutes the door-bell rang sharply, the door opened, and then a tall young man, with the face of Honoria's portrait, entered the drawing-room, tenderly carrying a limp and unconscious form. Honoria, the vigorous Honoria, had been so old-fashioned and behind the age as to faint!

Mrs. Monteith sprang up with a cry of alarm.

"Here, bring her here!" she said, wheeling a sofa out of its corner. "Oh! what has happened?"

"Please don't be frightened! I think she has only sprained her ankle!" said a very winning voice. "But we must take the boot off at once and make sure."

And the stranger took a penknife from his pocket and proceeded to cut the boot away from Honoria's right foot, which was swelling rapidly. Mrs. Monteith rang the bell, and Katherine, coming in with suspicious promptness, was despatched for water and smelling-salts.

"I am a doctor," the young man said, suddenly, "and I can assure you this is only a severe sprain. Can I let your own doctor know of it for you?"

"Oh, please see to it," Mrs. Monteith answered. "Our family physician is away, and we have never had another."

It was not long before Honoria opened her eyes, but it was to find her foot neatly and tightly bandaged, and a youth with the face of "Aunt Honoria's portrait" leaning over her with a look of professional gravity. His expression changed to one of amazement when Honoria exclaimed, scarcely above her breath and looking straight into his eyes: "Dale Hamilton!"

"You have the advantage of me," he answered, with a whimsical smile. "I am certainly Dale Hamilton, at your service."

Then Mrs. Monteith introduced herself and Honoria in proper form, and added, entering into the spirit of the scene:

"You see, Dr. Hamilton, Honoria has—I mean, we have—your portrait. That is how my daughter knew your name."

"My portrait!" said the bewildered youth.

"It is this way," Mrs. Monteith continued, gravely. "You were engaged to my Aunt Honoria, some fifty years ago, and when she died she left your portrait to my daughter. It is good of you to come and see us, and I must congratulate you on showing your age so little."

The puzzled look deepened in Dr. Hamilton's eyes; then it cleared suddenly, and he exclaimed: "Then your aunt was Miss Honoria Duncan! I have heard my grandfather speak of her often. She threw him over, don't you know, and he never even guessed the reason. And, by the way, I assure you I am not my grandfather!"

Here a mingled laugh and groan broke from Honoria, and Dale Hamilton at once became the doctor again. He prescribed a soothing powder, strong embrocations, and absolute rest.

It is little wonder that a friendship with so unusual a beginning (for Honoria had slipped on the topmost of a flight of eight icy steps and landed in a little heap at the doctor's feet), progressed with more than usual rapidity. The ankle did not strengthen so quickly as the friendship, and the daily visits became so much a matter of course that even after the sprain was cured the visits continued. The little boudoir where Dale's handsome grandsire hung witnessed long evenings in which Dale read aloud to Honoria and her mother, or listened

by the hour while Honoria played.

And there came one evening when Mrs. Monteith was not there, and Dr. Hamilton, crossing to the piano as Honoria finished a dreamy "slumber-song," stooped down and said with a catch in his boyish voice:

"Honoria—don't you think it is your duty to atone for the way your great-aunt treated my grandfather?"

Honoria caught her breath—then summoning all her courage, said saucily:

"I know your grandfather is a widower—but at his age? And did he authorize you to make the offer?"

There was no reply to her frivolity, and looking up suddenly into her lover's eyes, she saw something there that brought the tears to her own. She stole her hand into his and when, leaning closer, he whispered the old, old question, her answer was all the heart of man could wish.

Some weeks later, when a slender band of pearls had found its way to the third finger of Honoria's left hand, the three sat again in the little den discussing a momentous question.

Dale, with youthful impetuosity, wished to be married in June.

"You see, dear Mrs. Monteith, I have a little money—enough to keep us from actually starving!" Dale pleaded.

Mrs. Monteith laughed, but there was a note in the laughter that meant relenting. "Babes in the Wood!" she said, and then added: "I suppose if you would care to board with a severe old mother such as I am, it might be managed on your six hundred and fifty dollars a year. Your practice will grow in time."

"Oh, mother, mother!" and "Do you mean it, you adorable woman?" —and the next moment she was smothered in a vigorous double embrace. Whether Dale's sudden bound across the floor jarred the room, or whether it was just the weight of the picture proving too much for the old frayed cord, they never knew—but the portrait of the elder Dale Hamilton fell with a loud crash, shattering glass and frame. When they ran to pick up the portrait, the great depth of the frame was fully explained. Inside, between the picture and the wooden back, was a shallow box of cedar-wood. With wondering exclamations they carried it to the table, and Mrs. Monteith read aloud the one sentence written on the smooth wood. "For my great-neice, Honoria, with the hope that she will be a wiser and a happier woman than I have been."

At Honoria's request Dale opened the box. There in all their splendour lay the magnificent Duncan Diamonds —bracelets, necklace and pendant, star for the hair, brooch, earrings and several rings! They were all jewels of good size and of the purest fire. The little room was filled with their gleam and glitter. There were low exclamations and little gasps of admiration; then Dale said whimsically:

"Now, dearest, you are a woman of fortune; the poor suitor had better retire!"

Honoria laughed gladly as she gathered up the jewels and thrust them into her mother's hands.

"You sell them for us, dear," she cried. "You understand about their value. That will give us something worth while to start on—and we can be married in June."

"Every piece, dear?" her mother asked. "Will you part with them all?"

And Honoria answered eagerly:

"Yes, all, all! I never cared for diamonds."

But Dale begged "Keep something, Honoria! Keep the star, at least; it will look fine with a white lace veil—on the first of May!"

"Of June!" Honoria answered firmly; but she kept the star, and a ring as well. The other jewels were disposed of for a very satisfactory sum. The portrait was framed anew, more handsomely than before, for Honoria declared that she might never have cared for Dale if she had not been so deeply in love with his grandfather!

And on the first day of June the diamond star glittered among orange blossoms in Honoria's hair.

Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

AT the moment of writing, the spectacle that holds the footlights on the international stage is that of the British monarch embracing simultaneously (if one may be allowed the expression) the Presidents of the two great Republics of the world. M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic, came to London in order that the embrace might be performed *in propria persona* while the hug administered to the President of the American Republic was conveyed by electricity. The occasion of the latter arose at a dinner given to the officers of the American squadron which, *mirabile dictu*, was admitted to the inner harbour at Portsmouth, something that had never before been permitted to a foreign fleet. During the course of the dinner the King proposed the health of Mr. Roosevelt and immediately cabled the fact to the President at Oyster Bay, together with the King's best wishes. The charm of the message was its unconventionality. It was a greeting from one good fellow to another.

A parallel part of the festivities has been a number of dinners given and received by the American and English naval officers. At these the warmest expressions of mutual regard were expressed and there is no reason to doubt their sincerity. The writer of these notes heard the late Admiral Sampson speak in terms of great friendship of the officers of the English service, at a time when he could have no idea that anyone but Americans were listening to him. The sympathetic attitude of the British tars towards Admiral Dewey during his operations against the Philippines, and the use of a British vessel at that time to carry the despatches of the American admiral to Hong Kong are evidences of the same feeling. Nor is the explanation far to seek. The officers and men of the various naval stations meet abroad at foreign ports, but for the most part they belong to different worlds. Among the men at least there are no means of communication. The Frenchman, Russian and German, each speaking his own tongue, are almost as completely insulated from each other as if they were respectively at Paris, St. Petersburg or Berlin. There is just one exception to this rule—the British and American service. Here are two great Powers speaking the same tongue, and wherever they meet that fact proclaims them brothers whatever the maxims of policy may say to the contrary. The American fleet was at Kiel before going to Portsmouth and the officers were entertained at dinner by the Emperor. Thanks to his English mother and his consequent English connections, the Emperor was able to address them in their own tongue, but this was probably almost the sole exception of effective intercourse. Few of the American officers, in all probability, could speak German and it is equally probable that few of the German officers could speak English. The official class of the continent are frequently sufficiently versed in French to hold communication with each other in that language, which has been the international tongue in Europe since the time of the great French kings who founded modern

THE SAME, ONLY DIFFERENT

THE G.O.P. ELEPHANT—"What's the matter with you, G. B.?"

THE BRITISH LION—"They're trying to force protection on me—what ails you?"

THE G.O.P.—"They're trying to take a little of my protection away."—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

diplomacy. English has not been so regarded, although commercial Germany has been the first to perceive how important a knowledge of it may be. That its importance must be of steady growth can scarcely be overlooked, for the growing parts of the white man's world are in the hands of the peoples who speak that tongue. The day is undoubtedly coming when the educated of every nation will scarcely be considered as rounded out unless a practical knowledge of the English language is included among their accomplishments. There is no other language which serves as a vehicle of communication with so many millions of human beings. It is, at all events, a bond of union between the nations which speak it more powerful than treaties, or conventions, or understandings of what nature or kind soever.

While this is undoubtedly the case it would be rash to run off with the idea that the two nations are bound to move in unison in political matters. The objection to "foreign complications" has been so long a part of the creed of the American that it has become part of his blood, and its strength and cogency will long be recognized by a refusal to enter into any paper alliances with foreign Powers. American statesmen begin to see that to remain outside the orbit of international affairs is impossible. A people that has a surplus of goods which it desires to sell abroad, by that very fact, becomes involved in international affairs. It is in that way that the American people have become immersed in the Manchurian question. If Americans are debarred by the traditions of their policy from holding foreign territory, they are more interested than any other Power in the maintenance of the principle of the open door. Never was its preservation more imperative than now, when even the great exponent of the open door is beginning to examine the hinges and locks on her own doors which have stood open for a half century. If other Powers are to be allowed to seize the neutral markets one after another and put up their tariff bars along the seacoast, what is to become of the nation which precludes itself from imitating their example? It was these considerations, no doubt, which impelled the United States to secure from Russia the assurance that whatever else would flow from the Russian occupation of Manchuria the exclusion or handicapping of American products would not be one. The promise is on record, Secretary Hay has reminded Count Lamsdorff of it, and Count Cassini, the Russian representative at Washington has been endeavoring by subterfuge to gently back out of the

engagement. The result is that the Count has left Washington "for a holiday" amid what may be almost called the execrations of the American press. A Chicago paper has intimated that what the Count calls diplomacy the American people call lying. On the heels of this controversy comes the Kishineff massacre, which has stirred the Jewish population in the United States to the very depths of its being. There is incidental politics in this, of course, and the American party which should show any leniency towards Russia just now would not be written on the tablets of the chosen people. The relations between the great autocracy and the great Republic are therefore strained as they have never been before. If the latter should demand a specific recognition of the open-door policy she would find Britain and Japan ranged at her side and here would be virtually an alliance, although so far as the United States is concerned they would ostensibly be playing for their own hand. Japan is fighting mad and may force the game.

THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

UNCLE SAM—"Altho I live in a conservatory, I feel like throwing this brick."—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Citizen Loubet has returned to France after his brief visit to the English capital. Everything went smoothly, Englishmen were hospitable and enthusiastic and now the French press of all classes seem to have forgotten that there is such a person in existence as Marchand or that there is such a place as Fashoda on the map. We in Canada may find profound satisfaction at this turn in events. Canada comprises a strong representation of both races and their friendliness in the old lands will have the tendency to increase the strength of the ties that bind us together here. The statesmen of both countries will find it easier to settle questions whose chief difficulties have their roots in international distrust. Let us hope that the Newfoundland shore question will be one of these.

Negro lynchings in the United States increase not only in number, but also in their horror and ominousness. Hitherto the black race has received its stripes almost without a sound. But recent cases have stung it into protest. The Belleville lynching, occurring as it did in a northern State, produced so much excitement in the synod meeting of a coloured church that despite a preliminary understanding to exclude such subjects from discussion, it became nevertheless the chief matter of debate and exceedingly strong language was indulged in with respect to it. Some of the speakers declared that the negro must arm himself and defend his primary rights with powder and ball. A lynching at Evansville was succeeded by equally strong language on the part of the leaders of negro opinion there, with a consequence that

HAS IT COME TO THIS?—*New York World*

MOB RULE DISPLACES JUSTICE IN THE UNITED STATES

the whites armed themselves and virtually gave all negroes orders to leave Evansville. Hundreds fled, shots were exchanged and an imitation of civil war on a small scale furnished. Not a week, scarcely a day, passes without its inhuman spectacle in some part of the United States, and as we read the crimes and the punishment accorded them a vision crosses the mind of a hellish vendetta participated in by demons black and white. Where will it all end? That is a question for which the Federal power should seriously seek an answer.

Public Opinion of New York has this to say in its issue of July 16th: "If the Evansville, Indiana, outbreak can be said to have any good thing about it, it is that the seriousness of the affair emphasizes the growth and spread of the mob lawlessness and presents the problem of prevention in so serious a light that its solution may be attacked with some prospect of bringing such outbreaks to an end. So long as the mob contents itself by lynching criminals with whom it is impossible to have any sympathy, it is difficult to bring into existence a public sentiment so strong as to prevent these outrages. But when the mob attempts to terrorize a whole community for days, it becomes evident to everyone that the spirit of all lawlessness must be checked without further paltering."

The divisions in the Imperial House of Commons do not indicate that Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal views have made much progress yet. The meeting of Unionist members over which Sir Herbert Maxwell presided was of decidedly more significance, however. A hundred members attended and there were 130 signatures to the requisition calling the meeting. Its action was to endorse the proposition for an inquiry into the operation of the fiscal laws and commercial relations of the Empire. A careful scrutiny of the British press would indicate that free trade doctrine has still an enormous hold of the country, and it must be said that the orthodox party show no temerity in girding themselves for the argumentative fray which is indeed already in progress.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

NIGHT

The noisy strife, the busy hum doth cease,
Now cometh toil's reward—Rest's perfect peace;
Blushing Phœbus, in glorious crimson and gold array,
Throws his purple mantle o'er his radiant bride, fair Day,
And smiling, thus together, they fade from sight away.

With rustling skirt comes Night, so cool, so calm,
Her touch on fever'd brow is healing balm.
O'er waiting earth she casts her dark robe from on high,
With many golden stars she pins it to the sky.
And sweetly, softly, breathes her lullaby:
"Rest, rest, sweet rest,
To weary mortal comes at last;
Though the heart grow sad and the day be long,
Soon, soon, will rise Life's evensong,
And toil and pain and sorrow past,
He'll sink to rest."

M. MacL. H.

REST—how we love the little word, and yet how few of us have ever really known the full blessedness of its meaning. How often we say, "When I have done such and such, then I shall take a good rest;" but there is always looming before us the one thing more which must be finished ere rest is won, so that we seldom find it, even in part, this side the grave. As for complete rest, that we shall never know until we reach that distant country where earth's "broken arcs" become the "perfect round."

Still we keep it always before us, the golden state to which, if we have worthily toiled, we shall one day attain; for the reward which is given to the good and faithful servant is the simple invitation, "Enter thou into thy rest." The weary and toilworn the world over find comfort and encouragement in the promise that when they shall at last lay down earth's burdens they may, if they will, "rest from their labours."

Yes, truly sweet and greatly to be desired is rest, but like all else that is worth having, he who would possess it must pay its price, and the price of rest is toil.

He who has drunk deep of sorrow's cup, quaffs joy's goblet with a keen delight unknown to him who never tasted "the darker drink;" for "sweet is pleasure after pain," and only he whose mind and muscles ache with the weariness born of work well done, can experience the exquisite delight of true rest—the subtle, languorous content that filled the exhausted Lotus-eaters when

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore,"

and

"Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam."

Despite the magic influence of the Lotus branches, I am sure that those sailors would never have known the blissful pleasure that possessed them on that enchanted isle, if they had come to it on the deck of a steam launch, instead of having reached it through storm and stress by their own unaided efforts. And yet, although he dreams

of future rest as he dreams of future tranquil senescence, it is, after all, work that is most desired by the normally healthy average man—work no matter how hard, if it be but congenial. While each of us may have a different idea of the life that is to come, few of us would be happy in the thought that it is to be all and only rest forever.

Kipling, who knows what it is to toil, does not look forward to finding everlasting joy in an eternal state of *dolce far niente*, for while he says:

"We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an æon or two,"

he continues quickly—

"Till the Master of All Good Workmen *shall set us to work anew!*"

It is because in these words Kipling voices the universal hope that his beautiful "L'Envoi" has become so popular.

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Sometimes, however, when the work is hard and the flesh is weak, it seems a long time to have to wait until after death for our rest, even though we shall have an æon or two of it then. We can work with a glad heart in the winter, but in the summer, when body and spirit droop, it is hard for the most prosaic to keep up unflaggingly the daily round; while for those whom the red gods whisper in the ear it is well-nigh impossible. And since the restlessness and yearning which comes upon us is our spirit's instinctive answer to the call of our Great Mother, surely if we do not yield to it we are unwise and unworthy.

Almost all of us can spare a week or two in August or September in which to draw for a brief period close to Nature—to lie in happy content against her great heart, steeping ourselves in her soothing, lulling, yet energizing influence.

Even an hour or two snatched now here, now there, from the summer's toil, and spent in absolute relaxation, in the shade of a spreading tree—though it be but the solitary tree of a tiny garden plot—with the blue sky above, the green grass beneath, and the rustling leaves whispering to our souls, will give comfort, strength and refreshment unimaginable to those who have never learned for themselves the potent, tranquillizing spell woven by summer skies and summer suns, by the babble of running brooks and the softly-sighed lullabies of the never-silent trees; nor how freely and lavishly Nature pours out her life-giving, soul-restoring magic upon all who come to her for rest and refreshment, as tired children creep into their mother's arms.

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The rage for nature-study still continues with unabated vigour, and the enthusiastic camera fiends of a few seasons ago now hie them to wood and stream with a fat little text-book, a note pad and well-sharpened pencil tucked under the arm that used to bear the weight of the "latest thing in cameras."

Nature study is most attractive and should certainly be encouraged; but speaking frankly, as one who has tried it, I can assure my gentle readers that it is by no means as simple as it sounds. Take birds for instance:—You note a flash of colour through the trees, and you very cleverly observe, with the visual agility of a Sherlock Holmes, that the colours are yellow and black, the flash about six inches long. With the acumen of the aforesaid gentleman, you conclude that the little song which issued from the tree where your flash disappeared is to be counted as one of its attributes.

With this data you open your fat little book. At the end of half an hour you shut it crossly, your interest in ornithological blacks and yellows decidedly on the wane. It grieves and disappoints one to find that black and yellow and six inches long is simply no description at all, while no black and yellow feathered creature mentioned in your book ever uttered sounds in the least approaching to the song you made a mental note of. To identify a bird by your text-book, you must mark, as he flies in a twinkle across your path,

THE "NATURAL STEPS" ON THE MONTMORENCI RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC

how long he is; how fat he is; the colour of his head; his throat; his chest; his tail; his back; his sides; his wings, above and beneath; his eyes; his bill; his tongue, if you are a medical man; and his legs; also whether the latter are fat or thin; and, by some occult, unknown power, you must know what his song is at night, in the morning, in the spring, in the summer, and in the autumn; the colour and size of the egg he came out of and the kind of nest he builds. Even after you have discovered all these details you can't be absolutely sure of him, for the colours in the book are never quite the same as those worn by any bird you ever happen to see, and a shade or two seems to make an amazing difference. After all, the only sensible way to enjoy birds is to lie on the grass and listen to them sing. Who cares about the individual patronymics of a band of choristers, if they can sing "away the hearts of men?"—and some of the birds can do that—almost! So when you see a feathery fluff of orange, crimson, russet, blue, or gold, whirling above your head, just feast your eyes on it and be thankful for it, without trying to pin it down to its proper *class* and *genus*. At least, that is the advice I should offer, for experience teaches that the study of ornithology as "she is wrote" in the ordinary simple text-book written for the guidance of the guileless layman is a vain and perplexing pursuit. If you *must* take it up, don't trust to text-books which are a delusion and a snare. Rather pursue your studies under the direction of a young, enthusiastic, patient, and admiring, masculine ornithologist. If you do not learn very much about birds from him, he will doubtless teach you something!

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Dr. Sophie Lepper, the English food specialist, says, in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods:

"Blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food muscle, heat and waste.

Pine kernels give heat and stay. They serve as a substitute for bread.

Green water grapes are blood purifying, but of little food value; reject pips and skins.

Blue grapes are feeding and blood

purifying; too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

Tomatoes are higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat; they are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

Juicy fruits give, more or less, the higher nerve or brain and some few muscle food and waste. No heat.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Green figs are excellent food.

Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste, but are bad for the liver.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously."

From which it would appear that the hapless individual who is so unfortunate as to "have a liver" is to have little else—at least in the way of those delectable fruits of the earth and tree which are usually counted among the delights of the summer.

●

People who are becoming restless and dissatisfied with their present places of abode and are beginning to consider the advisability of a change of residence, might profitably ponder the following little story, which was recently related to show the magic power of words:

"A wealthy man who owns a country residence recently became discontented with it and determined to have another. So he instructed a real estate agent, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling intending purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement by the same agent of a country place for sale, was so pleased with the account of it that he showed it to his wife, and the two concluded that it was just what they wanted and that they would secure it at once. Thereupon the gentleman went to the office of the agent and told him that he had read his advertisement of just such a place as he desired and that he would like to purchase it. The agent burst into a laugh as he replied that that was a description of the property owner's own country house, where he was then living. The amazed householder read the advertisement again, cogitated over the 'grassy slopes,' 'smooth lawns,' beautiful vistas,' etc., and at length broke out: 'Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George! I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me!'"

●

A FRAGMENT

Oh, merrily sings the Mermaid,
When light-hearted Day
Sweeps Night's shadows away,
And sparkling sun-diamonds cast over the sea;
The Mermaiden fair
Combs her glis'ning hair,
And gaily she laughs in her innocent glee!

Oh, sweetly sleeps the Mermaid,
When the Queen of the Night
Waves the sun out of sight,
And summons the sentinel stars to her train;
A foamy white billow
Is the Mermaid's pillow,
And gentle waves rock her till Day comes again.

M. MacL. H.

●

AS FLUTES OF ARCADY

The purity of water and the peace
Of wind-still air; the placid scent of pines,
The murmurings of hidden brooks, the fleece
Of foam-topped rivers, and the splendid space
Of sky above, with all its interlace
Of blue and white and gold—O these to me
Do plead as plead the flutes of Arcady,
Bidding my sorry stressfulness to cease.

For then I take for truth the poet's dream:
There's naught in all the world save only good;
Little, fair children, love no parting kills,
Romance through the tree-branches soft agleam,
Beauty that lies a-wait by field and wood,
And hero-deeds along a hundred hills!

—Richard Burton in Ainslee's Magazine.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

CO-EDUCATION in our Universities is apparently permanent. It is not long since the possibility of it was dubiously admitted; now there are few doubters. But it brings responsibilities, and one of the chief of these is the question of women's residences. McGill made a start some time ago and the women attending there may have a suitable home. Victoria College will open a beautiful residence this year. Queen's University has a special home for the women in arts. University College has been moving in this direction for some time and some $8,000 was collected for the purpose. Now the Ontario Government has come to the assistance of the friends of the movement and made a grant of Crown lands which will enable a $50,000 building to be erected and provide something for annual expenses.

CO-EDUCATION.

There are about one hundred and twenty women attending classes in University College, nearly all preparing for teachers. These women are not rich. They cannot secure proper accommodation in the ordinary boarding house, and nearly every year some of them break down for want of better attention and care. The Principal tells of one case where a promising scholar lost her reason temporarily on account of the hardships to which her struggle with learning and poverty subjected her. But in a woman's residence there are other advantages besides those of aids to health and strength. There is the education derived from mixing with equals and living in close and daily intercourse with them at the critical time of life. There is an education which goes deeper than books and an attendance at lectures. There are the safeguards for the qualities and virtues of home life, the development of the little amenities and considerateness which are essential to the woman's proper and fullest development. Under thoughtful and considerate supervision of a woman directress, the character of the home life may be maintained in a manner impossible when women are living in a boarding house of a general character. The advantages from the hygienic standpoint are obvious.

If we allow women to attend universities there must be the same safeguards and advantages as are found in the best ladies' colleges. It is pleasant to note that the authorities in Canada recognize this and are doing everything possible to make our educational system strong at this point.

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There is one peculiar feature of Canadian life worthy of comment. The sons who go abroad are always well thought of. The boy of the family who leaves home to earn his living in a foreign land is the prize boy. His memory is kept green. Praises in unstinted quantity are bestowed upon him in his absence. Similarly, Canada is very proud of her sons who go to England or the United States, and there be-

THE PROPHET AT HOME.

SIR LOUIS JETTÉ

One of the Alaska Commissioners, who has been gazetted Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec for a second term.

come litterateurs, professors, doctors, lawyers and capitalists. And justly so. They should not be forgotten. Their great deeds should be given their due meed of praise.

Of course, had they remained at home and toiled on the old farm, in the father's warehouse, in the small field of native literature or journalism, they had been of more service to the country that gave them good parents, strong principles and a thorough education. They would not have carried Canadian brawn and capital into the service of another flag—perhaps an alien banner. They would have helped in the upbuilding which is now resting partly on the foreigner whom Canada has attracted to her borders. It would have been much better and braver had these sturdy youths never gone abroad, but since they elected to go let us keep their memories green.

Yet when there is another sturdy youth who preferred to remain at home with the old folk, to hew the wood and carry the water and help build up this new land, let us not forget him. Let us not add to the reasons for a perpetuation of that horrid proverb "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." There are men in Canada who might have gone abroad, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago and have done better. But, they did not go. They stayed at home. They slaved through the dark, dull days when Canada's star was hidden behind the clouds. The sunshine was all their own making. Let us not forget them. When there are good positions to be filled, let them have the first opportunity. It is not fair to bring the wanderer back and give him all the purple grapes, the large luscious bunches from the best vines. The prodigal is an interesting creature, but killing the fatted calf for him went out of date several thousand years ago.

Robert Barr once wrote that the only way to be a successful Canadian was to get out of the country, that Canadians did not appreciate their own talented citizens. The charge stands unrefuted. It is a serious charge. There must be a change, if Canada is to continue on her successful career. The young man of ability who stays with the ship must be given proper ranking. He must have his fair share of the love and the praise. He is the man for whom the fatted calf should be killed.

Dominion Government has in its gift a new office with a salary of $5,000 a year and, it is reported, will appoint to it a young Canadian who has a lectureship in a minor United States college. This young man may be well-fitted for the position, but that is not the only point to be considered. The Government apparently thinks that the young Canadian who serves abroad must be more talented than the one who has served wholly at home. This is not a sound argument and the principle involved is wrong.

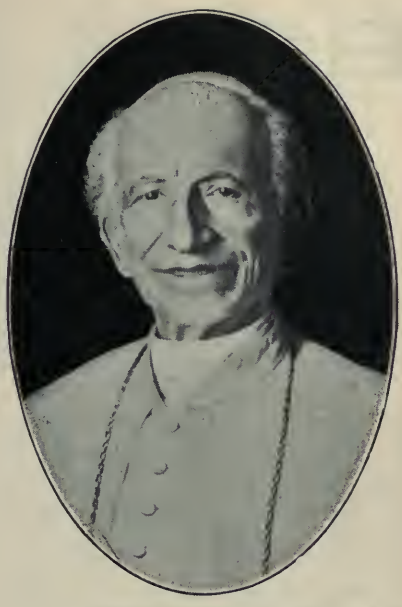
If any prophet had arisen four years ago to state that a member of the Dominion Cabinet would in July, 1903, resign his portfolio because he was in advance of his colleagues in regard to

Government ownership of railways, that prophet would have been in danger of incarceration. Yet the Hon. Andrew G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, has left the Laurier Cabinet, giving as his chief reason his desire to see "a Government-owned and Government-operated railway" from ocean to ocean. Whether or not this is the real reason for Mr. Blair's retirement, the statement is significant. There is a gradual growth along this line. No one denies the difficulties of public ownership. To secure men of talent and experience to conduct Government enterprises is not easy. To prevent a huge army of Government employees from securing and using political power for selfish or partisan ends requires special care and unique legislation. Yet these difficulties are not greater than the difficulty of discovering the "hidden forces" which operate under private control of public utilities and monopolies. It is the "hidden forces" that make large corporations dangerous.

HIDDEN FORCES.

The Parliament of Canada is now completing a bargain with the Grand Trunk Pacific. Who is the Grand Trunk Pacific? Is it Mr. Hays or Senator Cox? Or is it Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson? It is a number of individuals no one of whom is personally responsible. In fact, the Grand Trunk Pacific charter may possibly be owned by a syndicate of Conservative and Liberal members and ministers. The real owners of that charter may never be disclosed. In the same way who can estimate the influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company or The Canadian Northern Railway Company, or The Bell Telephone Company at Ottawa? What influences are they wielding in the making of our laws, seeing that apparently each company controls a certain number of members in the House?

Public ownership clarifies the issues and removes "hidden forces." It brings everything to the surface where it may be seen. The corruption that is now hidden and obscure would become open and tangible, and it is less difficult to fight in the day-light than in the dark. The rich man who is, under private ownership, fighting for a share of the spoils when spoils are being distributed, becomes a general benefactor and philanthropist when living under a system where spoils are not being fought for or bestowed. Under public ownership, the importance of good government is brought home to everybody, since private struggles for public millions is an impossibility. Besides, public ownership banishes the plutocrat and the socialist at one and the same time. Public ownership is the middle course between two extremes.



THE LATE POPE LEO XIII

A great and wise man, who passed away on July 20th.

All the evidences of the time point to the abolition of bonuses and land grants to railway corporations; in fact, the Dominion Government has already abolished them, and they live only under the fostering care of the provincial governments where statesmen are scarce. Similarly all the evidences of the time point to a gradual extension of government and municipal ownership of public utilities and natural monopolies.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.*

THE history of ideas is the history of man. Ideas distinguish man from all lower animals, and all that is significant in human history may be traced back to ideas. New ideas mark epochs. The idea of evolution is one of long growth, dating back in a shadowy way to the Greek philosophers, but was first clearly defined biologically by Darwin in 1859. Since then the idea of evolution has been generally accepted, although Darwin's researches were restricted almost altogether to the evolution of the individual organism. Spencer widened it by applying it to geology, humanity, society, and "all those concrete and abstract products of human activity which constitute the environment of our daily life."

The evolution of industrial life is the part of evolution which Professor Richard T. Ely has chosen to deal with in his latest book—a most interesting volume written for the citizen in citizen language and style. It is more than a study of machines and factories. It deals with the various classes of industrial men, with their mental and moral characteristics and with their legal institutions.

He traces man through his economic stages; hunting and fishing stage, pastoral stage, agricultural, handicraft, industrial stage; he deals with recent tendencies in industrial evolution; and then he examines some of the special problems. Among the latter are Competition, Monopolies and Trusts, Municipal Ownership, Evolution of Public Expenditures, Labour, Industrial Peace, Industrial Liberty and Possibilities of Social Reform. It is a magnificent volume for the citizen who desires to obtain a broad view of mankind in its industrial aspect.

*Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society by R. T. Ely, Professor of Economics in the University of Wisconsin. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 497 pp.

GORDON KEITH

The publishers have been making quite a fuss about "Gordon Keith,"* by Thomas Nelson Page, but one must doubt the wisdom of it. The book is interesting, and being by the author of "Red Rock," is entitled to consideration. Yet the critics have been slow to recommend it. There is much in the book that might have been left out. The first fifty pages seem to have little real bearing on the story. The story deals with the problems of the South after the civil war—in fact, after the carpet-bagger had vanished before the franchise hunter and the railway builder. Gordon Keith's father was a planter and a gentleman. Gordon must earn his own living since the war had destroyed his patrimony, and he proceeds to do it as a civil engineer. He retains the Southerner's high code of honour and delicate sense of propriety, and manages to keep his soul clean of the crudities of the dollar-hunting race of men and women who

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., 548 pp.

centred in New York, whither his work often brought him. He was shrewd enough to see and to say of that circle: "But there is something in Society that, after a few years, takes away the bloom of ingenuousness, and puts in its place just a little of the shade of unreality." There are two villains in the book, one a rich young speculator, the other a successful young preacher. The picture of the latter is much like an attack on the fashionable clergyman.

SMALL NOVELS*

It is a long cry from the three-volume novel of the old days to Macmillan's "Little Novels by Favourite Authors." These pocket editions are well printed and well bound—yes, and well chosen. "Philosophy Four," by Owen Wister, is a college tale showing the difference between the student who memorizes and the student who understands. "Man Overboard," by Marion Crawford, embodies a sailor's superstition, and tells a queer story of a sailor's ghost. "Mr. Keegan's Elopement" is skim milk, but gives a pretty picture of life in the Canary Islands as the setting of the romance which was forced upon a lieutenant in the United States navy. Other volumes are to follow.

ABOUT HORSES

There are stories in which love and blood-letting do not form the chief feature. Sewell Ford has gathered nine of these into a volume, which he has labelled "Horses Nine."† There are splendid short histories of nine different horses, from Skipper, the New York policeman's horse, whose career was seriously marred for a time by a spavin, to Pasha, the Arabian who saved an officer's life in the Civil war. Then there is Calico, the circus horse; old Silver, who pulled the ladder truck; Black Eagle, who ruled the cattle ranges; Bonfire, a famous hackney; Blue Blazes, Chieftain and Barnacles. The lover of nature will find in this an animal book not to be despised.

CANADIAN POETRY

Two volumes of verse are added to the already long list of Canadian poetry. "Canadian Born,"* by E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, takes its name from the first poem in the volume. It is more of a jingle than a poem. The first verse runs:—

> We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
> We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood;
> And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
> That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

Many of the other poems rise to a greater height of excellence, notably, "Lullaby of the Iroquois," "The Quill-Worker," and "The Legend of "Qu'-Appelle Valley." These are distinct contributions to our poetical literature.

"The Book of the Rose,"† by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a volume of love poems, the Rose being the symbol of the great passion.

> We talk of roses, meaning all things fair
> And rare and enigmatic; but the rose
> Transcending all, the Rose of Life is you!

And again:

> O wild, dark flower of woman,
> Deep Rose of my desire,
> An Eastern wizard made you
> Of earth and stars and fire.

Or to quote from another poem:

> O little rose, O dark rose,
> The madness of your breath!
> I am the moth to drain your sweet,
> Even though the dregs be death.

But in addition to these bits of passion, there are some miscellaneous poems dealing with varied subjects. "The First Ploughing," "The Native," "Child of the Infinite," "Coal," and others remind one of the original Rob-

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 50 cents.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated. Cloth, 270 pp.

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 67 pp.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 83 pp.

erts, with his unsullied artist's eye roaming through the gifts of nature and picturing the charms of her in her various forms. In the closing poem, the poet writes of himself:

But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in thy sight:
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield content.
I praise Thee for my will to strive;
I bless Thy goad of discontent.

A NEW NOVELIST

Canada has another novelist. He is a big, broad-shouldered Acadian who has recently been lecturing in England about Canada. Those who know him say he possesses an attractive personality and is fired with the national enthusiasm which is now becoming more manifest. His story, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*,"* is a tale of Eastern Canada, with the scenes laid in the town of Pictou and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *Shannon* is an ice-breaker, a steamer which plies between Charlottetown and Pictou across the Strait of Northumberland, which for three months of the year is filled with dangerous ice. This boat is sacrificed to save the men of another steamer which is caught in the icefields of the Gulf, through the bravado of a Mr. MacMichael, one of the leading vessel-owners of Nova Scotia. His life and the lives of eighty men with him are saved by the *Shannon*, and what is even more important to the lover of romance, David Wilson wins the heart of MacMichael's famous daughter. The *Shannon* brings to a happy culmination a long and trying courtship. David Wilson is a giant among men, and Gertrude MacMichael is one woman in ten thousand. Both are essentially Canadian—unconventional, athletic, strong-minded, fond of the open air, energetic and thoroughbred. There are no higher types in the world—and Mr. Hickman has done them full justice.

*Toronto: William Briggs.

But in addition, Mr. Hickman has done justice to the part of Canada he loves. The romance of the Gulf, with its "typical shining, crashing, dripping, reeking, honking, quacking spring day," with the "long days in summer when everything is rippling blue and sunshine," and the "variety and gorgeousness" of the winter sunrise, and the severe silence of "the jagged, glistening, white pack," where the floes and clumpets "roar and grind and crush each other into lolly" and "the murres and guillemots and black backed gulls and seals play and fish."

Of course there are a few weak spots, for this is Mr. Hickman's first story, but it is a soul-stirring tale with an attractive setting.

NOTES

A Canadian edition of "A Detached Pirate," by Helen Milecete, noticed last month, has since been issued by The Montreal News Co.

The Hon. M. Lomer Gouin has dealt with the question of increased federal subsidies to the Provinces in a book of 166 pages, with the title "Question Actuelle." (Montreal: Librarie Beauchemin, 256 rue Saint-Paul.) Mr. Gouin pleads for the increased subsidies in a way which is decidedly French-Canadian, but he also presents a number of formidable arguments.

"The Possibility of a Science of Education," by S. B. Sinclair, M.A. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.), is a plea for a greater scientific professional training for every teacher from the kindergarten to the university. He is aware of the dangers of impracticable theories, but thinks these may be offset and eliminated by a training on a broad basis.

There is no hand-book so valuable as George Johnson's "Statistical Year-Book of Canada." The issue for 1902 is to hand. The census of 1901 has had some effect on the per capita calculations, and some changes result. There is scarcely a subject which one can mention which is not dealt with exhaustively in this compact volume.

One note is particularly interesting. Ontario, in 1901, had one periodical for every 3,200 of her population; Quebec, one for every 8,355; Manitoba, one for every 2,570; Nova Scotia, one for every 5,280; New Brunswick, one for every 6,247; Prince Edward Island, one for every 5,736; and British Columbia, one for every 3,853.

The radioactivity of the new metals, radium and thorium, has led Dr J. C. McLennan, of the University of Toronto, to investigate the radioactivity of metals generally. His findings are recorded in a valuable paper published by the University Library in that excellent series, "University of Toronto Studies."

The Archivist Report for 1902, issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, contains a calendar of state papers relating to Lower Canada in the years 1837 and 1838. Many of these are by the Earl of Gosford, Sir John Colborne, and Lord Durham. The Report also contains a list of books in the Dominion archives at Ottawa—a list well worthy of attention from the student of Canadian history.

The *Queen's Quarterly* for July contains some "Reminiscences of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885," by Principal Gordon; "Greater Canadian Independence," by H. M. Mowat, and an historical sketch of "Alexander Ross, Fur Trader, Author, and Philanthropist," by Dr. Bryce. Professor Cappon, in "Current Events," says of the Judge's report in the Stratton case: "The report contains a not very well-timed apology for the spoils system; it will also seem to many something very like a condonation of the traffic in constituencies."

The Rev. Duncan Anderson, author of "Lays in Canada," died recently at Brooklyn, N. Y. His home had been in Levis since 1854, but he had gone to Brooklyn to visit his son. Mr. Anderson was in his seventy-sixth year.

"The Annals and Aims of the Pacific Cable" is an interesting volume of nearly five hundred pages, edited by George Johnson, Dominion Statistician. Among the contributors to this volume are W. D. Le Sueur, J. L. Payne, L. J. Burpee, Frederick Hamilton, C. Morse, W. Wilfrid Campbell, and William Smith. It is an interesting addition to Imperial history.

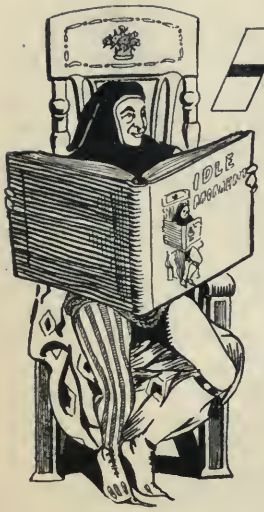
Those interested in the problems of taxation will find "Taxation in Colorado," by Prof. Le Rossignol an interesting study. The professor is one of the numerous Canadians whom higher education has driven into exile. (Denver: G. T. Bishop, Times Building).

The London slums, under the shadow of London riches and magnificence, are well-pictured in "The Hebrew" by

J. J. BELL,
Author of "Wee McGreegor"

John A. Steuart, an English writer who might be better known in Canada. This is a wholesome story, though the Cockney dialect pervades it. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

J. Robert Long, of St. Catharines, had a commendable idea when he planned his volume "Canadian Politics" and it is to be regretted that he had not the ability to develop it properly. It contains an examination of the difference between the two political parties made in a somewhat one-sided and dull manner. It also contains a number of speeches or extracts from speeches by prominent Liberals — a part of the book which is of some value.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE PRINCIPAL'S WIT

A GOOD story of the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, is going the rounds but apparently has not yet got into print. The Principal was travelling in Scotland once and on a train met an American from the United States who was rather disgruntled. "This is a mighty slow country," said the Yankee. "You can't get anything fit to eat, the service is abominable and the hotels out-of-date. Neow, in our country—"

"What country do you come from ?" said the wily Canadian.

"The United States. Ever been there ?"

"Oh, yes !" answered the Principal, who knew the country almost as well as his companion did.

"Well, in San Fransiscy we have a hotel there with a theousand sleeping rooms. What you think of that ?"

"That's nothing," replied the Principal as the train flew past Dunfermline. "In that town we have just passed, there are places where the waiters serve the guests on horseback."

"Well, neow, stranger, that sounds like a durned lie."

"Well, I thought that's what we were telling," was the rather crushing reply.

■

A STORY OF WESLEY

Many stories and anecdotes of John Wesley are now being retold. *Everybody's Magazine* gives the following :

"He believed in the people, and one of the chief secrets of his success lay in his power to learn from the masses how to speak to them and influence them. On one occasion he was walking with his scarcely less famous brother, Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer, in a humble street in London, when they came face to face with a crowd of fishwomen who were in a row, and were cursing and swearing in a most excited fashion. Charles Wesley, more timid than his brother, turned to John, and said, 'Brother, let us go up this other street and escape from this mob.' But John Wesley thought Charles needed more contact with the people, and taking him by both shoulders, faced around toward the quarrelling women, saying, 'You stand there, Charles Wesley, and learn how to preach !'"

■

READY WIT

As a specimen of ready wit it would be difficult to beat the retort of Charles Burleigh, the great opponent of the slave trade. He was in the middle of one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery when a well-aimed and rotten egg struck him full in the face.

"This," he said calmly, as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

Abbé de Voisenon had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Condé and to lose his favour. When the Abbé went to Court to make his peace with the offended Prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him.

"Thank heaven, sir," the Abbé exclaimed, "I have been misinformed;

your Highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy."

"Why do you say that?" the Prince demanded.

"Because, sir," answered the Abbé, your Highness never turns his back on an enemy."

The great Duke of Wellington answered a similar insult with equal, if more crushing cleverness. When the French King introduced one of his field marshals to Wellington, the field marshal turned his back on his former enemy and conqueror. Louis Philippe was naturally indignant, and apologized to the Duke for such rude behaviour.

"Pray, forgive him, sir," the Iron Duke said, quietly, "I am afraid it was I who taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

NICE NEPHEW!

TOMMY: "Talking of Riddles, Uncle, do you know the difference between an Apple and an Elephant?"

UNCLE (benignly): "No, my lad, I don't."

TOMMY: "You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy Apples, wouldn't you?"—*Punch*.

M. Grévy, when French President, once extricated himself from a predicament with wonderful presence of mind. He was being conducted round the salon of an eminent artist when he saw a painting which displeased him.

"What a daub!" he exclaimed; "whose is it?"

"That picture, M. le President," said his cicerone, "is my own work."

"Ah!" said the President, without any sign of embarrassment at his awkward mistake, "in our country, when we particularly wish to purchase a thing, we always begin by running it down," and, true to his part, he purchased the offending painting there and then.

The late Sir Frank Lockwood had few superiors in the art of repartée. The genial lawyer was a tall man, and, for some reason, not altogether transparent. An unruly member of his audience once called out to him in the middle of his speech, "Go it, telescope!"

"My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said; "he ought to claim it for himself; for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."

On another occasion one of his political opponents rudely called out in the middle of a speech, "All lawyers are rogues."

"I am glad," Sir Frank quietly rejoined, "to greet this gentleman as a member of my profession, but he need not proclaim our shortcomings to the world."

■

MODERN MEDICINE

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whiskey and get the jim-jams. Eat soup

SO SWEET OF HER!

LADY (recently married, in answer to congratulations of visiting lady friend): "Thank you, dear But I still find it very hard to remember my new name."
FRIEND: "Ah, dear, but of course you had the old one so long!"—*Punch.*

and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire taxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.

AT LEAST

Once more the college graduates
  Appear in bright array;
'Twill take them twenty years to know
  How much they know to-day.

—*Puck.*

UNIVERSITY.

"A university," said John Henry Newman, "is in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought by means of personal intercourse."

That was some years ago.

Now a university is in its essence a group of buildings costing fifteen millions, containing apparatus costing ten millions, and in the custody of a faculty whose salaries foot up five millions, where young persons, regardless of religious beliefs, provided only they have the dollars, may learn to use tobacco and slang.—*Life.*

A YACHTING SONG.

When the paint is on the rigging,
  And the gaff is on the boom,
And the wigwags are a-wigging,
  And the English are in bloom;
When the sea is like a kitten,
  And the mainsail is in tops,
Then a certain thrifty Briton
  Will desert his thousand shops:
He will bid us all defiance,
  Wherever we may be,
And we'll get out our *Reliance*,
  And help advertise his tea.

—*Beny. Jefferson in Life.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

VACUUM CLEANING

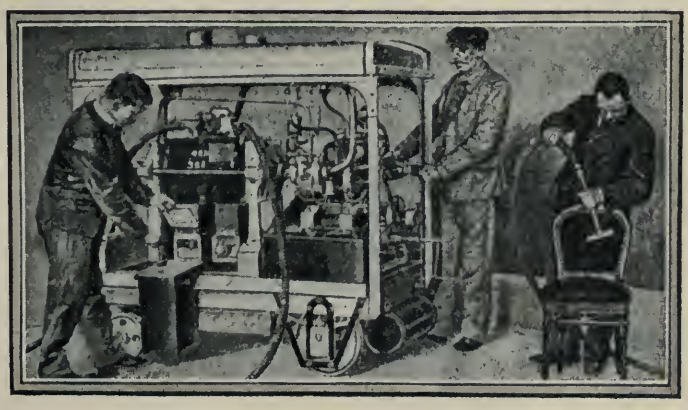
THE people on the streets of Toronto are familiar with the thump-thump of a machine which stands in front of residences here and there and is connected with these residences by rubber tubes. It is a "house-cleaner" at work. This machine is thus described by a scientific journal:

"The cleansing of carpets, curtains, and upholstery constitutes a great difficulty, not only from the point of view of the perfection of operation, but also, and particularly, from that of the danger that it may cause in thickly populated places. It is, in fact, indispensable that the dust should not be set in motion, but should be collected, to be properly disposed of. This desideratum is now satisfied by several methods, so far as carpets are concerned. One of these consists in passing compressed air through the carpet and thus blowing the dust into a ventilator, which disperses it. In others, a closed drum is used, furnished with beaters that raise the carpet and let it fall. The dust, as in the preceding case, is raised by a powerful ventilator in communication with the interior of the drum.

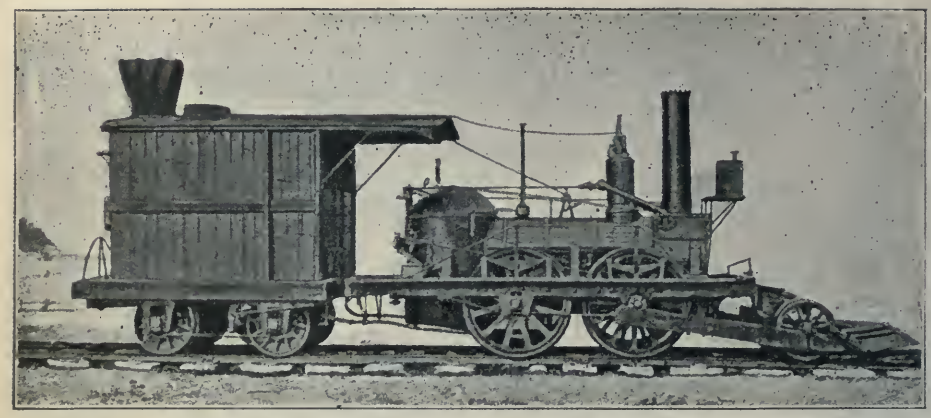
"These processes give good results, but they are inconvenient in that they require the transportation of the carpet to a special factory; besides, and especially with the beating machine, it can be used only with strong articles. A slightly worn carpet is sensibly deteriorated after passing several times through such a machine. Finally, none of these systems can be used with upholstered furniture. . . . . .

"The vacuum cleaning machine. . . is composed, as shown in the illustration, of a motor that runs an exhaust-pump, of a condensing filter that collects the dust, and of a flexible tube having an aspirating nozzle, whose form varies with the pieces to be treated. The whole is carried on a four-wheeled cart and is easily transportable.

"The essential part is the condenser, which is a closed chest containing a metallic mushroom-shaped piece against which the air is projected and leaves its coarsest particles. It is then



APPARATUS FOR SANITARY CLEANING BY MEANS OF VACUUM



THE FAMOUS "JOHN BULL," BUILT IN ENGLAND IN 1831, FOR THE MOHAWK AND HUDSON RAILWAY

filtered through a double linen bag and is not discharged into the atmosphere till it has been relieved of all its suspended dust."

"The chief advantages of vacuum-cleaning, as it has been described, are the following: (1) Absolute cleansing of the objects treated, since no dusty nook escapes the action of the aspirator; (2) no displacement of carpet or furniture is necessary; (3) no injury such as takes place when carpets are beaten, the objects regaining their proper colours after being relieved of dust; (4) complete condensation of the dust—an important point from the standpoint of hygiene, since it is thus removed as a whole without being suspended in the surrounding air.

"A final advantage that is not to be overlooked is that of speed; three or four days are sufficient to clean completely the seats and hangings of a theatre of ordinary dimensions.

"It need not be said that the dust collected in this way contains not only mineral substances, the débris of wool, etc., which make up its greater part, but also all sorts of microbes. The dust that has been taken from the chairs of one of our most important theatres contained notably many virulent bacilli, including those of tuberculosis, of putrefaction, of blood-poisoning, etc. It may be seen what services may be rendered to hygiene by a process capable of expelling dust from inhabited places without sending it into the surrounding atmosphere."

*

EARLY LOCOMOTIVES

George Stephenson was born in 1781, in the village of Wylam, near Newcastle, and Newcastle was the birthplace of the locomotive. Stephenson's "No. 1 Engine" is mounted in a pedestal and stands in the Central Station in that English city. Just outside in the Square is the statue of the great inventor, the man who also made the plans for the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It was in July, 1814, that Stephenson's first engine drew some coal cars in a colliery, much to the astonishment of every one. The locomotive developed slowly and in 1822 it was tested on the Stockton and Darlington Railway. The locomotive pictured here, was built at the Newcastle works in 1831, and sent to America. It was the first locomotive seen on this continent, all early engines being imported by United States railways. The progress made since those days is something wonderful, yet Canada is to-day ordering locomotives in Great Britain.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

THE New York *Sun* has at last discovered that Canadians are buying United States manufactures only where it cannot be avoided. The *Sun* should not forget that the Canadian Government still bonuses Mr. Munsey and other New York magazine publishers twenty-five per cent. This is one of the gentle favours which the *Sun* must still keep to the credit of our international goodwill.

There are few countries in the world which can show such a balance-sheet as Canada. The surplus of revenue over current expenditure for the year ending June 30th, 1903, was over twenty-two millions of dollars. Deducting all capital expenditures for the years, the surplus for reduction of the public debt is fifteen millions ($15,000,000), and Canada's trade is still increasing steadily every day.

During the same twelve months 300 immigrants a day, on an average, entered the country. The total immigration for the period was 110,000 people. As more than one-quarter of these were Canadians returning from the United States, or enterprising United States farmers, the amount of accompanying wealth must have been enormous as compared with usual migrations.

The Dominion Steel Company of Sydney is unfortunate. The present plant is fitted to produce raw steel only, and cannot do it economically. If half the amount of capital had been invested in half the number of furnaces and the other half of the capital in a plant for making wire, rolled iron, pipes, and other more finished products, there would be a possibility of success. Just now the plant is practically useless in spite of the generous bounties wrung from the Hon. Mr. Fielding at the point of the bayonet. The Dominion Steel people must show greater capacity and larger knowledge if they are to save the good name of Canada's industrial activity. The same may be said of the Sault Ste. Marie enterprise. The steel plant at Collingwood and a few other small institutions are doing very well. The large plant is not always the most successful.

There a rumour that the United States Steel Trust will establish a Canadian branch at Port Colborne. This is hardly credible. The Trust is having sufficient trouble, present and immediate, in making its United States business satisfactory.

The Canada-United states labour union has been dealt some hard blows this year, and the end is not yet. Mr. Dunsmuir, the head of the Vancouver Island coal mines, shut his works down rather than have his men join the international bodies. The shipping interests of Montreal refused to recognize the longshoreman's union because it was international; and, backed by

the sympathy of the business-men of the city, won a hard fight. Senator Lougheed has fathered a Bill in Parliament to make it a criminal offence for any foreigner to come into Canada to disturb the harmony between employer and employee.

There are people in Canada who think, rightly or wrongly, that United States influences are inclined to be jealous of our industrial activity, and that any strike which improves it is not displeasing to the people who are at present the dominant industrial force on this continent. These people think Canadian labour unions would be better than international labour unions, and they are working toward that end. They have not yet had much success because the unions have been sweeping all before them. During the past few months, however, there have been signs of a coming change. The strikes inaugurated recently have not been altogether successful, and for the first time in several years wages show a tendency to stability among the mechanics. Skilled workmen are still in demand, but not at extravagant wages. A large number of men from England and Scotland—very desirable mechanics—have come in this year and have found satisfactory employment. This has tended to steady the labour market, although it is doubtful if without this immigration wages could have gone higher.

The following quotation from *The Spectator* (London) of recent date, gives a Canadian letter and the editor's opinion of the point raised:

WANTED, AN IMPERIAL POST OFFICE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir—You recently alluded to discrepancies in the postal service by which Canada is knit more closely to the United States than to Britain. I enclose herewith the postal money order demand form in use in Canada, from which you will see that Britain is put on a very unfavourable footing. A Canadian can transmit £20 by money order to the United States, but to Britain he may not send more than £10 by one order. He may send a sovereign to any part of the United States for three halfpence, but it costs fivepence to send it anywhere in Britain. This is prejudicial to trade relations, to say nothing of the sentiment of Imperial unity. If the Post Office of the United States can co-operate with that of Canada, why cannot the British Post Office come into line? The Canadian officials are anxious to have Britain put on the same footing as the United States, but the inefficiency and indifference of the British official have hitherto thwarted Canada's desires.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Canadian Scot.

[The treatment of Canada by the British Post Office, granted that our correspondent's facts are correct, is inexplicable. It would appear to be as unsound from the commercial as it is from the Imperial point of view.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

There has been already considerable discussion as to the source from which the labour for the construction of the different transcontinental railways projected will be procured. It is stated that at least 50,000 men will be required for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the extreme activity of the transportation branches has already made the question of obtaining men for operating and construction work a difficult problem. — *Labour Gazette*.

It has been estimated that during the past four years at least $375,000,000 of Canadian capital have been expended in founding new enterprises and in enlarging old ones in order to keep pace with the growth of industry in Canada.—*Labour Gazette*.

A SEAL ROOKERY

A PICTURE TAKEN AT ST. PAUL, ONE OF THE PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS OF THE BEHRING SEA. THE LARGE DARK SEALS ARE THE BULLS, THE OTHERS THE FEMALES AND BABIES

THE

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THE ROMANCE OF SEALING

By J. Gordon Smith

"And since our women must walk Gay
And Money buys their gear,
The Sealing boats must go that way
And filch at hazard year by year."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THAT the women may walk Gay in their sealskin sacques some sixty schooners, ranging from 34 to 90 tons, sail twice a year from Victoria into the wintry gale at hazard—and oft at great hazard. Little they reck the danger, these jolly sons of the sea who wrest the seals from the face of the waters of the North Pacific, now off the coast of California, then off the rocks of Alaska, or in the mists of smoky Behring Sea, the kelp-littered waters of Japan's salt seas, or the holluschickie banks of the Komanderofski isles. Storms may blow and dangers threaten, but the sealers laugh if the seals be plentiful. They are a varied gathering of sailormen these sealers, but for adventure, or for fun and story, the jolly Cape Breton boys, or the hardy men from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick lead them all. Some of the old-time sealers, the men of the daring raids on the cutter-guarded rookeries of Behring Sea or Copper Islands, have gone; some are dead, and some are "steamboating." He who won, perhaps, the greatest notoriety for his dashes on the rookeries, Capt. Hansen, "The Flying Dutchman," lies at the bottom of the Pacific, near Kyuquot. Capt. Ogilvie died at Sitka, by his own hand, when his schooner was seized and his crew imprisoned by the U.S. authorities. Old Kearney, of whose projects Rudyard Kipling wrote "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," has started a sailors' boarding house in Yokohama. Others have gone too, but there are still a number of the old-time sealers who retell the interesting tales of the romance of the sealing industry.

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The *Vera* was one of a fleet of ten skimming over the moonlit waters out

SEALING SCHOONERS LYING AT OUNALASKA WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE SEASON

"HIYU MUCK-A-MUCK"—PLENTY FOOD

to the Cape. Capt. Burns was at the wheel, two or three of the hunters were lounging on the hatchway watching the lights fading astern—the lights they would not see for nine long months—while in the little cabin aft the Chinese cook was making "bubble and squeak" for the evening meal. Nearby four boat-pullers and hunters were having a noisy game of whist, while others lounged in their bunks and scanned the dimly lighted pages of well-worn novels. Lopping from wave to wave, the schooner was beating down the coast to the rancheries of Village Island.

After two uneventful days she lay off the row of "illahees" (lodges), where the Siwashes were waiting for the vessel. Lying in the pretty bay, the semi-circle of ramshackle shacks of the Indians breaking the line of the pine forests, the schooner strained at her anchors, while some of the crew went gunning for wild ducks in a near-by creek, and the "old man" and the mate were smoking their own cigars in the priest's house. He, the missionary and shipping master of the coast village, was shipping the crew. Outside the "boss man" stood haranguing the score of hunters, who were impatiently watching the big fires at the further end of the rancherie, where the hamatsu was dancing and the chief and his council were pouring the oolichan grease into the cans of the assembled Indians. Soon one after another of the Indians sat in the house of the priest and made his mark on the articles. Then the night was given over to the dancing and the feasting around the drift-wood fires in the big lodges, where with painted faces, aglow in the firelight, the Siwashes made a weirdly picturesque appearance. At daylight the Indian canoes, twelve in all, with three klootchmen as steerers, came alongside. One after another they were hoisted on board and lashed and then the roll was called— Louis-Willie, William, John, and so on. Willie was missing, and the "old man" spoke in language most impolite of Willie and his pedigree as the stern boat was lowered. All day the search for Willie was maintained without avail, and then in the evening when Napoleon, the chief, and a dozen or more had searched with lanterns they found him in one of the fishing camps at the end of the illahee, and with him the daughter of John, betrothed of Paul, his rival. Willie had offered blankets for her—that is the custom—and his offer was refused. Therefore he took her and made her his bride—a marriage of capture. Not until Willie learned that his rival was on board was he willing to go aboard, and trust to a race with his rival when the schooner neared the home village after the season.

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With all hands aboard, the schooner spread her white wings, and with her course set N.N.W., she headed for the Smoky Seas which Behring sailed.

Through gale after gale she bounded, weathering them all, for the schooner rides the storms much better than the liner. For 25 days she sailed, her crew playing cards, thumbing their twice-read novels, making knife-carved picture frames and checker-boards from the lids of salt pork barrels, and three or four times a day the Chinaman cooked. These were the days of ennui aft and quarrels forward, for Willie and Paul had a daily argument with fists regarding that klootchman for which both rivalled, and the Siwashes of the foc'sle took sides. They fought in the foc'sle and fought on the hatch, now and then coming aft to the skipper to have bandages tied around their wounded faces or hands, or beg medicine for their bruised bodies. The crew aft were lolling about in idleness, the Indians interesting themselves, until at last the flame-spitting mountain near Unimak was in sight and the schooner sailed into Dutch Harbour. There were twenty-three others there and more on the way, and for five days the sealers made merry in old Ounalaska, until the season opened under the terms of the Paris tribunal. Then one after another the sealers sailed through Unimak into the smoky seas, and on July 1st the canoes went overboard. The schooner was "hove to" under a cloudy sky, with the barometer falling, and with their little brown sails filled, the canoes were putting some miles between them and the vessel. Suddenly one canoe hauled down its sail, the paddles were silently dipped, and quietly, stealthily, the old klootchman—the squaw of one of the hunters, mother of the other—steered the canoe towards the sleeping seals. Their flippers spread on the waters, their bodies rippling with the swell, were two great wigs, three females and a couple of holluschickies—all asleep. Suddenly two spears flew quickly through the air, two little tinges of blood were seen on the face of the waters, and two seals floated dead. The others dive beneath the water; and, with the rapidity for which the seal is noted, they were off. The first skins had been taken.

Meanwhile other canoes had had success in their hunting, and some had not. The rain was falling heavily and the smother creeping up as the afternoon waned. One by one the canoes were tacking back to the schooner

THE BULL AND HIS FAMILY—A PICTURE TAKEN ON ST. GEORGE ISLANDS, PRIBYLOFF GROUP

TWO INDIAN CANOE-STEERERS ON BOARD A SEALING SCHOONER

away off in the distance. One after another they were hauled on board. The captured seals were thrown on the deck in the schooner's waist, where they are soon skinned. The blubber was thrown overboard, for the Siwash had better "muck-a-muck" (food) in the frying-pan which the klootchman was warming over the stove for the evening meal, than the blubber of seals. Blubber was only emergency food. One after another the pelts were laid out on the hatch, and then the "old man" carefully salted them and hurled them below into the schooner's hold. Fourteen skins were totalled—not a bad start.

Thus the days pass. Now a gale sweeps the schooner from momentary valleys of waters on to mountains of foam, the spray breaking over her decks and wetting the oil-skin clad crew, while Siwashes cry with fear in the foc'sle, and the medicine man with painted face chants his "hamatsu" songs from the top of the foc'sle companionway as he takes innumerable shower baths in the spray.

The gale stops the sealing and the great swell which follows it prevents the lowering of boats or canoes, and another day is lost. Then comes another day of sunshine; the bright sun is shining on the rippling waves, and merrily the sealers lower their boats, and, spear in hand, they paddle and row across the waves watching for the seals on the face of the waters. Sleepers are few, the storm having excited them, but the skilful hunters manage to kill some, and before the fog-bank of the late afternoon shuts out the schooner from sight the flotilla of canoes and boats are homeward bound to the schooner with a score or more seals in their boats. This is a good day, but again comes a day when the deceptive sunshine shines through the storm clouds, and far away from the schooner the canoes are caught in the fogs. All except one are in luck. Straining their ears for the fog-horn's sound, they are guided to the vessel—but one canoe fails to reach the vessel. It has drifted away in the darkness of the night. For three days the skipper and second mate are out with the sternboat, and

INDIANS PADDLING A LOADED CANOE BACK TO THE SCHOONER

SKINNING A STRANGELY-MARKED SEAL

the canoes are scouring, not for seals, but for poor Peter and Louis, of Ucluelet—but the search is unsuccessful, and in the log of the *Vera* is inscribed "July 20th, Lat. 59.10, Long. 165.20, lost one canoe. Louis and Peter." Two more sealers have gone to pay the price of a woman's garment.

For two months of sunshine and storm, of fog and rain, the sealers follow the little patches of seals as they follow the feed, now to the northwest of the Pribyloffs, now to the south, always taking care to remain outside the prescribed limit of three miles around the Behring Sea islands. Now and then a British or United States cutter's smoke is seen on the horizon and the schooner is sailed away, for the coming of a cutter is not good whether the sealskins all show plainly the spear point, without suspicion of a shot. If the cutter has reached down close to the schooner though, the latter lays to, and then, in his little jolly-boat, the brass-bound lieutenant of either John Bull or Uncle Sam is rowed across. He tramps aft and calls for the log. Then he asks to see skins to look for gunshot wounds, and the investigation is complete. If the whiskey bottle or the cigar-box is not empty the sealer is hospitable, or if both are empty he is just as hospitable as far as he can go. Then the lieutenant again boards his jolly-boat and the waiting tars row him back to the cutter while the sealers wink at one another.

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Many are the incidents of the never-ending differences between the sealers and the patrol cutters. It is on record in the log of the sealing industry that in 1882 when the revenue cutter *Corwin* pursued the little German schooner *Adele*, commanded by the notorious "Flying Dutchman," the *Adele* sailed over shoal ground, for she had a light draught, and the following cutter grounded in the chase, while the sealers laughed. Again, years later, the since wrecked *Sapphire* sailed away from a pursuing cutter while the shot

SLEEPING SEAL AND SPEAR READY FOR ACTION

KILLING AND SKINNING THE SEALS ON ST. PAUL ISLAND

flew after her, and escaped in the fog.

In 1886 the United States seized a large number of the Canadian sealers, an act for which they afterwards paid the sealers the sum of $425,000, after lengthy sessions of arbitrators. The Alaska Commercial Company had secured the right to kill 100,000 seals annually on the rookeries of St. Paul and St. George and similar privileges were acquired on Copper Islands, the Russian rookeries. Since the then American schooner *City of San Diego* made her first trip into Behring Sea, in 1883, the fleets had increased to about 25 schooners, the two highest catches being in the neigbourhood of 2,300 skins, and the Commercial Company resenting this interference, brought influence to bear on the United States Government to harry the sealers.

The revenue cutter *Corwin* was sent to the sea with instructions to seize all the sealers found there. The first seizures were those of the *T. Hornton*, Capt. Guttomansen, the *Onward*, Capt. D. Munro, and *Carolina*, Capt. James Ogilvie. These vessels were all seized on the high seas, a territory universally regarded as a free highway. The Canadian sealers were engaged in their peaceful avocation when the *Corwin* swooped down upon and took possession of their schooners, turned part of their crews adrift several hundred miles from their homes, without food and shelter; while others, masters and mates of the captured vessels, were thrown into prison and fined. After several months' imprisonment at Sitka they were released, and, literally destitute, made their way back to Victoria. One of the unfortunates, Capt. Ogilvie of the *Carolina*, never returned. He worried and brooded over his wrongs—and he was taunted ever by his guards—until he became a wandering maniac, and was found a few days after his release, lying at the back of one of the Indian lodges of the Sitka village, with his throat cut and an open razor in his hand, showing his life had been self-taken.

The United States did not, however, confine itself to seizing Canadian sealers, for there were several schooners flying the United States flag which were operating contrary to the wishes of the Commercial Company, and with the announced purpose of protecting the seal herds some of these vessels were seized sixty miles from shore. The *T. Hornton*, *Carolina* and *Onward* had been lying rotting on the beach for several months, when the attention of the United States Government was called to a case which proved a boome-

ALEUTS IN THE EMPLOY OF THE UNITED STATES LESSEES OF THE ISLANDS SKINNING THE DEAD SEALS

rang. Sixty-five years before, the Russians had seized the American whaler *Bounty*, an act which occurred in 1821, and there was of course a virtuous roar of indignation from the United States press. The United States protested and the *Bounty* was released on the ground that Russia had no jurisdiction outside the three mile limit—a decision which was declared satisfactorily by the nations interested. When two years afterwards this case had been drawn to the attention of the United States that Government ordered the release of the sealing vessels. The sealers who had been deprived of their liberty, housed in squalid prisons, and deprived of their livelihood, did not even receive an apology—until years afterwards when the arbitrators found a verdict for them and awarded them damages to the sum of $425,000.

In 1891 a *modus vivendi* was made between Great Britain and the United States for the restriction of pelagic sealing, whereby the season was limited to a few months in the Behring Sea, and shotguns and firearms were prohibited, all seal to be taken outside the three-mile limit with spears, and any schooner going within the limit to be seized. The Behring Sea has been since then jointly patrolled by warships of both Britain and the United States. The first seizure under the new arrangement was that of the *E. B. Marvin*, and a fleet were ordered out of the sea. Many of these went across to the Cooper Islands to hunt.

In 1892 quite a fleet of the Victoria sealers were seized by the Russian cruisers, *Zabaika* and *Aleut*, on the high seas far out from the three-mile limits of the Copper Islands. The *Rosie Olsen*, *Carmelite*, *Vancouver Belle*, *Ariel*, *Willie McGowan*, and other schooners were taken, and while the vessels were left "rotting contrabands on Vladivostock slip," the crews were jailed at Petropaulofski. Cooped up in what had been henhouses, they fared badly, their food being a scant supply of black bread. Several died in their far-off jail, and many were treated most severely, the slightest breaches of prison rules being harshly treated; but the imprisonment did not last long, for the British Government soon stepped in and demanded the release of the imprisoned sealers. They were sent back, some on board the schooner *Rosie Olsen*, given back for the transportation, some on the bark *Majestic*, and others sent to Yokohama, and thence by the passenger steamers. The sealers were almost naked when released.

Imprisonment and confiscation of the vessels did not stop the daring raid of the former years of the sealing industry. One of these raids gave the theme for the poem of Rudyard Kip-

ling, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," and the incident was partially as described in the poem, aside from the tragic features. It was comedy throughout, without the tragic side. The schooner *Silver Fleece* started out from Yokohama for the Copper Islands, and on the way she passed a small Russian rookery, where formerly a garrison was maintained. The sealers clubbed a few seals there, and stole a number of old Cossack uniforms from the abandoned garrison. Later they determin- to raid Robin Island, where the Russians have a rookery. On their arrival there the schooner *Henry Dennis* was seen, with her men ashore, clubbing the seals, and no Russian guards were in sight. The ever-present mist prevailed, and Capt. Kearney painted some ports on the schooner, while the crew donned the Cossack uniforms. A stove pipe was rigged up for the smoke-stack, and wooden guns were run out, so that the schooner seen dimly through the fog could easily be mistaken for a Russian cruiser, for, as Kipling says, "A stove pipe seen through the smoky mist looks like a four-inch gun."

The crew of the *Henry Dennis* did not bother to pick up their stolen skins. They ran to the boats, and quickly rowed to the schooner and cutting the anchor they fled. The bogus cutter sailed in and stole the stolen skins. This was the incident, but the famous rhymer has added other features and evolved a splendid fiction, but fiction is fiction and fact is fact, and never the two shall meet.

There were raids galore in days gone by. Capt. Hansen went one dark night to St. Paul, and with his boat's crew he made his way through the seal herds to the salt-house, around which was the Aleut guard who watched the rookeries. Covering the Aleuts with their muskets, the sealers asked the guards whether they preferred the lead in the muskets or the rum in a cask which Hansen carried. They preferred the rum, and as they drank the sealers carried off the already salted skins from the salt-house to the sandy beach, where their boats were moored. They took nearly a thousand skins, and when daylight came these skins were below decks in the schooner *Flying Mist*, far out from the islands.

Hansen well earned his name of "The Flying Dutchman," for on another occasion on a dark night he made a raid at St. George, when the revenue cutter lay anchored off the rookeries. His boat, with muffled oars, was rowed in past the anchored cruiser, and Capt. Hansen and five men landed to club the seals. As they went on with the work a big bull jumped up, and Hansen, thinking it one of the guards, ran for the beach to the boats, but the others refused to budge until the skins were in the boats, and slowly they made their way back to the schooner hidden in a cove. They sailed away under cover of night, and next day were far outside the sealing limit, hunting peacefully, as though they had never raided the islands.

Terrific gales have spoiled the past few seasons off the British Columbia coast, for the sealer must hunt in the spring season only and cease work when the fine weather starts at the beginning of May — such are the terms of the Paris Tribunal. The work in the Behring Sea has also been spoiled by bad weather for the most part of the last two or three seasons, for it is but during the months of August and September that the schooners hunt in Behring Sea. The Copper Island fleets have also made poor catches, for sealers are coming to the conclusion that the herds have decreased considerably there, while the rookeries of the Japan seas show a great increase, and the Victoria sealers—Victoria is the sealing headquarters of this continent—are planning to send larger fleets to the Japan seas as well as to further exploit the grounds off the Falkland Islands, where two schooners, the *Edward Roy* and *Beatrice L. Corkum*, each took over two thousand skins last year. Two other schooners have just left Victoria for there and five others will be despatched. Sealing experts of the United

States claim that the herds on the Pribyloffs are decreasing, but the logs of the sealers for the past few seasons show that the vessels have been amongst as many seals as ever, but the gales have made them restless and hindered the sealers from hunting, and the catches have, in consequence, been very small. The sealers have lost heavily, too, within the past few years, both in lives and property, for several schooners have foundered with all on board, never having been heard of after leaving port. Despite the bad weather, the harassing restrictions and other causes, however, the sealers continue to plan their work for coming seasons, and all are looking forward to the next season with the hope that weather will be good and seals plentiful.

It will be difficult to find a hardier or more daring class of men than these brave fellows who man the sealing fleets. With their small schooners they fly before gales which sweep from existence the largest ships, dodge among treacherous reefs and islands of the north, and are hurled hither and thither by the strong currents and tide rips of the Japan coast. Their life is one of perpetual danger, for in the North Pacific the skies are nearly always overcast; heavy gales are frequent; fogs settle down without a moment's warning, not to rise again for days or weeks; yet, surrounded by all these perils, the seal hunter will lower his boat, and with a keg of water and little hard tack, pull out on the ocean waste with as little concern as though sculling about in a land-locked harbour.

The tale of the flirtations with death ever receives additions as long as the sealers sail in pursuit of the seal, for

"Since our women must walk Gay
And Money buys their gear,
The sealing boats must go that way
And filch—*at hazard*—year by year."

HARVEST MOON ON THE GATINEAU

BY MARY STEWART DURIE

HARVEST moon sails serene in cobalt sky;
On the dark Gatineau her beams glint white,
A night-hawk swoops, and screaming, wingeth by,
The cry of loon and whip-poor-will pierces the night.
"*I'ya longtemps que je t'aime*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

From the dim shore strong raftsmen's voices come
As seated round their camp fire's ruddy blaze,
They sing *chansons* of Canada their home,
Of early loves, of old Canadian days.
"*I'ya longtemps que je t'aime*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

Now die away the strains of "A la Claire Fontaine,"
Through darkling waters glides a bark canoe,
Moist paddles softly dipping, and again
Harvest moon reigneth silent in the blue.
"*I'ya longtemps que je t'aime*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

PACKING

Written and Illustrated by John Innes

THE crying need of the British army to-day is mobility. The latest despatches from Somaliland indicate that the lessons of South Africa are still unheeded and that the troops are encumbered with non-combatants, baggage and supplies.

The great reproach of the army in South Africa was the lack of mobility. The horses of the mounted troops were weighted down with accoutrements, ammunition and rations. Conan Doyle in his book emphasizes this point, as do other critics, and states that the war was prolonged many months by this circumstance alone. De Wet and De la Rey discarded waggons altogether in the later stages of the war, learning the lesson from Cronje's capture and the numerous British reverses. The Boers, though abandoning their waggons, did not make the mistake of overloading their horses. They put much of the weight on a pack-horse and were still able to outfoot the heavily laden British troops.

To Canadians this is an important problem. Mobility of troops is an essential in such a country as this. The consensus of opinion, as well as the dictum of common-sense, points to the desirability of lightening the overburdened animal which carries the man in order to secure mobility. This lightening is apparently only to be secured by means of another animal of the same kind who can go where the others go and who can travel at the same rate of speed—a pack-horse for every three or four mounted men. This suggestion has been made in several quarters, and has been strongly advocated by Major W. Hamilton Merritt, commandant of the Governor-General's Body Guards, an officer who served ten months with the Cape Colony forces in the early part of the war and later with the 2nd C.M.R. When the 2nd C.M.R. went out they took with them several pack-saddles. These troops were inspected by Lord Kitchener at Newcastle, and an exhibition of the Canadian pack-saddles was given. In less than ten minutes, the practical Commander-in-chief saw the utility of it and declared that he would have them made, and he did. The war, however, was over before any general test was possible.

Ever since the question as to the advisability of introducing the pack-saddle as a branch of army transport was mooted, the merits of the idea have been more or less intelligently discussed by the many persons interested. Ordinary Imperial officers, when the matter was mentioned, pooh-poohed it, or languidly waved it into oblivion as far as they were concerned. Less ordinary specimens showed a fair knowledge of the subject—as far as they knew it—but impressed one with the idea that they considered anything they did not know to be non-existent. Next in order came the really intelligent men, who would listen, offer comment and take the thought away with them for further consideration. Last appeared the practical soldiers—Lord Kitchener, Baden-Powell, Walter Kitchener *et al.* They came; they saw; they approved.

SECTION OF MOUNTED RIFLES WITH PACK-HORSE, AT MILITARY TOURNAMENT, TORONTO, 1903

The work of this section over hurdles, and through obstacles impossible for wheeled transport, created much favourable comment. The pack horse is carrying tent, overcoats, blankets, ammunition, nosebags and provisions for four men for four days; also emergency rations for horses.

However, it is not only in the Imperial army that skepticism as to the real use of the pack-saddle for military ends is found. Here in Canada there are many officers who are inclined to dismiss the subject as unworthy of consideration, and it is for this reason that I am about to treat of it in a new way. Let us forget that the United States army in the west find it indispensable, and, as Canadians, see how, and for what purposes, it is used in civil life. It will then be easy for such military men as feel inclined, to apply any merits shown to the conditions of actual warfare.

So, having arrived at an eminently fair starting-point, I shall proceed to give some pen pictures of every-day occurrences in the life of western men —the men who made the pack-saddle.

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Far up in the mountains there is a valley, and in this valley is a lake, fed by mountain streams, which swirl and flash down their rock-strewn beds and under the shadowing trees and cliffs; an ideal home for trout. At one end of the lake, where a small rivulet splashes from the peaks, is a beaver-dam, and meadow of huge dimensions, about which the many young poplar stumps attest that the winter's supply of food for the beaver families is being laid in. Along the shore of the lake itself the tracks of wild things are numerous, and numberless runs of deer, sheep and goats struggle through the bush from the high rocks to the water's edge.

The valley is hard of access. It is merely a grass and tree-strewn depression amongst the mountains. No roads lead to it; no man inhabits it; for, though the ground is good, the winter snows block all openings to the spot with impassable drifts, which lie for fully six months.

In spite of this a wandering hunter has marked the place; and so, in the fall, two mounted men and four pack-ponies come toiling up the rocky way

SECTION OF 2ND C.M.R. AT HALIFAX—TEST OF DIAMOND-HITCH AND BROAD OVER-GIRTH

Sixteen miles were made over rough conutry in 1¾ hours, 8 miles of which were done in 42 minutes, and not a sore back or a girth-gall.

by which the valley is reached: Over the fallen trees and round the face of the cliffs they crawl till they have entered the pass and moved on to the shores of the lake. Soon a rough shanty is built, and hardly is it completed when the snow comes down blocking all exit to the outer world. The situation would seem quite desperate to many; not so to the hunters. In the packs are bacon, beans, flour, coffee, tea, salt, tools, bedding, clothing, spare rope and endless other necessaries in plenty. All through the late fall and winter the valley is startled by the crack of the rifle, and many a wild thing is caught by the traps.

Springtime sees them once more crawling over and about the various obstacles with which nature has guarded their hunting ground, but this time their faces are turned towards the plains, and, instead of being laden with food, the pack-ponies carry costly furs.

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Then take the case of a couple of chaps at some outlying spot, say two hundred miles from a railroad. An urgent call reaches them. The waggon trail is winding and difficult. What do they do? Pack their parfleches with necessaries; saddle up a pack-horse; throw their stock-saddles on their own beasts, and they're off. No roads for them when they can cut a corner. Their pack-horse, with their necessaries, can travel as fast as they can, and that is much faster than wheels.

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Once again, a prospector locates a rich claim high in the hills. Engineers laugh at the proposition as useless on account of inaccessibility. One—more knowing than the rest—finances the thing. What happens? Mules, carrying pack-saddle laden with machinery, labour up and about the steep slopes and rocky ledges. Up and up till the claim is reached. A temporary shed is built, and hoisting gear put in place. Before long a mill is erected, and metal is being sent over the route that could not have been made practicable except for the pack-saddle.

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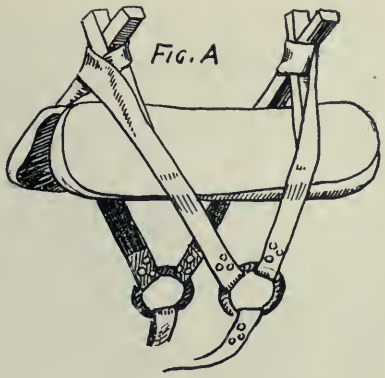
So—in the three little examples

given, out of the thousands which might be given, of this article and its uses—we have, first, the means of sustaining life for long periods in out-of-the-way places. Second, speed. Third, stability and capacity for standing hard strains. And now a few words as to the build of the saddle.

It must be remembered that the pack-saddle is, above all other things, the child of hard necessity. Born, then, of necessity, it has been perfected by experience. And experience has taught men a few of the following things: It must be very simple—for men often want a saddle when they have nothing but a hatchet and hunting knife to work with. It must be very strong—for not only is the pack heavy at times, but also the animals bearing the load are liable to make every endeavour to get rid of it. It must be very light—for every ounce of weight taken off wood or metal, means an ounce more of some necessity. It must (greatest point of all) be so modelled as not to hurt a horse's back. An expert packer can turn out, with a hatchet, a set of side-planks of a perfect conformation. They will not be of too flat an angle in front nor too acute behind, as is very often the case, and results in galling the horses' shoulders and hurting his kidneys. A really well-built saddle will fit almost any horse.

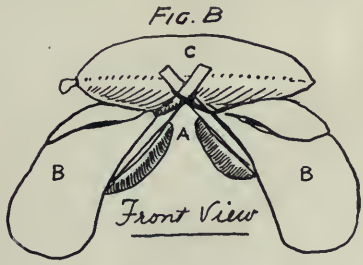
The saddle is made in six pieces. Two pieces to form each tree, and two side-planks. It is cinched up like any ordinary stock-saddle. The accompanying cut (Fig. A) will show how easily it is made.

The cross-pieces at each end are used to sling the parfleches (or saddle-bags) upon (Fig. B); or else to hold the sling-rope bearing the side-packs, where parfleches are not used (Fig. C). Across the saddle, and on top of the side-packs, is hoisted the top-pack; the whole being held in place by a lash-rope. It is in securing the pack by means of the lash-rope that the famous "diamond" hitch is thrown. There are many hitches in use, but the "two-man diamond" is accepted by all as the most perfect; a "single hitch," also of the diamond pattern, being a good second.



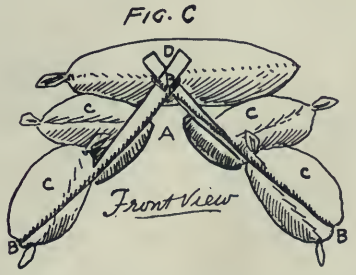
A CANADIAN PACK-SADDLE

Many deluded individuals have endeavoured, from time to time, to instruct the public as to how to throw a hitch, through the medium of print. As it may be concluded that they were quite as capable as myself to make a success of the thing were it possible,



CANADIAN PACK SADDLE

(A) Saddle; (BB) Parfleches; (C) Top Pack.



SADDLE WITHOUT PARFLECHES

(A) Saddle; (BBB) Sling Ropes; (CCCC) Side Packs; (D) Top Pack.

PACKING—"THE ROCKY WAY BY WHICH THE VALLEY IS REACHED"

DRAWN BY JOHN INNES

I don't see why I should waste paper and ink trying to succeed where they failed. Suffice it to say that the whole outfit, as used in the Canadian west, is light, easy on the horses and of absurd simplicity.

Now, a last word. The pack-saddle is a necessity, or it would not exist. If necessary for civilians, under conditions in which speed, and the elements for sustaining life are of paramount importance, why not for the military?

Only last spring, at the Toronto Horse Show, an exhibition was given of mobility, as exemplified by the pack-saddle. Many saw the crux of the question; many did not.

Let me repeat myself. If the pack-saddle is habitually used by alien and intelligent people in both civic and military life, does not that prove its usefulness—leaving ourselves on one side? If this article is indispensable in our own civil life; why, in the name of common-sense, can we not use it as a means to increased mobility in the affairs of our military organizations—Imperial or Colonial?

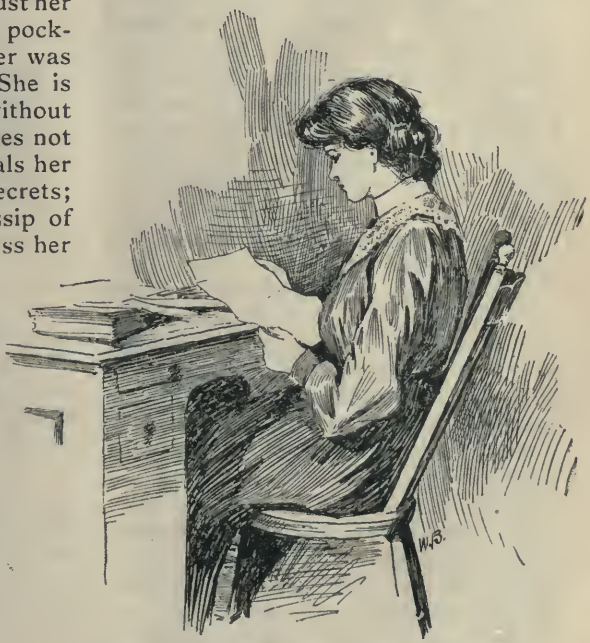
THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

By Annie Merrill

THE Serious Woman in Business does not ask leniences. She takes her work as a man should. She is punctual. She is tidy. She does not shirk the disagreeable work. She does not demand a boy to dust her desk. She acts promptly. She pockets her sensitiveness (there never was a woman made without it). She is courteous and respectful—without being servile; is not flippant; does not grumble, but is ever cheery; seals her lips tightly upon business secrets; closes her ears against the gossip of her co-workers; refuses to discuss her management with the fault-finder or disgruntled employee; defends her employer even though his methods seem all wrong; though she cannot read his motives, she trusts that they are wholly good.

The Serious Woman in Business works as conscientiously when left alone in the office as though the manager's keen eyes were upon her. She does not do "fancy work" in the office. If she has any spare time she studies to improve herself along the lines of work in which she is engaged, thus making herself more valuable to her employer, and increasing her chances of advancement.

"What I like about that girl," said the manager of a big concern to me



"She takes her work as a man should"

"She dresses plainly"

the other day regarding a valued member of his staff, "is the keen, eager interest she takes in all her work. Of course, many of our young ladies are faithful and conscientious, and maybe painstaking enough, but this quality I speak of distinguishes Miss R—— from all the others. In fact," he added with enthusiasm, "she is more like a bright, ambitious boy!"

And it seems that many a manager feels that the Woman in Business does not take her work seriously enough; that she is lacking in ambition; that very often her mind is on other things, and that she is entirely without that vital interest which is so necessary to have or acquire before she can become a valued member of any staff. Outside of the office the Serious Woman in Business takes life seriously. She has high aims. She commands respect by her demeanour on the street, and in her social circle, which, though it may not be a large nor a fashionable one, yet represents the world to her. She is careful to avoid being conspicuous in her manner. Dresses plainly. Does not try to ape the "lady," with gaudy imitations in gowns and jewels. She keeps good hours. She takes care of her health that her work may not suffer. She avoids the "pie and ice-cream" lunch, that her digestion may not suffer.

This Serious Woman in Business will not allow men to squander money upon her, remembering the admonition of her good old grandmother, that such a course would be vulgar. She insists upon bearing her share of the expense when going about with her men friends, and the nice man will appreciate her position, amiably permitting her to feel a comfortable independence which to-day is making real comradeship among men and women such a delightful possibility. This independent plan—or the "Dutch treat"—is a subtle compliment from a woman to a man; to the man, that is, who has sufficient discernment to read the signs

"She commands respect"

correctly. It proves to him that she values his friendship and companionship for its own worth; that she is not accepting his attentions merely for the "good time" he is able to give her, in the way that the mercenary girl "makes use of" many a generous-hearted and blindly-devoted man.

Because this nice-minded Woman in Business insists upon such a course, she is not necessarily mannish. Indeed, one of the most feminine women in town is a little stenographer of my acquaintance, who works eight hours a day in an office, pays her own way to the theatre (where she is seen weekly, and never without a masculine escort) and always drops her little blue, or red, or white car-ticket in the conductor's box. An invalid mother is never without her weekly allowance from this same little lady—who is small in stature only.

"She is ever cheery"

. . . . . .

Business is unlovely for a woman, and in many ways she were better out of it. It tends to make her cynical. It too often takes away her pretty superstitions, her sweet faith, her treasured beliefs regarding men. Her sunny disposition grows clouded, and where are her happy, careless, girlish little ways that so endeared her to her friends? They are gone—gone with her inability to keep her own expense account.

Business makes many a woman severe. It leads her to wear a false independence—the sort of independence in which a woman cloaks herself to hide her miserable loneliness, a bravado that the woman who is so unfortunate as to have no man friends flaunts in the face of an envied sister, the quality of mind which could alone inspire the words heard from the lips of a "lady" bookkeeper not long ago: "Huh! I could get a position before a man any day."

The fascinations of the constant excitement in a busy commercial life make the thought of house-keeping seem tame to the very young woman. Her immature judgment is not capable of giving correct values to the things of life. In common with the discontented "domestic," who has left the goodly, if monotonous, kitchen, for the doubtful factory, she likes the regularity of business hours, remembering that at home her work seemed never really to end.

Every young woman who launches forth into the business career must meet many disagreeable things—if not in her own office, then in other places where the work makes it necessary for her to enter. She sometimes encounters rudeness, a lack of consideration,

"It broadens her mind"

undesirable attention, and now and again, alas, a decided coarseness. But happily this is the exception, for the majority of men are nice to the woman who shows by her manner that she can appreciate and be grateful for a gentlemanly deference. When this is not granted to a woman it is not always the man's fault—be it confessed with shame. There are times, however, when the most careful woman finds it difficult to steer an even course among all classes and conditions of men, in order to avoid the accusation of prudishness on the one hand, and yet not invite that unwelcome familiarity which to-day breeds the same amount of contempt that it did when her grandmother was a girl.

Following natural impulses instilled in the home life, the young girl hurries to make friends with her desk neighbour. There is on both sides much enthusiasm, which dangerously approaches the vulgar state of "gush"—and the inevitable end is a crash. This is sometimes the fault of an unwise man at the head of affairs. The most quarrelsome and badly-conducted business house into which I was ever permitted a "private view," was one where the manager welcomed each new employee with the well-meant greeting, "We have no hard-and-fast rules here like you find in ordinary business concerns. We are more like one big family."

Family, indeed! but like many a family among the tenements, a place where there was strife and discontented mutterings, and, not infrequently, open rebellion.

. . . . . .

But, from another point of view, it might be well if every girl could have even a year's experience in the busy world of men. The wife or the daughter can never truly know all that a man's evening at home means to him until she has once actually slaved in the field of business. She can never guess how sacred is that time to him, when at the end of a weary, anxious, harassed and strifeful day, he comes home, praying for rest and happiness there, unless she has worked and fought in the ranks, unless she has once felt the terrible strain that nearly every business career forces a man to endure. Shall the inexperienced woman be too severely blamed for dragging her faithful provider from his home night after night to the place of amusement or the social function, for her gratification? Believe me, she does not realize the crime she is committing.

And there are other arguments in favour of the business training for a woman. It broadens her mind. It makes her more averse to gossip. She is enabled to give a saner value to the things of life. She recognizes the attainments that are worth while striving after. She acquires the priceless value of order and punctuality. She learns to keep and guard a secret.

And yet, after all, does not every Woman in Business, in her own soul, feel—whatever she may admit with her lips—that the home life is the better life?

PREFERENTIAL TRADE IN ITS RELATION TO CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

By Hon. George W. Ross, Premier of Ontario

UNDER a preferential tariff goods imported from a country to which such a tariff applies pay a lower rate of duty than similar goods from other countries. By our Customs Act, Great Britain is allowed a preference of 33⅓%. No doubt this preference was intended as a proof of our regard for the Empire rather than as an incentive to a similar consideration in return. It is not, however, all sentiment; it has its practical side and carries with it other material advantages of a practical character. For instance, (1) it reduces the cost of the goods to which the preference applies to the consumer. The consumer may not save the entire rebate of 33⅓%, but he doubtless saves something, and to that extent is benefited; and were it possible to admit British manufactures free, the benefit would be still greater, but this is impossible. The limit of rebate without injury to home manufactures and industries has been fully reached. In fact, many who approve of the preference itself, consider that the rebate now allowed imperils some of our own industries, particularly the woollen trade. Had the imports from Great Britain been taxed the full customs duty imposed upon the same classes of goods from other countries, the Treasury Department would be richer by about a couple of million dollars, the greater part of which of course the consumer would have to pay. So that in granting a preference to Great Britain, we saved in duty all we have lost in revenue.

The preference to Great Britain also warrants a higher tax on goods from other countries than would have been necessary provided imports from Great Britain paid the full tariff without rebate. As a rule, British manufacturers never make Canada a slaughter market. If they cannot get their price, they do not sell. The manufacturers of the United States, on the contrary, supply their own market at ordinary trade prices and sell the surplus in Canada at a sacrifice, sometimes to the great detriment of the Canadian manufacturer. The higher the duty upon American goods the less the injury to the Canadian producer, as a high tariff necessarily limits to some extent slaughter sales in Canada. A preference to Great Britain, however, is a direct gain to the consumer, and quite defensible, so long as it is just to the Canadian producer.

(2) A British preference is a direct stimulus to transportation between Canada and the mother country. Transportation is largely a matter of supply and demand. So long as we had a reciprocity treaty with the United States our commerce worked into American channels. By increasing our trade with Great Britain (and a preferential tariff has already served a useful purpose in that way) we stimulate the establishment of a better system of transportation on the lines demanded by British trade. The Canadian Pacific Railway has now a fast line of steamships of its own on the Atlantic and the Pacific. If the trade of the Canadian Pacific were chiefly with the United States it would need no Atlantic steamship service. The Grand Trunk will no doubt inaugurate in a short time a similar service. The more British goods we buy, the more profitable will such systems of transportation become, and their effect will be seen in the improvement of our harbours, in the lighting of our rivers and in the establishment of various lines of internal communication, which would otherwise be unnecessary. It only remains for the Canadian Parliament

to see that the preference for British goods will not be allowed except upon goods imported in British bottoms by way of Canadian seaports. Then transportation and commerce would go hand in hand, and capital would be much more available for the improvement of both the internal and external trade of the Dominion.

(3) The offer of a preference to Great Britain calls the attention of British manufacturers to the value of the Canadian market. The average citizen of Great Britain has very imperfect ideas of Canada and its resources. To him Canada is still a land of Arctic winters and sterile soil—a land which civilization has lightly touched and where the comforts of life are limited to a few favoured and successful British immigrants. He knows that we have lumber, and wheat and furs to sell, with occasional consignments of cattle and fish, but very little of any other goods required in modern life. To tell him that we are prepared to admit his manufactured goods on more favourable terms than the goods of any other nation is to give him an intimation that we really have a market, which he scarcely thought had any existence, and as a matter of course the inducement of this rebate leads to an investigation—an investigation leads to a sale, and as a consequence British manufactures find their way to Canada now in greater quantities than ever they did before. And so we gain in the cheapness and quality of the goods purchased, in the knowledge which the people of Great Britain acquire of our resources, and in the better opinion which they form as to our possibilities. Investments of capital naturally follow the improved condition of the opinions so formed. The British artisan is more inclined to come to us because he can purchase goods in Canada to which he is accustomed at home, and as the circle of knowledge widens, a larger immigration and a larger trade follow. That this is no fancy sketch is proven by the accession of 40,000 British immigrants during the current year, and by the confidence of the British capitalists in the large schemes of transportation as well as of industry to which they are lending their support. As an advertisement, putting it upon no higher ground, the preference given to Great Britain has been a good investment.

(4) A preferential tariff accentuates our relation with the Empire. Britain has a right to ask for evidences of our kinship just as she has given evidences, time and again, of her interest in the Colonies. True, her statesmen have at various periods shown an indifference towards the colonial relationship, which, in the light of recent years, is quite incomprehensible, but even they, indifferent though they may have been, would have defended the honour and integrity of the Colonies against attack from every quarter. Canada might be allowed to go, so Beaconsfield thought, and so Gladstone thought, but neither would allow Canada to be forcibly severed from the British Crown. If put to the test, the whole force of the Empire would doubtless be marshalled in defence of colonial autonomy. In return for this good will, the colonists could do nothing except to express their affection and esteem for the Empire to which they belong. Australia and Natal and New Zealand did contribute one or more battleships for the defence of British commerce, but the gift, substantial though it was, forms but an insignificant item in the maintenance of the British navy. Canada contributed nothing directly, but none the less effectively did she strengthen British influence in the Western hemisphere, and when her own soil was attacked repelled the invader with the utmost energy and vigour. To have founded this Dominion, to have built 18,000 miles of railway and to have improved nearly 3,000 miles of navigation, chiefly at our own expense, to maintain an effective militia and postal system, to have built large cities and to have made a great wilderness the abode of civilization and comfort under the British flag is in itself no small contribution to the strength and glory of the Empire. If we have not sup-

plied Britain with battleships, we have nurtured a population here that can render equally effective service in the time of need. And in addition to all this, we have shown our desire that the British manufacturer should profit from the advantages which our growing wealth affords, by allowing him a preference against all other competitors in the markets of six millions of people. Great as were the encomiums passed upon Canadian loyalty on account of assistance in the recent war in South Africa, the concessions made to the British manufacturer and exporter in our preferential tariff are still greater proof of our desire that Great Britain should share in the prosperity that we enjoy, and that her industries that have given her such a masterful position in the trade of the world should receive special encouragement among her kinsmen beyond the seas. We do not accept British protection as a free gift—we give something for it in return. We do not treat the British manufacturer or workman as we treat a foreigner or an alien. We treat him with some of the consideration due to the relationship that exists between us, because in the perpetuation of that relationship the future of Canada and the Empire is intimately concerned. The golden coin of sentiment, as it may be called, bearing the trade mark of Canadian preference, is no longer at a discount, but passes current in the markets of both countries.

My argument so far goes to show that the preference given to British goods in the Canadian market is of sufficient advantage to Canada to warrant its continuance whether Great Britain reciprocates or not. Loyalty, like virtue, has been in this case its own reward. The natural complement, however, to the action of the Canadian Government would be similar action by the Imperial Government. No matter what the benefit to Canada from the adjustment of its tariff in favour of British goods may be, so long as Great Britain refuses a corresponding preference or a preference of any kind, there must and will remain a feeling of disappointment. As we have acted on our own initiative, however, without any promise or assurance on the part of the British Government of preferential reciprocity, we must not complain if the people of Great Britain take time to consider how such a preference would affect British industries. They have the larger market, and stand to gain or lose more than we do, and it is for them to say how such a preference would affect their financial and commercial interests. From the discussions in the press and on the platform, it is quite evident that the question is being fully and seriously considered, So long, however, as the Colonies or the United Kingdom discuss this question from an individual standpoint, both parties will fail in grasping its full significance. It is not a question of the Colonies versus the United Kingdom, it is rather a question of the Empire. If discussed from a purely colonial standpoint, it will be simply a balancing of the colonial ledger, and similarly if discussed from the standpoint of the United Kingdom ; but if it is discussed as an Imperial question, we obtain the larger view and the only proper view, and our trial balance must include this view if we are to obtain the true results of the discussion. Let a few of these considerations be briefly noticed.

(1) It is argued that one of the great obstacles to the adoption of a preferential tariff in favour of the Colonies, is the established conviction that any encroachment upon the Free Trade policy of the Empire would be fatal to British industry. To discuss the doctrine of Free Trade, however, as one of local or territorial application is not the true way to appreciate the full significance of a policy affecting the whole Empire. Even admitting for the purpose of argument that Free Trade was to the advantage of Great Britain locally, when we come to consider a policy which applies to the whole Empire, with its three hundred and fifty millions of a population, and which affects its solidarity and its future expansion, all local issues must be discard-

ed or absorbed in the larger view of the situation. When the Australian Commonwealth was organized, some of the States composing that Commonwealth were dominated by Free Trade principles, others by Protectionist principles. In the Parliament of the Commonwealth, however, these two opposite views had to be reconciled and were reconciled, doubtless in the interests of the Commonwealth as a whole. If the States of the American Union had to discuss a tariff from the standpoint of individual States, doubtless not a few would adopt a very low tariff on account of their own peculiar local conditions. But Congress in surveying the whole field, and in framing a policy for the United States, rejected the extreme views of the Free Traders and the Populists, and adopted a tariff which is generally acceptable to the whole people. Canada affords a somewhat similar illustration of the adjustment of apparently antagonistic interests in a revenue tariff which gives reasonable protection to manufactures without doing any serious injustice to the Provinces whose local interests would favour a very low tariff. In order, therefore, to the proper discussion of the financial aspects of a preferential tariff to the Colonies, the interests of the whole Empire, rather than any part of it, no matter how important in itself, should be first considered. Only in that view, and it may be too by sacrifices on one hand for compensation on the other, that the interests of the whole can be properly subserved. A few practical illustrations will make this clear. For instance: at first blush it might appear unreasonable to expect that the British workingman would agree to a duty upon foodstuffs. Even with cheap bread he finds it hard enough to keep above the poverty line. What would his position be if the cost of living were advanced? It requires no argument to show how precarious the position of Great Britain would be in the event of a war which could cut off her present imports of wheat and flour, the annual consumption of which amounts to 240 million bushels, of which only 60 million are produced at home, 20 million imported from the colonies, the remaining 160 million being imported from foreign countries. In view of the security of the Empire in having her food supplies provided by her Colonies, the additional cost (if any) to the British consumer is a very small consideration. A nation that spends £35,000,000 annually on a navy for the protection of her commerce, and about as much on an army for the protection of her flag, should not run the risk of starvation at home, if by any reasonable expense she could be assured of an ample supply of food within her own domain. If the cost of the workingman's food is enhanced, his security against starvation is also improved and herein is compensation.

2. Another view is one affecting British industries. In order to keep the markets of the world, Free Traders insist upon cheapening not only the food supply, but also the raw material which enters into the production of all her industries. As to the soundness of this view there can be no question up to a certain limit. But you may have cheap raw material, and still manufacture on such a limited scale as to be entirely outclassed by a competitor who pays quite as much for his raw material, but manufactures on a much larger scale. The extent of the output has as much to do with the cheapening manufactures as the price paid for raw material; that is to say: the extent of your market determines to a certain extent your powers of competition. Now it is evident from the statistics of the British Board of Trade that Great Britain is not extending perceptibly the foreign market of her manufactured goods, as shown by the table on the next page.

With an increase in population, and an increase in the number of her operatives, the export of manufactured articles from Great Britain was not appreciably greater in 1902 than in 1882. Cheapness in raw material, therefore, while it may have helped her to hold

STAPLE EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.*

	1882.	1902.
Iron and Steel	£ 31,500,000	£ 29,000,000
Steam Engines and Machinery	11,900,000	18,700,000
Hardware and Cutlery	4,100,000	2,100,000
Cotton Manufactures	62,900,000	65,000,000
Linen	5,900,000	5,400,000
Woollens	18,700,000	15,200,000
Apparel	4,100,000	6,200,000
Haberdashery	4,200,000	1,700,000
Glass	1,000,000	1,000,000
Earthenware	2,300,900	2,000,000
Chemicals, Drugs, Etc	7,600,000	9,500,000
	£154,200,000	£155,800,000

the market she had, has certainly not enabled her to extend her sales in foreign markets. But there is still another market, viz.: the home market of her own people, into which the foreigner has entered, and despite the expense of transportation and commissions and exchange has displaced British manufactures to an extraordinary extent. The following table of six staple imports of foreign goods should be conclusive on this point :—

MANUFACTURED IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.†

	1890.	1900.
Cotton Manufactures	£ 2,300,000	£ 4,700,000
Glass Manufactures.	2,000,000	3,200,000
Iron or Steel Manufactures	3,100,000	8,300,000
Leather	6,300,000	8,700,000
Silks	11,300,000	14,200,000
Woollens and Yarn	11,100,000	11,400,000
	£36,100,000	£50,500,000

Now the problem for the Imperialist to settle here is not whether Free Trade is theoretically or academically orthodox, but whether practically it meets the conditions upon which the greatest prosperity will accrue to the Empire. A slight duty on the importation of manufactured goods would preserve to her own people a home market for the six staples named of $250,000,000, and for manufactured goods of all descriptions of $500,000,000. This represents the labour of a great many thousand operatives, and the profits of an immense amount of capital; and if that home market was a preferential one for the Colonies the manufactured goods which the foreigner sells in Great Britain would be displaced to a certain extent by the manufactured goods of her own Colonies, and employment given to her own people instead of to her rivals and her enemies. From an Imperialist point of view it is not of so much consequence whether great industries are developed in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies so long as the labour and profit are enjoyed by British subjects. Even if Free Trade were right as a theory, as already argued, when applied locally, if the desired results cannot be obtained when extended to the whole Empire, then it fails, and should be discarded as unsuited for Imperial purposes.

3. A preferential tariff in favour of the Colonies means the unifying of the Empire. The British Empire of the future is not to be one of "splendid isolation" but one of resplendent universality. The British Empire of the future will be composed of a variety of racial types, produced under colonial and climatic conditions entirely dissimilar but with one purpose—the reproduction of British ideals of civil and religious liberty. Its different possessions may have social and institutional predilections incompatible with each other, but all will be made subservient to the one purpose of national sovereignty. It will permit of the most varied opinions and practices as to trade and commerce which the exigencies of business may require, all tending, however, towards the security of its own subjects. Its first care will be to co-ordinate its capital, its industrial skill and the overflow of its population so as to make its possessions, wherever they are, partakers in the fruits of its own industry and the skill and energy of its sons. Tariffs will be framed not alone for the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire or the ironworkers of Sheffield,

* This table is from the *Fortnightly* for July.
† From the July *Fortnightly*.

but for the millions whose colonial life is equally worthy of its care. The estimate of its greatness will not be based upon the balance to the national credit in the Bank of England, or to the extent of its merchant shipping, or its foreign investments, but upon the diffusion of wealth throughout its possessions in every quarter of the globe. Its prestige will not be the battles fought and won, but the Colonies it has peopled and the inspiration it has given them to work out the principles of personal liberty under an almost endless variety of conditions. The keynote of the new Imperialism will be a united Empire and a recognition of the Colonies as essential to its future greatness. Even now the Colonies reflect its capacity for empire and contribute largely to its distinction among the nations of the world. The rapid development of Australia and New Zealand has attracted the attention of Oriental countries and adds greatly to the prestige of Great Britain under the line. Her possessions in South Africa will modify the institutions of every race and tribe in Africa and when the railway from the Cape to Cairo is completed the name of Britain will be the only potential name on the Dark Continent. Her possessions in North America have exercised a powerful influence upon the diplomacy of the United States, and will to a certain extent determine the highways of commerce of the Eastern and Western hemisphere. Take these all away, and let the British Empire shrivel into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—firm and resourceful as her people are—and who will say that the Empire with its Colonies is not far greater than the Empire without its Colonies? If our fellow-subjects in the United Kingdom would only realize that every commercial transaction between themselves and the Colonies was for the benefit of the whole Empire, and that it was a contribution to the wealth of the family rather than to the alien, a fresh inspiration would be given to the loyalty of the Colonies and an additional security to the permanence of the Empire itself. Under these conditions, capital would seek investment in colonial rather than in foreign enterprises, the emigrant would seek a home where he could maintain his early affiliations and foreign nations would feel that their greatest rival was beyond the reach of menace or attack.

HEART-WORDS

BY INGLIS MORSE

LOVE, Home and Children—these heart-words of life
Have power to move each soul to joy or tears.
Borne on the silent footfalls of the years,
They bring repose to each lone wanderer's strife;
And urge him homeward from the sea of Time
To claim his own again, his treasure all,
That men in every age and station call
The goal of Earth's sweet memories sublime.

Heart-words! Lo, these shall never die! They cling
To each glad soul: they wake the trembling lyre
In Passion's house, where death gives place to birth:
They wake in each bird-life impulse to sing
When dreary winter has passed from the earth
And nature clothes all things in sweet attire.

THE WINNING OF MARIE-LOUISE

By Duncan Campbell Scott

THERE is, not many miles above the High Falls on the Rivière des Lièvres, a level plateau from which the hills seem to have withdrawn to leave an arena for some spectacle, some ancient savage pageant. Here, in days before the white man, trooped the Indians, Algonquins and Ottawas; streaming through the rift in the mountains from the east towards Timiscamingue, or coming up the river in canoes like a cloud of dragon-flies from the wilderness of the south, pitching their tepees at sundown and trading there for weeks in the yellow sunlight, while he river flooded by and the hills kept watch around. Here, now, lies the Iroquois farm, and a little farther Notre Dame de Low, and beyond that the loneliness of Lac des Sables, and beyond that again the river in its sources, fed by the north snows melting until midsummer.

At the Iroquois Farm lived Monique Bellefontaine, and this is the story of how Marie-Louise Bellefontaine won her husband and is Madame Pierre Voyer at this date. Monique's house stood back from the river, where he had built it with his own hands, and it was a famous house from Buckingham to Lac des Sables. People who knew not the house had heard of the fame of Monique, for he was a mighty man in those parts, and was renowned for fiddle-playing and dancing and hewing and fighting. In his young days no one could beat him at shooting with a rifle; no man had ever knocked him off his legs. He could follow a trail in the woods like a hound, could make a canoe like an Indian, and had been known to walk over a hundred and fifty miles on snowshoes without eating, resting or sleeping. And when his fame was becoming a trifle dim by reason of age, his daughter, Marie-Louise, revived the tradition of the house, and became the noted beauty, as he in his day had been the noted bravo, of the river. In the wintertime many a teamster stopped his horses and wended his way to Monique's, for no reason at all but to renew an impression of Marie-Louise's laughing eyes. And in the summer, when the "drive" came down the river, the longest stage they had was the ten miles above and below Monique's.

There is something fateful in being a beauty and having a mighty man for a father, for amid all Marie-Louise's lovers was not one who had the courage to walk up to the hero and demand her hand. It had become noised abroad that the man who had that courage would have to prove his right by a series of hand-to-hand encounters with Monique, and there were traditions of fights in which he had broken jawbones and cracked brain-pans, and of milder meetings in which he had danced every adversary off his legs, and played fiddle until only one hair was left in the bow. For modest men, these recollections of their fathers were deterrents; and as time went by it became clear that the strength and prowess of her father's hands were to rise up against Marie-Louise and be the blame of her maiden days.

But even such destinies are altered by circumstances from without, and it was the advent of Pierre Voyer, from some region beyond the Lièvres and its environs, which gave Marie-Louise joy. In October of a certain year she was looking from her window upon the river. It was toward evening. From the dusk of the point where the water turned she could hear faint singing, and the hard, short blow of the oars in the rowlocks. Soon the boats rounded the point; one, two, three. Twenty men in each boat, pulling all together, they sang:

Deccendez à l'ombre,
Ma jolie blonde.

They made gay colour in the boats with their bright shirts and their red caps and blue tunics. Each brilliant group doubled itself in the still water. Madame Bellefontaine was adding the last loaves to a cord of bread which she had made in two days. "Here they come," she cried. Monique sauntered down to the landing. Soon the song began to die off, and individual voices came out in halloos, and laughter rang clear. Some one threw a dog from a leading boat, and he swam on in front yelping with excitement. This was the arrival of the first gang of men for the upper river; and on this evening, for the first time, Marie-Louise saw Pierre Voyer. He was not very tall, but taller than he looked. Dark hair he had, and blue, resolute eyes. That evening he had a red handkerchief tied about his hair, and blue leggings, and looked a bit of a dandy in his high-heeled shoes. An earring he wore in his left ear, and his right arm was tattoed with a figure of a heart with a dove fluttering over it. There was a bold, free look about him as he strode around the open fires where the cooks were making the supper. When he stood still he was like a young pine in a clearance of the forest.

Old Monique took a fancy to him, and asked him his name, and swung his hand and hit him two or three blows in the chest to see if he was as sound as he looked. He was; so Monique brought the handsome fellow up to the house and said, "Here, old woman, Madame Bellefontaine, here's a young fellow called Voyer from away beyond. This is Marie-Louise." So down they sat and had supper, and it was found the young fellow had a tongue in his head. Oh! he made them laugh. Then he told a story about a friend of his, and everyone knew that it was a story about himself. Old Monique slapped his hand on his thigh and cried out, "Just like me when I was a lad!" And then he felt sorry that he had so flattered the young fellow. All the while, as Pierre Voyer talked, his eyes kept up a conversation with Marie-Louise, until old Monique, who was as sharp as a weazel, felt that there was something in the wind, and broke up the party *sans cérémonie.*

On the edge of the river the men had set up their tents, and there was a hubbub of fiddles and songs, disputes and loud laughter. The scene was illuminated by the smoking fires, and here and there a glaring birch-bark torch. Presently the men had wrangled themselves to sleep, and, as Marie-Louise looked from her window, the only sound she heard was the strong current of the river; the dark tents she saw rising upon the bank, and now and again roving sparks started out in little golden companies from the half-dead fires. Across the river, moving ever in a faint light of its own, she saw the black mountains behind which fell the stars. Marie-Louise wondered if down there under one of the tents merry Pierre was planning to dare Monique and marry her.

In the morning on the way they went, bound for the pineries at the head-waters of the Lièvres; and Monique Bellefontaine, who was foreman of the gang, went with them. Marie-Louise remained at home to watch the river freeze over and the snow sift in behind the trees on the mountain, and to remember Pierre Voyer, whose memory she adored, even to the earring in his ear.

It was not until near the middle of the winter that Pierre Voyer mentioned Marie-Louise Bellefontaine's name to anyone, but he had thought of it many, many times. He had heard talk around the camboose, and at noon in the still, snowy pine woods when they stopped work for lunch, that the man who married Marie-Louise must be a better man than her father. He had taken time to measure her father. Occasionally he would take an axe, just to show the boys how to chop a tree; casually he would leap two feet farther than the best jumper in the camp; with an instructive air he would sometimes take a fiddle in hand and play a tune in the second position. Pierre Voyer had taken note of these things.

One day Monique Bellefontaine and

Pierre Voyer slipped on their snow-shoes, took each a wedge of bread and three square inches of pork, each an axe, and started. The foreman wanted to look at a new area of pine, and he chose to take Pierre Voyer because—well, because, for a youngster, he had less ignorance about pine than anyone Monique had met. They walked fifteen miles, and began to get into the new region. They did not talk much; Monique was estimating the trees on one side, Pierre on the other. They spoke little on matters foreign to their speculation; about them was the great silence of the wood.

They rested for lunch on the border of a lake. It looked like a cleared plain in the centre of the forest. The level snow was fretted all across in ripples, delicate in blue shadows and crystal curves. A chickadee came down and chirped about as they sat munching in the cold. Pierre Voyer thought that was a good time to speak, so he stood up as formally as he could, and, as if making an announcement, he said: "My name is Pierre Voyer. I come from Sagamook; my father has the big farm there; I want to marry Marie-Louise Bellefontaine."

His heart thumped his ribs like a woodpecker trying a hollow tree. All his instinct told him, by the way Monique kept silence and seemed to look at the chickadee, that his work was before him. By and by Monique spoke. "Very well, we will see. Pierre Voyer has got to be a pretty good man to marry Marie-Louise." He did not propose any trial of strength, like the ancient heroes, but went on with his work. Pierre was expectant. The afternoon began to wear away, and long after the time when they should have started for the shanty Monique was staring at the pine-trees. Suddenly he straightened himself, threw his axe over his shoulder, and broke into a trot. Pierre gave a tug at his belt and followed. Close he kept at Monique's heels. He went for a mile or two at that rate, and then began a long, moose-like stride, rapid and powerful, that seemed to lift him over the snow. Pierre laboured after him, seeing the wide space between them gradually widen. Then Monique stopped to fix his shoe, and Pierre overtook him. But in a moment he was flying on ahead, snow dancing about his heels.

Unexpectedly they came to a drop over a brow of rock. Monique leaped down ten feet and lit like a bird, and on he went. Pierre hesitated a moment, thumped down clumsily sideways, slid two feet and came to a dead stand, his shoes weighted with a mass of snow. On went the terrible Monique, up a hill, never once looking behind. They had gone for five miles, when Pierre began to lose sight of him. He had a stabbing stitch in his side; his breath seemed all in his throat. Then he began to think that Monique was a tree moving, and then that the tree was Monique standing still; and then he lost him hopelessly.

He kept on in a vexed, blind, maddened way until his lungs became like stone. When he had rested awhile, he took up the trail and followed those tremendous strides to the shanty. Supper was well over. Monique reclined in his bunk, and never glanced toward the door when Pierre came in. He felt that throughout the company, from the cook to the culler, the rumour had spread that someone had asked for the hand of Marie-Louise Bellefontaine.

It took Pierre ten days to swallow the chagrin of that defeat. When one night Monique nodded to him as he passed through the door, Pierre followed like a man who obeys a dictator. The moon stood straight overhead. Monique walked along the hard snow road for a mile, and then he turned and said to Pierre: "You and me are going to wrestle."

At it they went in the moonlight that flooded the snow and chased it with the shadows of the hardwood trees. First it was catch-as-catch-can. Pierre got the best hold, and heaved at Monique as if he were lifting a ton. He seemed rooted in granite like a mountain. They crouched almost im-

movable; a mass of iron muscle on the strain. Pierre, through his starting eyes, saw their shadows thrown on the snow in a strange, dwarfed shape.

Suddenly he felt as if some weight were crushing him. He strove against it terribly. One foot was forced out of the snow. All the blood of his body seemed in his eyes. Then he went up very slowly into the air; all his grasp was broken away, and in a moment more he flew over Monique's head and lay in the road. The moon looked down on him.

Then they tried collar-and-elbow. Pierre was a valiant lad, and he was fighting for Marie-Louise. Monique's arms were like bars of iron. Pierre could not move him. Then Monique began to play him back and forth and give him sudden jerks that made his head feel as if it would be snapped off. Then slowly he turned him over on his side as if he were a tired child and let him rest in the snow.

Pierre's sensations gave him matter for thought for weeks. Spring was coming on, and if he had been fortunate in his encounters he might have looked forward to meeting Marie-Louise with confidence. There was one test left. He could play the fiddle; yes, he was aware that he could play the fiddle. He did not believe that Monique could equal him in that, which was surely why he had never accepted the challenge, as Pierre had often played before him. One night, just before they began to drive the logs into the Lièvres, Pierre took his fiddle and played as he had never played before. Such fire, such tone, such extraordinary sweeps and gyrations of the bow! Could anything surpass that? he thought.

By and by, some time after he had ceased, amid the chatter and laughter of the camp arose a penetrating sound which made the silence fall as stars come out after rain. Low and firm and equal, note followed note; flowing strongly, slowly, earnestly, note followed note. What was the melody he played? No one there had heard it before, and still each man seemed to recognize it. It grew up like a flower in the ferny spaces of deep woods. It gathered depth as does the night, star following star. It ceased as the dawn comes with quiet colour. A few deep notes and it was done. Pierre covered up his head in silence.

When the drive reached Bellefontaine's place, Marie-Louise heard all about these adventures from her cousin Ulric, who was in the camp, and her heart burned for Pierre. He would not come near the house, as he had no right to; and he sulked in his tent. Marie-Louise remembered him just as he looked the night he came up the river with his earring in his ear, his black locks bound with the red handkerchief. She longed to see him again, and crown him for his valiancy. But Monique stood between, and she did a better thing. She wrote him a note, which was borne to him by the cousin. Pierre Voyer read it by the waning light the same evening. It bore these magic words:

"DAD KANT SWIM—MARIE-LOUISE."

Pierre studied these words. What did they mean? Suddenly light broke in upon his dark mind. He knew that Marie-Louise loved him; that if she had her will his labours would be closed; that she had heard of his defeats and honoured them. For, what did she say? DAD KANT SWIM. He put the scrap of paper over his heart. Monique, like Achilles and many another hero, had one vulnerable point. His daughter had betrayed it.

A week after this Bellefontaine was as quiet as before, and the drive had reached the High Falls. Here the river takes a sharp turn and rolls all its brown water over two preliminary cascades, and then down one tremendous leap of a hundred feet. Every log that slips the boom and goes over the fall is marred and broken. Every log that goes down the prepared chute glides like an arrow, swift as light, and drops uninjured into the pool. This chute begins in the placid water at the head of the first cascade. It is a V-shaped trough supported on trestles, six feet wide at the top, three

feet at the bottom; it is about four feet deep. It slopes and bends down among the trees for four hundred yards. The timbers which form it are bleached clean as bones by the sun and rain. Through this trough spins constantly a solid stream of rapid water.

Until they reached the Falls Pierre had no opportunity of using his newly acquired knowledge. But one day as he stood in the sunshine at the head of the chute guiding the logs into the current an idea came into his head. He looked down the chute and followed the hurrying logs and water with his eyes. He had heard of men going down there, some alive, some who were merely names forever after. He weighed the chances, and he remembered Marie-Louise and his lost battles for her in the woods. He knew he could swim. Monique was working very near him, directing operations from a stout timber which bridged the chute. Gradually, without attracting attention, Pierre drew closer to him, closer to him. He waited his opportunity. It came. Monique turned to call something down the chute; he had one foot off the timber and was raising it on the other. Quick as a flash, Pierre slipped his pike-pole under that foot and pried it up. Without knowing what had happened, Monique found himself in the terrific water. All the men saw, after they heard him yell, was a flash of red at the turn. He was gone. Before anyone could move Pierre had plunged into the stream and was drawn, head first, out of sight.

He could not realize the speed at which he was rushing. The two iron bars let into the sides of the chute, polished like silver, looked like ribbons spinning by. There were flashes and yells as he shot past the points where the men were stationed. He saw the calm blue sky far, far above him. And in an instant he felt the deep waters cover him. He fought with them, and came into the light again, swimming strongly. He was in a whirlpool, and just beyond him he saw Monique's face, whiter than the white foam. It disappeared. Pierre struck out desperately. Then he found Monique under his hands; he grasped him. They were locked together, and for a moment Pierre held him by the throat and spoke to him and shook him.

Then Monique gave himself up in fear, and Pierre battled for their lives. Slowly, with enormous power, he edged out of the whirlpool, and felt the sucking of the cross-current that set out of the bay around the point. Beyond that point lay the rapids, short but fierce and dangerous. He struggled to gain that point, but swiftly it turned and flew by.

Then in the mighty pull of the current he floated and saved his strength. Monique lay back, his eyes closed, his mouth catching the water. Up came the roar, the clamour from the rapids, louder and louder. Suddenly Pierre grasped Monique around the body, his arms like the grip of a vise, and they went into the waters that seemed to hurl them on and crowd upon them for their lives. It was only a minute of confusion, without breath, without sight, without heart-beats. They were covered and overwhelmed. The water forced them until the sinews of Pierre's arms cracked with the strain; together they rolled into the deep quiet eddy at the foot of the last plunge. Together and alive!

When Monique wrung the water out of his eyes he saw Pierre standing on the shore. He knew Pierre's arm was broken by the way it hung. "I'm all right," he was saying, with the blood trickling out of the roots of his hair from a wound concealed by it.

A few minutes later Monique was yelling to his gang, "Look alive, you fellows! Do you think I keep you to look like sheep in a thunder-storm? Get a canoe and paddle to Notre Dame de Low and bring back Dr. Boisblanc. And you, Ulric," he called to his nephew, "go up to the house and bring Marie-Louise down, if she wants to come. Tell her there's a man down here that knows how to swim, and his name is Pierre Voyer."

Marie-Louise came.

A SOFA'S REMINISCENCES

By Jane Jones

"WELL! I've come down in the world, and I don't see any good in denying the fact. Here I am, I who am believed by the credulous to have breathed the rarified atmosphere of Louis XVI, to have borne the happy weight of Beauty's frills and furbelows, to have been impregnated with highly seasoned scandal, saturated with regal irregularities, I am (through the cruelties of fate) compelled to hobnob with horse-hair music stools, with over-dressed arm-chairs, carpet-backed and weak-kneed lounges, moth-eaten and pompous old sofas and every other article of four legs the heart of man can conceive. Singled out from several hundred we have a little coterie of our own. There were forty of us, but the late deceased was dismembered for firewood during the coal strike, and the opposition have now labelled us 'The thirty-nine articles.'

"Among our interesting members are the little, old maid, cretonne-covered chair, prim and well regulated, her most exciting experience being a prolonged stay at a young Ladies' Seminary. She simply *breathes* Treacle Possetts, Reticules and Pattens. The Clown is an old fat wooden article with large chintz frills where none should have been, and a gaping wound over the left ventricle. He and T. P. (Treacle Possett) are always at it. Yesterday T. P. commenced hostilities by claiming ancestry with Adam and Eve, and calling him a blackleg. The Clown protested that they had only Cain chairs in those days and that Eve was only a side issue, anyway.

"I think for all his fun, the Clown has his moments. At night-time when T. P.'s spiteful tongue is silent, and when she has ceased eating lemon drops—when the music stool, or Rest as we call her, has wept herself to sleep thinking of past triumphs when Beethoven or some other hand has twirled her round a harlequin in silk and gold—when the old rocking chair dozes heavily dreaming of the sportive youngsters that clambered over her rungs—when the grey and well groomed old Chippendale beau who speaks to none of us—when all these are slipping back into the past, when the gloom grows deeper and deeper, and the life outside more still, then I think the Clown relaxes—and because I know, I do not speak of it.

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"Of all the experiences I have had there are three impressed on my memory – two concern the same woman.

"I had only been re-covered three days, when I was bought by a charming woman, who (like the majority) judged by the exterior. 'What a lovely curved back and what dear legs!' I was put into the nursery and saw my mistress constantly.

"Before I go further I must explain how it is I feel and know what is going on around me. I am acknowledged by everybody to be an exceptionally fine piece of work. My lines are Greek in their simplicity, but as there are spots on the sun, so on the most conspicuous part of my anatomy is a knot about as big as a shilling. On an indefinite number of times I have been on the eve of destruction, but have been saved at the eleventh hour. Now, this knot, that is considered a draw-back, is nothing less than my heart! Don't you know that phrase—'the heart of an oak?' Well, here is an example. Why human beings should imagine they are the only things with hearts, I don't know: the omission is more frequent.

"Well, one morning I felt something warm pressing me in a most delightful manner. I was almost afraid to look, but there, curled up like a tired little flower, was a baby. I can't tell you what I felt like. Inadequately i was like sitting in a bath of honey

"I could feel its little feet pressing the roses of the chintz"

drinking sugar and syrup, and listening to music. Every day it lay there for an hour. I could feel its little feet pressing the roses of the chintz, and its hands and forehead rested against the violets—and think it must have dreamed of them. I tried so hard to press it closer to me so that the violets would get into its brain and make it good and sweet; and I believe they did, because one day its mother took it up and said, 'Just look at the little blue mark on baby's forehead; it's like a flower.' When she grew older we were great friends, and it was to me she would run and beat her little hands on the violets and roses in a tiny tempest. Then she went away and things settled to a colourless monotony for a few years.

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"For me, too, all was changed. Instead of powder puffs, and canary birds, and softness, it was a coal-oil stove, tinned meats, and great men's clothes smelling of tobacco. There were four of them, and a nicer lot of chaps you couldn't meet—all down on their luck, all trying to win some success from that fickle jade Fortune before the Juggernaut of Competition ground them down. For old Aladdin's cry of 'New lamps for old, new lamps for old,' read 'New Brains for old; bring them on, we have squeezed the old ones dry. We don't care how you live but you must write an Illiad on a diet of cracked wheat. Your fancy must recognize no such limitations as ragged boots and fifteen cents in your pocket. Dress your paper puppets in glowing phraseology. Let the warmth of your imagination close the cracks in the window, be a fire for your frozen hands, and thaw the stalactites in your brain.' Many a mute, inglorious Milton has carried coals for his landlady for seven cents a day. So David Strong tried to argue with himself (he was the one I liked best of all), but he

felt the blasting finger of poverty more than the others. Baulked desire did not spur him on as it might have others. It lamed him. He drew tolerably and wrote in about the same degree, had nice ideas but not much originality of expression. All Sunday he worked at the Free Art class and wrote during the week days. The other fellows were very good to the Kid and many was the funny story and joke made 'to get a rise out of Dave.' After a little things grew worse. David got thinner and thinner; there was a suppressed stillness about him like the river ice before it breaks. His eyes, instead of looking out expectantly, seemed to be looking deep into himself. Day after day came long envelopes with the editor's regrets. One day one of the men brought in another of these hateful envelopes and threw it on the top of me. My old chintz heart leaped. 'I will hide this thing,' I said; 'he shall be saved something,' and I wriggled and squirmed till the hateful thing slipped into a crack. Later David came in, exhausted with snow shovelling and earning seventy-five cents. He divided it. The men went out and David and I were left. He cleared some of the stuff off me—a sauce-pan, a shaving mug, bundle of sketches, and some socks Peter had been mending—winding a piece of thread round the base of the holes till they stood up like blackberries constituted the mending. 'Well, it's not come,' he said in a hard, tight voice I did not know. He pulled a funny shiny thing out of his pocket, and leaned against my back and talked to himself—about everything in heaven, and hell and earth. And sometimes it was pitiful like a little child and then it was strong and wonderful. It seemed like a great sea that was surging up, and up, and was about to burst. I knew something would soon happen if I could not prevent it. Everything in the room seemed to be eyes and to be looking at him. I tried to move my arm to get the shiny thing and strained, and stretched, till it broke. Would no one come? He was standing up now, and he put the shiny thing to his head. A little puff of smoke came and he fell back on me. And it was so still you heard the silence fizzing like soda water.

"They took him away, and Peter said 'Let's burn this sofa—he used to sleep on it. And, I say, you fellows, I can't bear to see it. See, he broke the arm'. (But only I knew how the arm got broken.) The yellow envelope fell out as they were moving me—it was an acceptance of a story and $25.

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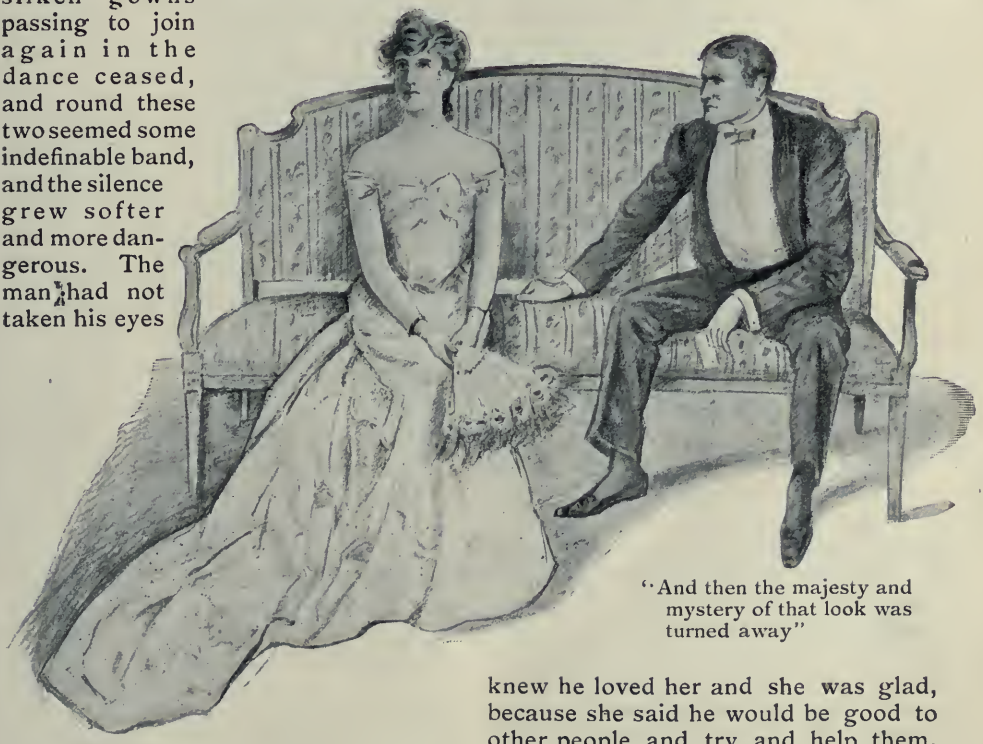
"In due time I was again in the auction room, re-covered, my arm mended and my legs painted and enameled. I was taken to a new home in a great hurry, as there was going to be a dance, and I was required. It was like old times to be back among dancing and music, and a room full of laughter and chatter. A man and a woman came towards me. Such a vision! Sunlight and snow dressed in moonlight, with dark blue stars for eyes. Do you ever notice eyes? Some are lined with tin and some with velvet. Hers were the deepest eyes I ever saw. She sank down on me with a pretty air of weariness and drew off her long gloves. They talked a lot of rubbish about the floor and the music and all that. I wanted to say, 'Hurry up, I am waiting for some conversation suitable for a child over seven.' Only she had such a voice (I could have listened all night if she had read cooking receipts). Just to hear it made the walls and ceiling fade away, and the sunlight, blue sky, and clouds leak in. It made you think of big things. It murmured and cooed like birds; it rippled and gurgled like a happy stream; it wound round and round your heart and cajoled you into merriment; it caressed and patted you and playfully thumped you. In fact, you expected to see her voice sitting beside her, such a perfect and separate entity it had, and, by my springs and castors, its colour would be pink—rose pink. I think every voice has a colour. Clergymen's are mauve.

"Well, they took up that floor again, hammered the life out of it and put it down—not finally—but as if they might be forced to resurrect it again. But there were a good many silences now—and some kind are silent silences, and some are shrieking ones, and these were full of trumpets. I knew in a minute one silence would be counted out, and then something would occur. It did. The music drifted up from below, the swish of silken gowns passing to join again in the dance ceased, and round these two seemed some indefinable band, and the silence grew softer and more dangerous. The man had not taken his eyes from hers, and in obedience to his look she turned towards him. I think that for one second the whole world stood still. She looked at him, and eternities were compassed in the instantaneous. I seemed to see the birth of worlds in their primeval nakedness. I seemed to see the curtains which cloud Truth torn away, and a soul as God had made it. I seemed to see unfathomed deeps of Pain and unscaled heights of Happiness. And then the majesty and mystery of that look was turned away.



"And then the majesty and mystery of that look was turned away"

"'You know?' the man said softly, and closed his hand over hers. But she moved her other hand over his, her left hand, and there I saw a simple band of gold. Then she spoke, looking straight ahead, and very carefully, as if it were a difficult lesson she was repeating—and her voice was very low, and deep, and still, like a great strong river. I don't know all the words of it, the music of it made me forget the words. But she said she knew he loved her and she was glad, because she said he would be good to other people and try and help them, and it was a song in her heart; and because he loved her he would go away, she said. I looked very closely at her, for I wondered who this brave woman was, and there on her white forehead I saw a little blue mark like a violet—My Baby! The man began talking very quickly and his face got very red; but she smiled at him, as if it were all so simple. 'You would not hurt what you love,' she said. He got up and leaned his head against the dark window pane, but then came back and knelt at her feet, pressing hard on my

broken arm. He looked like another man. Then he took her hands and held them to his forehead for a minute, pressed his lips to a fold of her moonlight gown, and left her alone. She just turned around to me and rested her head, with her eyes closed, against my back. I know she said a prayer, something about going softly all her days. Her husband (an ugly black man with a Pullman car expression, you know, sort of dirty and sleepy face) came up for her.

"So I knew that the violets and roses had sunk into my Baby's brain."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLVI.—RODMOND PALEN ROBLIN

TALL, broad of back, with a square, resolute face, and strong, almost obstinate jaws, a fairly massive brow, the face almost unlined by the petty cares which dig deep furrows on some men's features, eyes of that peculiar greyish-blue which look at, and through you, penetrating motives and lifting the mask of conventionality, the eyes of a sailor facing the salt-sea spray day by day, and gazing far over the wide waste of waters at things ahead, foreseeing dangers perhaps, which others do not observe until they are close upon them—such is Rodmond Palen Roblin, Premier of Manitoba.

Others have talked of his unpopularity with the farmers of Manitoba, of want of confidence amongst his supporters in the local legislature, of the strength of prohibitionists and other *ists* and *isms* united against him, but he himself has consistently maintained a belief in himself, his party, and his policy. Of such is the kingdom of successful men. No leader ever failed to respect his own abilities, or to appraise his own capacities aright. Belief in yourself is essential if others are to believe in you.

Mr. Roblin was born February 15th, 1853, in the Township of Sophiasburg, Prince Edward County, Ontario, so he is in his fifty-first year. Both his father and mother were descendants of U. E. Loyalists who settled in 1777 on the Bay of Quinte. The sturdy British conservatism of the man is thus an hereditary trait, and his Canadianism is similarly that of the old-timer, whose father, and father's father before him, fought for the honour of the flag. His father still lives on the old homestead—James Platt Roblin. His mother was Deborah Kotchapell, of good solid Dutch extraction, and two of his uncles, John P. Roblin and David Roblin, were well known figures in the Legislature of Upper Canada. After completing his schooling at Albert College, Belleville, Ontario, he chose as his life-partner a woman of U. E. Loyalist stock—thus his four sons are of loyal blood.

It was not until two years after his marriage that Mr. Roblin, who had already taken some interest in public affairs in his native municipality, went westward. He settled in Carman, Manitoba, in 1880, entering business as a grain merchant there. Seven years later he removed to the city of Winnipeg where he has since resided. He began his public life in the Prairie Province by holding the position of warden and reeve in North Dufferin for five years. In December, 1886, he stood for North Dufferin as a candidate for the Provincial Parliament on the "No Disallowance" cry, then such a live question. The Ottawa Government of that day had been asked to disallow the Province of Manitoba's legislation for the Red River Valley

HON. R. P. ROBLIN, PREMIER OF MANITOBA

PHOTO BY STEELE & CO.

Line, now part of the Canadian Northern system. Young Roblin threw himself into the fight and proved a keen and able debater. His sincerity and his personal magnetism were so great that although temporarily defeated he was elected a few months later when a bye-election occurred, and sat for North Dufferin until 1892. He was elected nominally as a supporter of the Liberal administration of the Hon. Thomas Greenway, but shortly after the general election of July, 1888, a special session was called to confirm a contract made by the Greenway Government with the Northern Pacific Railway. Roblin at once made a stand. His contention was that no Government should give aid to a railway unless they obtained control of rates. With rare courage he crossed the floor of the House, while the Hon. D. H. McMillan (now Sir Daniel and Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba), Isaac Campbell, K.C., now city solicitor of Winnipeg, James Fisher, K.C. and S. J. Thompson, possibly five of the ablest men in the local legislature at that time, shared his defection. Sir D. McMillan afterwards returned to the fold, and was rewarded with the post of Provincial Treasurer, followed in due course by higher honours; while Isaac Campbell, although for a long time absent from political life, has since quietly gone back to the friends with whom he for a time disagreed. Mr. Roblin, however, never swerved from the responsibility of the action he then took and has since been one of the ruling spirits in the Conservative party in Manitoba.

He was elected leader of the Conservative Opposition of Manitoba in 1889, and held that position until ten

years later, when he resigned in favour of Hugh J. Macdonald, who led the party to victory in December of that year. During all this time Roblin had persisted in his railway policy, and opposed every project which failed to reach his standard of perfection. He was offered a portfolio by Hugh John Macdonald, but for business reasons refused it. In October, 1900, Mr. Macdonald resigned the Premiership, and Mr. Roblin was unanimously elected as his successor. He became Premier with two portfolios, those of the Ministers of Agriculture and of Railway Commissioner. Until this period he had been president of the Dominion Elevator Co. and a large grain merchant, but he withdrew from any active share in these businesses on accepting office. He is, however, a large farmer, and therefore no unworthy representative of the great agricultural community whose affairs he administers.

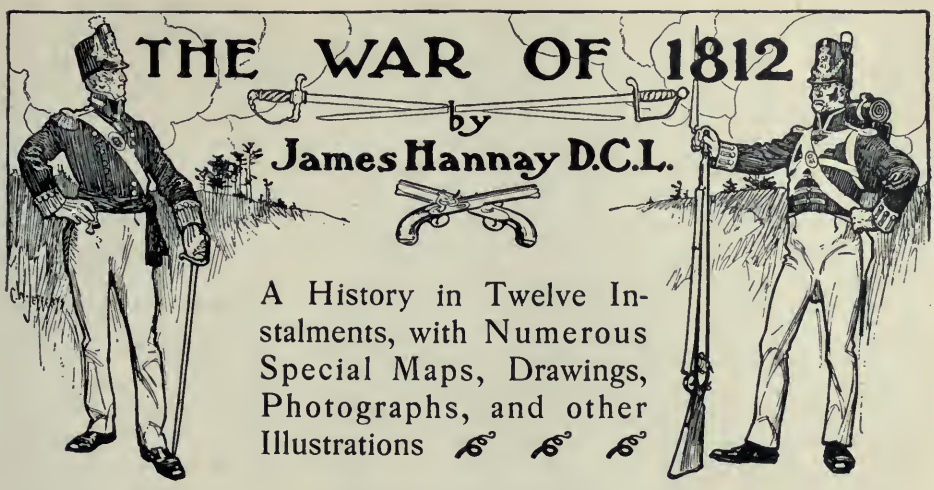
The time had now come when he was able to translate his theories into practice, and to convert his ideals into hard facts. The distinguishing feature of his first administration was naturally his railway policy. By the acquisition of the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba, and by the subsequent arrangement with the Canadian Northern, he has secured control of the freight rates on that system throughout Manitoba and between the Prairie Province and the lakes. Through this control he has been able to give substantial benefits to the country served by the Canadian Northern.

Mr. Roblin is quick in arriving at a decision—impulsive, perhaps. He goes straight to the point, and never admits that any obstacle can long bar his way. While his friends are looking for the trail, he is apt to cut his own path through the bush. Whether it is sending a telegram to passing a bill, as soon as he makes up his mind he desires to act. He has that instinctive judgment of men and affairs which is characteristic of the leader. Still in the prime of life, full of vigour, daily gaining in experience, eloquent of tongue and impressive in his sincerity, the Premier of Manitoba is entitled to rank as a statesman. He has made many enemies, as is usual with men of energy and action, but the results of the recent elections show that he has friends and admirers outside of his own party.

Apparently Mr. Roblin is laying plans to extend his political sphere. Like most successful provincial premiers, he may be attracted to Ottawa. If he goes there it will be on a railway policy consistent with the principles of railway economics which he has so persistently upheld. In a recent speech in Toronto he indicated his view of the railway duties of the Dominion Government. He is in favour of the extension of the Intercolonial to the Georgian Bay, the establishment of great elevators and storehouses there for the reception of the wheat which comes down from the West by boat during the season of navigation. His idea is that wheat cannot be moved economically all rail during the winter months, that it must move by the rail-and-water route. Hence the Government should build to secure the rail-and-water route, rather than an all-land road from Quebec to Winnipeg. Further, if the rail-and-water route is to be the route for wheat shipments, the rates on it must be kept low in order to place Canadian farmers in equal position with United States farmers. A government road to Georgian Bay would help to control rates. This is the vital point—the control of rates.

Whether Mr. Roblin is right or wrong on this railway problem, he has certainly given it much attention. If he were to change from Provincial to Federal politics, his knowledge of the railway situation would undoubtedly have considerable effect on the future railway policy of Canada, especially if the Conservative party should be strengthened at the next general election.

R. H. McDonald


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Instalments, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

NINTH INSTALMENT

INVASION OF NEW YORK

THE destruction of Newark excited the strongest feelings of indignation throughout Canada and led to speedy retaliation. As it was evident that Sir George Prevost's system of conducting warfare without offending the enemy was a failure, some other method of bringing the Americans to a due sense of their conduct had to be found. Lieutenant-General Drummond had arrived from England to relieve Major-General De Rottenburg of the Presidency and Military command in Upper Canada, and he, with Major-General Riall, reached the Niagara frontier soon after the flight of the Americans from the Canadian shore. Murray represented to him the demoralized condition of the enemy, and the probability of a retaliatory attack being successful, and General Drummond ever ready where prompt action was demanded, gave the enterprise proposed by the daring Colonel his immediate approval. It was resolved to capture Fort Niagara, if possible, and sweep the Americans from their own frontier. To effect this a sufficient number of bateaux had to be brought overland from Burlington Bay, and this arduous work was effected by the active exertions of Captain Elliot, of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and Captain Kirby and Lieutenants Ball, Servos and Hamilton of the Militia.

All necessary preparations being completed, on the night of the 18th Colonel Murray crossed the Niagara river, and landed the detachment intended for the assault on Fort Niagara at Five Mile Meadows, about three miles distant from the fort. The force under Colonel Murray's command numbered about 550 rank and file, and consisted of the effective men of the 100th Regt., the grenadiers of the 1st Royal Scots; the flank companies of the 2nd Battalion of the 41st which had recently arrived from England, and a small detachment of Royal Artillery. Fort Niagara was a very strong work, mounting 27 cannon, and had a garrison of 440 Regulars. To capture such a fortress by a night assault was certainly a most daring undertaking, yet this was what the British attempted and accomplished. At 4 o'clock that Sunday morning the attack was made. Murray's dispositions were admirable, and calculated to win success even in the event of a desperate resistance. An advanced guard consisting of 20 men of the 100th Regt. under Lieut. Dawson was followed by the grenadiers of the same regiment under Captain Fawcett, and a few artillerymen.

Then followed five companies of the 100th Regt. under Lieut-Colonel Hamilton, which were to assault the main gate and escalade the works adjacent. Three companies of the 100th under Captain Martin were detached to storm the eastern demi-bastion. Captain Bailey, with the grenadiers of the 1st Royal Scots, was directed to attack the salient angle of the fortification; while the flank companies of the 41st under Lieut. Bullock, were ordered to support the principal attack. Each party was provided with scaling ladders and axes. Every detail of the programme of assault was carried out with the most brilliant success. Lieut. Dawson's advance party succeeded in cutting off two of the enemy's pickets, and surprising the sentries on the glacis and at the gate, by which means the watchword was obtained. While Captain Martin with his three companies of the 100th Regt. were storming the eastern demi-bastion, five companies of the same regiment under Colonel Murray in person entered the fort by the main gate, which had been left open for the return of the guard from relieving sentries. The main-guard rushed out of the south-eastern blockhouse and attempted to drive the British back, but were instantly overpowered. Some of the garrison escaped to the old messhouse, and kept up from it a severe fire on the British, but they were speedily compelled to surrender. In a few minutes all was over and the British flag was waving over Fort Niagara.

The capture of this formidable stronghold was certainly one of the most brilliant passages of the war, and it was accomplished with the inconsiderable loss of six killed and five wounded. The loss of the Americans was 65 killed, 14 wounded and 344 taken prisoners. Of the entire garrison only about 20, some of them badly wounded, escaped. The spoils captured consisted of 27 cannon, 3,000 stand of arms and many rifles, besides an immense quantity of ordnance and commissariat stores, as well as of clothing and camp equipage of every description. Fort Niagara remained in our possession until the end of the war. Its capture was the means of releasing eight respectable Canadian inhabitants who had been dragged from their homes on the other side of the river and immured within its walls to gratify the cowardly McClure.

While Fort Niagara was being stormed, Gen. Riall was waiting at Queenstown with about 500 men of the Royal Scots and 42nd Regts., and when the fort was taken the firing of a single large cannon from one of its bastions gave him the signal to cross over to Lewiston. He had been preceded by about 500 Indians, who attacked and routed the American Militia stationed there with the loss of eight killed. The Indians then set fire to Lewiston. When General Riall crossed the enemy had disappeared, but he captured two cannon, a considerable quantity of small arms and ammunition, and 200 barrels of flour. The villages of Youngstown, Manchester and the Indian Tuscarora were also burnt, and Fort Schlosser was destroyed. Major Mallory, who with a band of traitors styled "Canadian Volunteers," undertook to stop the British advance guard, was driven back with a loss of eight or ten killed. The whole American Niagara frontier from Lake Ontario to Tonewanto Creek, a distance of twenty-five miles, was cleared not only of the armed enemy, but of houses and inhabitants. Only the breaking down of the bridge over this creek prevented General Riall from advancing immediately to Buffalo.

Lieut.-General Drummond took up headquarters at Chippewa on December 28th, and on the following day reconnoitred the enemy's position at Black Rock. That night, Gen. Riall with four companies of the 8th Regt., 250 of the 41st, the light company of the 89th, the grenadiers of the 100th Regt. and 50 volunteer Militia, the whole numbering less than 600 rank and file, with 120 Indians, crossed to the American shore and landed about two miles below Black Rock. The light infantry of the 89th being in advance, surprised and

captured the greater part of the enemy's pickets and secured the bridge over the Shegoquody Creek, the planks of which had already been loosened ready to be carried off. The 41st and the grenadiers of the 100th Regt. crossed the bridge and took possession of the "Sailors' battery" there. General Hall, whose headquarters were between Buffalo and Black Rock, sent forward Lieutenant-Colonels Warren and Churchill with a body of Militia and Indians to dislodge the British, but the brave Americans fled at the first fire. Colonel Chapin and Major Adams, with about 500 Militia, were then ordered to the front, with precisely the same result. As soon as the British gave them a volley they fled.

CAPTAIN OF UNITED STATES INFANTRY, 1813

At daybreak, General Riall moved forward with his force, the four companies of the 8th Regt. and the light company of the 89th leading, and the 41st and grenadiers of the 100th being in reserve. At the same time the 1st Royal Scots, about 800 strong, with a detachment of the 19th Dragoons, the whole commanded by Lieut.-Col. Gordon, were crossing the river for the purpose of effecting a landing above the batteries at Black Rock. General Hall had succeeded in drawing up his whole force on the beach in order to oppose the landing of the British, and owing to some mistake of the pilots several boats in which were the Royal Scots, grounded, and were exposed to a heavy fire from the four guns in the Black Rock battery and Hall's infantry on the beach. The five British guns on the Canadian side of the river, however, responded vigorously, and Riall's force advancing on the enemy's right, a landing was effected after the gallant Scots had suffered severe loss. Hall's 2,000 Militia, Volunteers and Regulars made a very poor fight of it after

the British had succeeded in landing, and, in the course of a few minutes fled towards Buffalo, about two miles distant. Near Buffalo an attempt was made to check the pursuing British by the fire of a field-piece, posted on a height which commanded the road, but the Americans, although in considerable force, were unable to maintain their position for a moment and fled to the woods, leaving Buffalo to its fate. Hall, with about 300 of his men, escaped to Eleven Mile Creek, about three miles from Buffalo. About 130 of the Americans were taken prisoners, but their loss in killed and wounded has never been officially stated. General Riall estimated it at between three and four hundred. The British had 31 killed, 72 wounded and 9 missing. Of the killed and wounded, six were Indians. The Militia Volunteers suffered a loss of three killed and six wounded out of 50 men engaged.

The British captured at Black Rock and Buffalo eight cannon, which had been used in the defence of these places. They took and destroyed a large quantity of public stores, and they burnt the United States war vessels *Ariel*, *Little Belt*, *Chippewa* and *Trippe*, all of which had been engaged in the battle of Lake Erie a few months before. Both Buffalo and Black Rock were committed to the flames, and thus in less than three weeks from the date of destruction was Newark signally avenged. The British, having completed their work, retired to the Canadian side of the river, holding possession only of Fort Niagara. The retaliation by which the whole American frontier on the Niagara was laid waste, was no doubt severe, but it was only by the exercise of such severe measures that the American people could be brought to their senses and taught to respect the methods of civilized warfare. Sir George Prevost, in a proclamation dated January 12th, 1814, stated that it was not his intention to pursue farther a system of retaliatory warfare unless the future measures of the enemy should compel him to resort to it.

GENERAL RESULTS IN 1813

When the general results of the land operations of the year 1813 are considered, it will be seen that the balance of advantage was greatly with the British, notwithstanding Procter's defeat on the Thames, the repulse at Sackett's Harbour and the capture of York and Fort George. Although the Americans had strained their resources to the utmost and collected an army of more than 14,000 men for the capture of Montreal, they were foiled and defeated by a comparatively small British force. Their brief occupation of the western peninsula brought them no substantial advantage, and on the Niagara frontier their strength gradually withered away, until so far from being able to hold Canadian territory, they had no longer the power to defend their own. The year closed with Fort Niagara in possession of the British forces, and the State of New York open to their attack. The American Militia had become so demoralized that they were no longer able to make even a pretence of resistance, and after nearly two years of warfare, the conquest of Canada seemed to be more remote than ever.

While the land operations detailed in the foregoing pages were in progress, the whole coast of the United States was blockaded by British vessels, so that the commerce of the country was almost ruined. The officer commanding on the North American station was Rear-Admiral Cockburn, who by the efficient manner in which he attended to his instructions, has earned the violent hatred and abuse of most American writers on the war. On the 4th of March, 1813, Cockburn in the *Marlborough 74*, and with a number of frigates and smaller vessels, entered Chesapeake Bay. He was charged with the duty of threatening and harassing the enemy so that he might be obliged to gather troops for the defence of Washington, which would leave him fewer to use for an attack on Canada. Later in the same month Admiral Warren himself came with a reinforcement. The operations

of the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay during that summer, although they were effective, do not properly come under the scope of this history. The Americans were kept constantly in a state of alarm, much public property was destroyed, and the Militia, who were frequently attacked on shore, as regularly ran away. A great many slaves sought refuge on board the British vessels from the tyranny of their masters. These slaves were taken to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and provided for by the British Government, and their descendants to the number of several thousands are living in these Provinces to this day.

Only four single ship engagements took place during the year 1813, in two of which the British were successful. The most important of these, which was between the British frigate *Shannon*, Capt. Broke, and the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, Capt. Lawrence, took place six leagues east of Boston light on the 1st of June, 1813, at 5.40 p.m., the *Chesapeake* having left Boston the same day at noon to engage the *Shannon*. In the other frigate actions in which the Americans had been victorious they had immense superiority, but here the combatants were more evenly matched. The *Chesapeake* carried 50 guns, 26 in broadside, 28 long 18's on the gun deck; on the spar deck two long 12's, one long 18, eighteen 32 lb. carronades and one 12 lb. carronade. The *Shannon* carried 52 guns, 26 in broadside, viz., 28 long 18's on the gun deck, and on the spar deck four long 9's, one long 6, sixteen 32 lb. carronades and three 12-pound carronades. The respective force of the ships may be seen by the following table:—

	Guns in Broadside.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
Chesapeake	26	582	379
Shannon	26	544	330

The American vessel was thus superior both in weight of metal and number of men, yet she was captured by boarding after an engagement which lasted just fifteen minutes. The *Chesapeake* had 61 killed or mortally wounded, including Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow, and 85 severely and slightly wounded. The *Shannon* had 33 killed and 50 wounded, Capt. Broke being among the latter. The *Chesapeake* was taken into Halifax, and the large fleet of pleasure boats and yachts which had attended her down the bay to see how readily she would "whip the Britisher," had to return grievously disappointed.

Capt. Lawrence, who fell in the engagement, had been the commander of the American ship sloop *Hornet*, which, on the 24th of February previous, captured and sunk the British brig *Peacock* off the Demerara River. The *Hornet* carried eighteen 32-pound carronades and two long 12's, so that she threw a broadside of 300 lbs. Her crew numbered 142 men. The *Peacock* carried sixteen 24-pound carronades, two long 9's, one 12-pound and one 6-pound carronade. Her broadside weight of metal was 210 lbs., and her crew numbered 122 men. With such odds against her, the defeat of the *Peacock* is easily accounted for, although it was made worse than it need have been by the bad gunnery of her men, who, instead of being drilled at the cannon were kept most of the time polishing brass work in order that the vessel might retain the title of "the Yacht." Her foolish martinet of a captain, Wm. Peake, was killed in the action with seven of his men, and 28 were wounded. The *Hornet* lost only one killed and two wounded. The *Peacock* sunk almost immediately after her surrender, taking down with her nine of her own men and three of the *Hornet's* crew.

On the 14th of August the American brig sloop *Argus*, which had been committing depredations in St. George's Channel, was encountered and captured by the British brig *Pelican*, Capt. Maples. The *Argus* carried 18 24-pounder carronades and two long 12's, and her crew numbered 121 men. The *Pelican* carried 16 32-pound carronades, two long 12's and two long 6's

as stern chasers. The action lasted 45 minutes, the American brig hauling down her colours as the *Pelican's* men were in the act of boarding. The British vessel had but two men killed and five wounded, the *Argus* had 10 killed and 14 wounded, her commander, Lieut. Wm. Henry Allen, being among the slain.

The last single ship engagement of the year was between the British brig *Boxer*, Captain Blyth, and the American brig *Enterprise*, which was commanded by Lieut. Wm. Burrows, and resulted in the capture of the former. The *Enterprise* carried 14 18-pound carronades, two long 9's, and her crew numbered 102 men. The *Boxer* carried 12 18-pound carronades and two long 6's, and her crew numbered but 66 men. The *Boxer* was desperately defended, and was not surrendered until she was almost a wreck and three of her guns dismounted. Three of her men were killed and 17 wounded, four of them mortally. Among the slain were Capt. Blyth of the *Boxer*, and Lieut. Burrows of the *Enterprise*, and the two commanders were buried side by side at Portland, with the honours of war. Capt. Blyth had nailed his colours to the mast and declared that the *Boxer* should never be surrendered while he lived, and he kept his word. This gallant officer was killed by an 18-pound shot at the very beginning of the action. No doubt his death contributed largely to the defeat of the *Boxer*, but in any case the odds were so greatly against her that success would have been difficult to achieve. No honour was lost to the British flag by the *Boxer's* defeat.

The people of the United States were very ill satisfied with the results of their two years of warfare, and those of New England made no attempt to conceal their sentiments. Governor Strong of Massachusetts in his message denounced the war as cruel and unjust, and asked the Legislature to adopt measures for bringing about a speedy peace. The two Houses agreed to a remonstrance in which they declared the further prosecution of the war to be impolitic and unjust and implored Congress to adopt measures for arresting it. This remonstrance was presented in June, 1813, but no attention was paid to it, for the was party in Congress was strong and truculent and still hopeful of the conquest of Canada. The leaders of the peace party in New England were so impressed with the hopelessness of their position, that they suggested the propriety of the New England states taking care of themselves, and concluding a separate peace with Great Britain, leaving the states beyond the Hudson river to fight as long as they pleased. Even at this early period the interests of New England and those of the slave-holding states of the South were in direct conflict with each other.

A conspicuous proof of the predominance of the South, was afforded by the passage in December, 1813, of an embargo act, forbidding, under heavy penalties, the exportation by land or water, of any goods, produce, specie or live stock. This act was intended to prevent supplies reaching the British from American ports, but was so strictly enforced while it lasted that it entirely stopped the local coasting trade and put the small towns on the New England coast to great suffering and inconvenience. But while the war party in Congress were exulting over this last exhibition of their power, news came from Europe which put them in a state of great consternation. They learned that their good friend and ally, Napoleon, had been defeated at the battle of Leipsic, and that the French armies had been driven out of Spain by Wellington. Visions were before them of the forlorn condition to which they would be reduced when the British had the war with Napoleon off their hands and would be able to turn their attention exclusively to them.

THE THIRD YEAR OPENS

In March, 1813, the Emperor of Russia, through M. Daschkoff, his representative at Washington, form-

ally offered the United States his friendly services in bringing about a peace with Great Britain. This offer, which came at a time when the disasters which Napoleon had met with in Russia seemed to point to his speedy downfall, was accepted, and Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury and James A. Bayard, Senator for Delaware, were appointed envoys extraordinary, to act jointly with Mr. Adams, and negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain at St. Petersburg. The British Government refused to treat under the mediation of Russia, but offered to open negotiations in London or at Gottenburg in Sweden, "upon principles of perfect reciprocity, not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of the British Empire." Although it was evident from this offer, which was received early in January, 1814, that Great Britain did not intend to recede from her position as to the right of search, President Madison was so terrified at the prospect of having to conduct the war without French aid that he appointed Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell, as additional commissioners, and the five by the concurrent action of the Senate were duly commissioned to treat for peace with the British representatives at Gottenburg. Clay and Russell sailed from New York on the 23rd of February, 1814, carrying with them instructions to insist that the British should abandon the right of search, and cease to impress seamen on board American vessels. "Our flag," said the instructions, "must protect the crew, or the United States cannot consider themselves an independent nation." These instructions were wholly disregarded in the peace which was eventually concluded.

THE SHANNON TAKING THE CAPTURED CHESAPEAKE INTO HALIFAX HARBOUR

FROM AN OLD PRINT

Not only had the continuance of the war pressed with great severity upon the commercial interests of the United States, but it had greatly embarrassed the government financially. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the American people had enter-

ed upon the contest, it was found extremely difficult to obtain recruits for the regular army. This army was intended to have a strength of 61,000 men, but at the beginning of 1814 its number did not exceed 40,000. To bring the force up to the required strength, great inducements were authorized by Congress to be offered to recruits. Men willing to enlist were to receive a bounty of $124 ; their pay was increased and each private was to have a grant of 160 acres of land in Illinois or Missouri. At the same time the President was authorized to call out the Militia for six months instead of three.

It has been already stated that when the war commenced there were but eight British regiments in Canada, including the 10th Veteran Battalion and the three Provincial Corps, the Canadian Fencibles, Glengarries and Newfoundland Regt. The whole force, including a detachment of artillery, numbered but 4,450 rank and file. At the beginning of 1814 the number of regiments in Canada had been increased to fifteen, viz: the 1st, 8th, 13th, 41st, 49th, 89th, 100th, 103rd, 104th Glengarries, Canadian Fencibles, Voltigeurs, Newfoundland Regt., De Watterville's and De Meuron's Regts. The two latter were foreign corps, and the five preceding them provincial regiments. The 41st had two battalions, but the greater part of the 1st battalion had been captured after the battle of the Thames. The regular force in Canada was therefore considerably less than 10,000 rank and file. The strength of the six battalions of the embodied Militia of Lower Canada was, at this time, a little less than 4,000 ; that of Upper Canada was of course much less. These figures will serve to show what a strain was put upon the zeal and courage of the sedentary Militia of both provinces, but especially of Upper Canada, in the year 1814.

In February,. a welcome reinforcement came from New Brunswick, in the second battalion of the 8th Regt., which had been stationed in that province after the 104th left there. As soon as their own regiment was summoned to the front, the people of New Brunswick with that loyalty and zeal which have ever distinguished them, organized another regiment, "The New Brunswick Fencibles," of which Lieutenant-General John Coffin, a resident of the province, became Colonel. The formation of this corps relieved the 2nd battalion of the 8th, from garrison duty in New Brunswick, and made them available for service in Canada. They reached Quebec by the same overland route, through the wilderness, which the 104th had traversed the year previous, and were followed by 220 seamen for the lakes. To expedite the progress of these reinforcements, the Legislature of New Brunswick voted 300 pounds, and the city of St. John gave an equal sum to defray the expenses of conveying them in sleighs as far as the nature of the roads would permit. Private individuals showed equal public spirit in giving the use of their teams for the transport of the gallant soldiers and sailors. At that period, although the British North American Provinces were widely separated by natural obstacles, they were closely united in spirit and patriotism. Politically they are now one, and three independent lines of railway render communication between New Brunswick and Quebec easy and rapid at all seasons so that it takes fewer hours to accomplish the distance than it took days ninety years ago.

The first serious operation undertaken by the Americans in 1814, was in Lower Canada. Secretary Armstrong, indeed, had views of his own, which, if carried out, would have made the Niagara frontier the first point of attack, and in a letter written to General Wilkinson on the 20th January, he proposed that Colonel Winfield Scott should have 2,400 men placed under him with which to recapture Fort Niagara where the British maintained a garrison of less than 300 men. This plan miscarried owing to the opposition of General Wilkinson who

was ambitious to distinguish himself on the northern frontier and wipe away part of the disgrace of the failure of the previous autumn. After the abandonment of the expedition against Montreal in November, 1813, Wilkinson's force was hutted in winter quarters on the Salmon River, near French Mills, but in January orders were received from the War Department to break up this post. Early in February these orders were executed and General Wilkinson burnt his 300 boats and bateaux, which had been used for the carriage of his troops, twelve gunboats, which had been employed to protect his flotilla, and the barracks, blockhouses and huts for his troops, which had been built at great labour and cost. All this property having been committed to the flames, the American detached General Brown with 2,000 men, besides artillery, to Sackett's Harbour, and with the remainder of his force and as much of his stores and baggage as he could carry with him, retreated to Plattsburg. Colonel Scott of the 103rd Regt. with detachments from that corps, the 89th, the Canadian Fencibles and a few light cavalry, the whole force amounting to about 1,100 rank and file, pressed on Wilkinson's rear as he retreated, and captured about 100 sleigh loads of stores and provisions. Scott returned to his post at Coteau du Lac, after having advanced to within a few miles of Plattsburg, without encountering any opposition.

LA COLLE MILL

General Wilkinson had not been long at Plattsburg before he began to grow impatient to be in the field once more. He had become impressed with the idea that the British meditated some serious movement against him, and he determined to anticipate it. On the 19th of March he advanced with his army from Plattsburg to Chazee, which is on the road from Plattsburg to Champlain, and there detached Brigadier-General Macomb, with a corps of riflemen and a brigade of infantry, across the Lake to St. Armands where they remained until the 26th, when they were suddenly withdrawn and rejoined the main body of the army at Champlain. On the 29th, General Wilkinson called a council of war at that place, which was attended by Brigadiers-General Macomb, Bissel and Smith, Colonels Atkinson, Miller and Cummings, and Majors Pitt and Totton. At this Council the American General stated that the British had 2,500 Regulars at Isle Aux Noix and La Colle Mill, of whom, after leaving a garrison of two hundred men at Isle Aux Noix, 2,300 might be brought into action. Wilkinson stated his own force at four thousand combatants, including one hundred cavalry and three hundred artillery with eleven guns, and he propounded the question, "Shall we attack the enemy?" The council expressed the opinion that the light troops should cover a reconnaissance towards La Colle Mill and, if found practicable, the position should be attacked and the British works destroyed, and that the whole army should move to support the light troops. The council also approved the order of battle which the General had submitted to them. On the same day Wilkinson issued a general order directing the men to be supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition and four days' cooked provisions. He said to his soldiers: "Let every officer and every man make the resolution to return victorious or not at all; for, with double the force of the enemy, this army must not give ground." The troops in approaching the enemy were ordered to be profoundly silent and by way of screwing their courage to the sticking point the following interesting information was communicated to them: "An officer will be posted on the right of each platoon, and a tried sergeant will form a supernumerary rank, and will instantly put to death any man who goes back."

On the 30th March General Wilkinson, with his 4,000 men divided into three brigades, commenced his march to La Colle, which was distant about

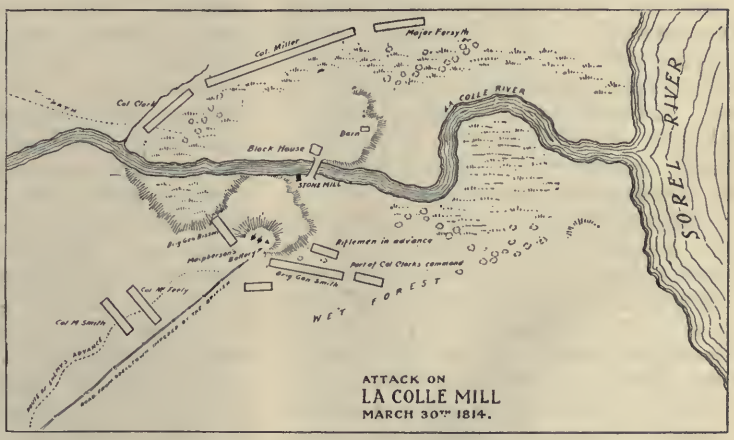
MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF GENERAL BROWN

seven miles from his camp at Champlain. The American general had been misinformed as to the strength of the British and consequently his army was out of all proportion to the force to be encountered. Instead of there being 2,500 men at Isle Aux Noix and La Colle Mill, there were less than 750 troops between both places, and not more than 1,500, including 500 Militia, within 25 miles of La Colle. The mill at La Colle was a stone structure, 50 feet in length and 36 in width, with walls 18 inches in thickness. To make it capable of defence the windows had been filled up with logs, leaving horizontal loopholes for muskets. It stood on the south side of the La Colle River about three quarters of a mile above its junction with the Richelieu. The river at this point was crossed by a wooden bridge which formed a means of communication with a small wooden blockhouse which stood on the north bank of the river. To the north of this blockhouse was an ordinary wooden barn. The clearing extended about 100 yards to the northward of the blockhouse and about 200 yards to the southward of the mill; beyond these points was a thick wood which on both sides ap-

MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF GENERAL RIPLEY

proached quite close to the mill and blockhouse. The mill was occupied by a garrison of 180 men under the command of Major Handcock of the 13th. It consisted of Capt. Blake's company of that regiment, a small detachment of Frontier Light Infantry under Capt. Ritter, 70 Marines and four Marine artillerymen.

General Wilkinson's army commenced its march at 10 o'clock, but did not arrive in front of the mill until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The advance had been delayed by the badness of the road, which was covered with melting snow, and also obstructed for some distance by trees which had been felled across it. In its march, Colonel Bissel's brigade encountered a British picket and lost 13 men killed and wounded by its fire. This incident showed the Americans that Major Handcock had noticed their approach. He had been early informed of their advance against him, and had sent to Isle Aux Noix for reinforcements, which, however, did not arrive until the action had commenced.



MAP OF THE ATTACK ON LA COLLE MILL, MARCH 30TH, 1814

When General Wilkinson's army reached the mill, the very elaborate plan of operations which he had formed for its investment and capture were fully developed. Colonel Clark and Major Forsyth who commanded the advance, were sent across the La Colle to the rear of the blockhouse, and were immediately followed by Colonel Miller with his regiment of 600 men. The duty of this detachment was to cut off the British garrison in case it attempted to retreat, and to prevent the arrival of any reinforcements. The remainder of Wilkinson's force was drawn up in front of the mill, Captain McPherson with his artillery being covered by the brigades of Generals Smith and Bissel. General Macomb commanded the reserves.

Macomb endeavoured to place an 18-pounder in a favourable position to breach the walls, but the carriage broke and it could not be sent forward. McPherson's guns, a 12 and a six pounder, and a five and a half inch howitzer were then brought to the front, and placed in a good position in the woods about 250 yards from the mill. They opened fire upon it briskly but produced no impression upon its thick and honestly built walls. The garrison of the mill responded with an equally vigorous fire of musketry. Soon after this cannonade commenced the two flank companies of the 13th Regt., under Captains Ellard and Holgate, arrived from Isle Aux Noix, and occupied the blockhouse on the north side of the La Colle. Major Handcock, who from the nature of the ground they occupied, was unaware of the strength of the enemy, at once ordered these two companies to charge the guns. This they did with the utmost intrepidity, but a charge executed by hardly more than 100 men against a numerous force of artillery supported by two brigades of infantry, could not be successful. Capt. Ellard was severely

wounded and his two companies had to retire to the blockhouse. At this moment the grenadier company of the Canadian Fencibles under Capt. Cartwright, and a company of Voltigeurs, arrived from Burtonville, and a second charge was ordered, which was headed by Capt. Blake of the 13th Regt. The four companies advanced against the guns with such resolution that the artillerymen deserted them, and they were only saved from capture by the powerful force of infantry behind them. This fact was attested to both by General Bissel and Lieut.-Colonel Totten of the American Engineers, at General Wilkinson's court-martial, and Capt. McPherson, who commanded the American artillery, gave equally strong testimony. "The conduct of the enemy that day," said, "he was distinguished by desperate bravery. As an instance, one company made a charge on our artillery, and, at the same instant, received its fire and that of two brigades of infantry."

Major Handcock soon perceived that the enemy were too powerful to be driven away, and ordered the four companies engaged in the sortie to retire to the blockhouse. The Americans continued to batter the mill with their artillery until nearly dark without in any degree imparing its defensive strength, and finally, about six o'clock, they retired from the field and retreated by the same road by which they had advanced. They had lost 13 killed, 128 wounded and 13 missing, a total of 154. The British lost 11 killed, 44 wounded and four missing. The whole British force engaged that day did not exceed four hundred men and the defence of the post of La Colle was one of the most gallant affairs of the war. Wilkinson retreated to Plattsburg and the La Colle episode closed his military career, for a few days later he was relieved of his command by an order from the War Department. He was afterwards tried by court-martial, but as he proved that he had acted throughout under the instructions of Secretary Armstrong, he was acquitted. On the retirement of Wilkinson, General Brown became Commander-in-chief in the Northern department.

General Brown had arrived at Sackett's Harbour with his 2,000 men from French Mills on the 24th of February, and a few days later received a despatch from Secretary Armstrong in the following terms:—"You will immediately consult with Commodore Chauncey about the readiness of the fleet for a descent on Kingston the moment the ice leaves the lake. If he deems it practicable and you think you have troops enough to carry it, you will attempt the expedition. In such an event you will use the enclosed as a *ruse de guerre*." The enclosure thus referred to was in the following terms:—"Public sentiment will no longer tolerate the possession of Fort Niagara by the enemy. You will therefore move the division which you brought from French Mills and invest that post. General Tompkins will cooperate with you with 500 Militia, and Colonel Scott, who is to be made a brigadier, will join you. You will receive your instructions at Onondago Hollow." General Brown had for several years been a schoolmaster, but he would seem to have forgotten his French, for he did not know the meaning of *ruse de guerre*; neither did Chauncey; probably they took it for a new kind of howitzer. At all events, both of these capable commanders wholly misunderstood the Secretary's intention, and Brown set out for the Niagara frontier. His force consisted of the 9th, the 11th, 21st and 25th Regts. of infantry, the 3rd Regt, of Artillery, and Capt. Towson's Company of the 2nd Regt. of Artillery, in all more than 2,000 men. When Brown arrived at Onondago Hollow, there were no instructions at that place for him, and General Gaines, with the help of a French dictionary, succeeded in convincing the American Commander that he had made a mistake, and that Kingston was the place he had been ordered to attack. Brown accordingly retraced his steps to Sackett's Harbour. There Chauncey, who did not desire any nearer view of

Kingston than could be had from a spyglass, made Brown believe that the first interpretation of the Secretary's orders was the correct one, and that officer again marched westward with his army. These pendulum-like movements necessarily took a good deal of time, and it was the end of March before Brown reached Batavia. Here he remained about a month, and then moved towards Buffalo. In the meantime he had heard from the Secretary and been told that he had misunderstood his orders. The Secretary, however, does not appear to have been much worried at the failure of his own plans against Kingston, for he wrote Brown :—"If you left the harbour with a competent force for its defence, go on and prosper. Good consequences are sometimes the result of mistakes."

Whether Brown had left a competent force at Sackett's Harbour for its defence was not tested, for the British made no attack upon it.

ATTACK ON OSWEGO

Sir James Yeo displayed a great deal of energy during the winter in strengthening his fleet. On the 14th of April two new frigates, the *Prince Regent* 58, and the *Princess Charlotte* 42, were launched at Kingston, and their rigging and equipment were advanced so rapidly that they were ready for service on the 3rd of May. The *Prince Regent*, the largest of these frigates, was a more heavily armed ship than the *Constitution*, while the *Princess Charlotte* was a more powerful vessel than the *Shannon*. Commodore Yeo's original six cruisers had all been renamed, some of them rearmed and both the schooners changed into brigs. Besides the two large frigates already mentioned, his fleet consisted of the ships *Montreal* 25 and *Niagara* 22, and the brigs *Carwell* 16, *Star* 16, *Netty* 16 and *Magnet* 12. With such a force at his disposal, Sir James did not propose to remain idle, and on the very day his ships were ready for sea, he set sail from Kingston for Oswego.

Sir James Yeo, with his fleet, was off Oswego by noon on the 5th of May. General Drummond had command of the land forces, and the troops embarked with him consisted of six companies of De Watteville's Regt. under Lieut.-Col. Fischer; the light company of Glengarry Light Infantry, under Capt. McMillan; the 2nd battalion of Marines under Lieut.-Col. Malcolm ; a detachment of Artillery, with two field pieces, under Capt. Cruttenden; a detachment of the rocket company, under Lieut. Stevens, and a few sappers and miners, under Lieut. Gosset of the engineers, the whole numbering 1,080 rank and file. Oswego was defended by a fortification called Fort Ontario, which stood in a commanding position on a bluff on the east side of the river, overlooking the lake. The fort, which was star-shaped, covered upwards of three acres of ground and mounted six guns, three long 24-pounders, a long 12 and two long 6's. The batteries had been recently repaired and picketed, and new platforms laid for the guns. The fort had a garrison consisting of Lieut.-Col. Mitchell's battalion of artillery, numbering upwards of 300 rank and file, in addition to a number of artillery and engineer officers. In the river was the United States schooner *Growler*, having on board seven heavy guns and a large quantity of stores and ammunition intended for the fleet at Sackett's Harbour.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day of their arrival at Oswego, the ships lay to, within long gunshot of the fort, and the gunboats, under Captain Collier, were sent close in for the purpose of inducing the enemy to show his fire and particularly the number and position of his guns. A mutual cannonade was kept up for an hour and a half, the Americans replying to the British fire with four cannon from the fort, and a long 12-pounder which was posted on the beach. The object of this reconnaissance having been fully accomplished, the gunboats withdrew, and arrangements were made for the attack which it was intended should be made at 8 o'clock in the

evening. But at sunset, a very heavy squall came up from the northwest, blowing directly on the shore, and compelled the fleet to gain an offing. Four of the supply boats had to be cast adrift and one of them went ashore, and this circumstance has enabled some American writers like Lossing, with no regard for truth, to concoct a remarkable narrative describing the gallant fashion in which the British were driven back by the fire from the fort. That evening the British fleet disappeared from in front of Oswego, but Mitchell was under no delusion as to the cause of their departure, and, knowing that he might expect them back next day, he sent out messengers to bring in the Militia, and ordered the Commander of the *Growler*, to sink that vessel and join him with his 40 seamen in the fort. Two hundred of the Militia of the county, burning with ardent patriotism, came into the fort in the course of a few hours, so that the American commander had about 600 men at his disposal, two-thirds of them Regulars.

On the morning of the 6th, Sir James Yeo's fleet was again in front of Oswego, and preparations were at once made for an attack. The *Princess Charlotte*, *Montreal* and *Niagara* engaged the batteries as close to the shore as the depth of the water would permit them. The *Magnet* took a station in front of the town on the opposite side of the river, to keep in check any Militia who might attempt to enter the fort from that quarter, while the *Charwell* and *Star* towed the boats with the troops, and then covered their landing by scouring the woods on the low point towards the foot of the hill to the eastward of the fort, by which it was intended to advance to the assault. The attacking party consisted of the two flank companies of De Watteville's Regt., under Captain De Bersey, the light company of the Glengarries, under Captain McMillan, these three companies numbering 140 rank and file; the battalion of marines, 400 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Malcolm; and 200 seamen armed with pikes, under Captain Mulcaster. The whole force numbering about 740 rank and file, was under the immediate command of Lieut.-Col. Fischer of De Watteville's Regt., but both Lieut.-General Drummond and Sir James Yeo went ashore with the troops.

The *Princess Charlotte* drew too much water to get within effective range of the batteries, but the *Montreal* and *Niagara* took stations within a quarter of a mile of the fort and gallantly performed the service assigned to them, although assailed with heavy discharges of red-hot shot which set the *Montreal* on fire three times, and cut her up greatly in her hull, masts and rigging. The troops landed in excellent order under a heavy fire from the fort, as well as from a considerable body of the enemy drawn up on the brow of the hill and in the woods. They then formed on the beach, and while the company of Glengarry light infantry cleared the woods on the left and drove the enemy into the fort, the marines and sailors and the two flank companies of De Watteville's Regt. charged gallantly up the hill and carried the fort after a brief struggle. The brave Militia took to their heels the moment the terrible men of Glengarry made their appearance in the woods, and the American Regulars were driven out of the fort within ten minutes of the appearance of the British on the height on which it stood. Lieut.-Col. Mitchell retreated with what remained of his force, to the Falls of Oswego, twelve miles from the lake. The American loss was stated in their official returns at six killed, 38 wounded and 25 missing. The British took sixty prisoners, more than half of whom were wounded.

The loss of the British in this spirited affair was 22 killed and 73 wounded. The capture of Oswego was deemed important because the place was a depot of stores passing from New York to Sackett's Harbour. A large part of these stores had been removed to the Falls previous to the attack, but a very considerable quantity still remained. The British captured thirteen

cannon, destroying the six they took in the fort, but carrying away the three long 32-pounders and four long 24-pounders sunk in the *Growler*. They also carried off a large supply of shot of various calibres and of ammunition; 800 barrels of flour, 500 barrels of bread, 500 barrels of pork, 600 barrels of salt and a large quantity of rope and cordage. They raised the *Growler* and took her away, besides another schooner and several boats and smaller craft, and they destroyed the barracks and all other public buildings. The Americans professed to regard the capture of Oswego as of little moment because they did not lose all the stores that had been there, but the material loss was certainly large and the affair was a most humiliating blow to their prestige.

THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

We now approach the most important campaign of the whole war, the one garnished with the names of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie; a campaign which every loyal Canadian can regard with feelings of pride. The new American Commander-in-chief had resolved to make one more supreme effort to win the Niagara frontier, and he did not doubt his ability to march down the north side of Lake Ontario and capture Kingston, provided the fleet would co-operate with him. In justice to General Brown, it must be admitted that he adopted the only method by which success was possible, and was unwearied in his efforts to drill and discipline his army. The months that had elapsed between the close of the last campaign in Lower Canada and the summer of 1814, were spent in constant exercises. The troops were drilled from seven to ten hours a day and, as most of them had been two years in active service, Brown's army had acquired a mobility and efficiency which no American force that had appeared in the field during the war possessed. But this circumstance, while it accounts for the obstinacy with which the battles of this campaign were contested, only makes the triumph of the British Regulars and Canadian Militia over Brown's force more glorious.

General Brown was at Buffalo, when on the 1st of July he received orders from Secretary Armstrong to cross the Niagara River, carry Fort Erie and "beat up the enemy's quarters at Chippewa," and if assured of the co-operation of the fleet, to seize and fortify Burlington Heights. The co-operation of the fleet was considered essential to any permanent lodgement at the head of Lake Ontario, for without it, so long as the British held Fort Niagara and Fort George, the American line of communication would be liable to be cut at any time if they advanced into the interior of Upper Canada. But this co-operation was not at this time possible, for Chauncey had not yet got out of Sackett's Harbour with his new and powerful ships. Indeed the American Commodore was not on the Lake until the 31st of July, and by that time the opportunity had passed, for Brown's army had been defeated and the survivors of it were fugitives seeking protection behind the bastions of Fort Erie.

On the 2nd July, Brown issued his orders for crossing the river before daylight on the following morning. His army consisted of two brigades of regular infantry, numbering, according to American accounts, 2,600 rank and file, commanded by Generals Scott and Ripley. To each brigade was attached an efficient train of artillery, commanded by Major Hindman and Captain Towson. There was also a squadron of dragoons commanded by Captain Harris. These were all Regulars and their strength may be placed at 3,100 rank and file. There was also a third brigade under General Porter composed of 600 New York Volunteers, 500 Pennsylvania Volunteers and 600 Indian warriors. One hundred of the New York Volunteers were mounted. Brown's force immediately available for the invasion of Canada was therefore 4,800 men. Besides these he had at different posts between Erie and Lewiston, the 1st

Regt. of U. S. Infantry, a regular rifle corps, 150 Canadian refugee Volunteers, and 300 New York Volunteers, under Colonel Philetus Swift. These additions would bring Brown's strength up to fully 6,000 men, independent of the Militia of the State. All these figures are from United States authorities, but there is good reason to believe that they are much too low.

LOSS OF FORT ERIE

The British force on the Niagara frontier, including the garrisons of Fort Erie, Fort George, Fort Niagara, Mississaga and the post at Burlington Heights, did not exceed 1,800 men. It was under the command of Major-General Riall, who is described by an officer who served under him at this time, as a gallant man, but possessed of very little military skill; who had attained his rank by the purchase of all purchasable grades. This criticism seems to be amply justified by the fact that Riall left a garrison of 170 men of the 8th and 100th Regts., without proper defensive works in Fort Erie, where they were certain to be captured, if the enemy advanced in force. On the morning of the 3rd July, General Scott's brigade crossed the Niagara River, and landed below Fort Erie, unmolested. General Ripley soon afterwards landed with his brigade above the Fort, which was immediately invested and summoned to surrender. After the exchange of a few cannon shots, by which one British soldier was killed, and seven Americans killed and wounded, Major Buck surrendered Fort Erie, and he and his men became prisoners of war. The place, no doubt, was incapable of successful defence, but had it been otherwise and Buck in a position to maintain himself for a few days, General Brown might have had reason to regret his rashness in crossing the Niagara River, as he did with an uncaptured fort in front of him and an enterprising enemy on his flank. As it was, Fort Erie was taken without any serious resistance, and the Americans became possessed of a place of retreat to which they could fly in the event of any great disaster to their army.

BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA

The nearest British force to Fort Erie at this time was at Chippewa where there were less than 800 Regulars and about 300 sedentary Militia. General Riall, who received news of the American invasion about 8 o'clock the same morning, immediately ordered five companies of the Royal Scots to Chippewa, under Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, to reinforce the garrison at that place, and sent out Lieut.-Colonel Pearson of the 100th Regt., with the flank companies of that corps, some Militia of the 2nd Lincoln Regt., and a few Indians to reconnoitre the enemy's position and ascertain his numbers. The Americans were seen to be posted on the ridge parallel to the river near the ferry opposite Black Rock and in strong force. As the 8th Regt., which was hourly expected from York, had not arrived, General Riall did not deem it prudent to make an attack that day. On the following morning General Scott advanced towards Chippewa with his brigade, which consisted of the 9th, 11th, 22nd and 25th Regts. of infantry accompanied by Towson's Artillery Corps. He was followed later by Ripley's brigade, composed of the 17th, 19th, 21st and 23rd Regts. of infantry with Hindman's Artillery, and by Porter's Brigade of Volunteers. Scott's brigade encountered the British advance consisting of the light companies of the Royal Scots and 100th Regt. and a few of the 19th Dragoons, under Lieut.-Colonel Pearson. There was some slight skirmishing, as the light companies retired, by the dragoons, in which the latter had four men wounded. The bridge over Street's Creek was destroyed by Pearson's men, his little detachment being at that moment threatened by a flank attack from a body of artillery and infantry which had crossed the Creek at a point some distance above the bridge. The bridge was repaired by the American pioneers and their army crossed over while Pearson and his men retired be-

yond the Chippewa. The Americans encamped that night on the south bank of the Creek close to the Niagara River. The British camp was north of the Chippewa River.

Between Street's Creek and the Chippewa River is a tract of level land a mile and a half in length and flanked on the east side by the Niagara River, along the side of which the road from Fort Erie to Queenstown passes. This plain in 1814 was about half a mile in width, and was bounded on the west by a wood. It was here on the 5th of July that the battle of Chippewa was fought.

General Riall had been joined that morning by the 1st battalion of the 8th Regt., 480 strong, and his force now consisted of that corps, 500 of the Royal Scots, 450 of the 100th Regt., one troop, numbering about 70 of the 19th Dragoons, and 30 of the Royal Artillery with two light 24-pounders and a 5 1-2 inch howitzer, in all 1,530 rank and file of Regulars. With these were 300 Militia, mostly of the 2nd Lincoln, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon and Major David Secord, and about 300 Indians, or about 2,130 rank and file in all. The American force at Street's Creek, consisted of the infantry brigades of Scott and Ripley, numbering 2,600, 400 artillery with nine field-pieces and howitzers, 100 cavalry and 600 New York Volunteers, 500 Pennsylvania Volunteers and 600 Indians under General Porter; or 4,800 men altogether.

General Riall, whose position on the Chippewa was strong and not easily turned, might have been readily excused, if, with his force so greatly inferior in numbers, he had remained on the defensive, but he was resolved to attack the enemy and made his dispositions accordingly. The British forces crossed the Chippewa and advanced to the attack about four o'clock in the afternoon. The position occupied by the American army had been well chosen for defence. Its right rested on some buildings and orchards close to the Niagara River, and was strongly supported by artillery, and its left on the woods, which were occupied by Porter's brigade. The British advance consisted of 300 Lincoln Militia, the light companies of the Royal Scots, and of the 100th Regt. and 300 Indians. The latter, who were in front, in traversing the woods, for the most part, kept too far to the right, and only about 80 of them, under Captain Kerr, were brought into action. This small body of Indians encountered General Porter with 300 Pennsylvania Volunteers, 600 Indians and 80 Regulars, as he advanced through the woods on the left of the American line, and fell back on the advancing Militia. Almost at the same moment that the Indians fell back on the Militia, the two light companies joined the latter, and Porter's 900 Volunteers and Indians, and 80 Regulars received such a deadly fire and were charged with such fury that they instantly broke and fled, and even Lossing has to admit that their retreat "became a tumultuous rout." The 300 brave Pennsylvanians got out of the reach of danger with such alacrity that only three of them were killed and two wounded. They were pursued to Street's Creek, where their flight was checked by the advance of Ripley's brigade, on the extreme left and of the 25th Regt., under Major Jessop.

General Riall's main body advanced in three columns, the 8th Regt. being in front. Towson's Artillery with four guns, was posted on the American right and the four regiments of Scott's brigade, the 22nd, 9th, 11th and 25th were stationed in the order given from right to left. To the left of Scott's brigade was the 19th Regt. of Ripley's brigade, and that general with his remaining three regiments was moving through the woods with a view to turn the British left. Such was the posture of affairs when Porter's brigade was broken and compelled to fly as already described. To the south of Street's Creek the batteries of Ritchie and Hindman were posted in a commanding position, while Biddle's battery was advanced on the left in the rear of Scott's brigade. Thus each of the enemy's nine field pieces was brought

into a position where it could be most effective.

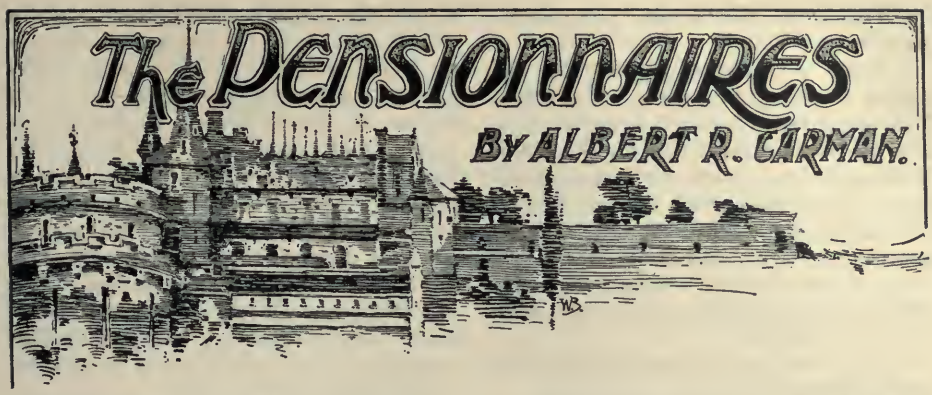
General Riall placed his two light 24-pounders and 5½ inch howitzer against the right of the enemy's position and formed the Royal Scots and 100th Regt. with the intention of making a movement upon the American left. The 25th Regt. on Scott's extreme left deployed and opened a very heavy fire upon the British, upon which Riall immediately moved up the 8th Regt. to the right, while the Royal Scots and 100th Regt. were directed to charge the enemy in front. This charge was most gallantly executed, but the ground over which the soldiers had to pass was very uneven and covered with long grass, and the fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery was so heavy that the charge had to be abandoned after both regiments had lost nearly half their number in killed and wounded. Riall seeing that any further effort could only result in greater losses without compensating advantage, ordered his troops to retire upon Chippewa. His order was executed with the greatest regularity, being covered by the 8th Regt. and the light companies of the two other regiments engaged. Not a single prisoner except those disabled with wounds was taken by the enemy.

The gallantry of the British army was never more signally displayed than in the battle of Chippewa, and its losses were very severe. Three captains, three subalterns, seven sergeants and 135 rank and file were killed; three field officers, five captains, 18 subalterns, 18 sergeants, and 277 rank and file were wounded; and one subaltern, one sergeant and 44 rank and file were missing. Of the latter nearly all were killed or wounded, only 14 unwounded prisoners being taken by the Americans. The total British loss was, therefore, 515. The Americans had 61 killed, 255 wounded and 19 missing; a grand total of 335.

The Americans claim the battle of Chippewa as a victory, and it was so in the sense that an army which attempts to drive an enemy's force from the field, and fails to do so, is defeated. Lossing, with deplorable inaccuracy, states the American troops engaged at only 1,300 and the British at 1,700. . The British and Militia on the field, as we have already shown, numbered 1,830, while the American returns show that five of their infantry regiments were under fire, besides their artillery and Pennsylvania Volunteers, to say nothing of the Indians.

Brown remained inactive on the two days which followed the battle, but on the 8th he prepared to advance. The passage of the Chippewa River at the bridge appeared to him to involve too much risk, but a way was pointed out to him by which he could cross the river at a point higher up. Riall found with his insufficient cavalry it would be impossible for him to oppose the American advance, his force being now reduced to about 1,300 rank and file of white troops, so on the morning of the 8th he broke camp and retired to Fort George. The bridge over the Chippewa had been destroyed by his orders, but by the help of their boats the greater part of the American army succeeded in crossing the river the same day, and on the 10th they encamped at Queenstown. Riall reached Fort George on the evening of the 8th, and was there joined by the Glengarry Regt., 350 strong, and 300 incorporated Militia, recently arrived from York. Leaving in their places at this fort and Fort Mississaga, which had been recently erected, what was left of the 100th Regt. and detachments of the 8th and Royal Scots, he started on the morning of the 9th for Burlington Heights to effect a junction with the 103rd Regt. and the flank companies of the 104th. He was fortunate enough to meet these reinforcements at Twenty Mile Creek, and with a force now increased to about 2,000 Regulars and Militia he marched back to Fifteen Mile Creek, thirteen miles from the American camp at Queenstown, and there took his station to await the enemy's further movements.

TO BE CONTINUED



Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping.

CHAPTER XV.

"SAM" was dead against the enterprise. The things he said to his wife would have assured her a divorce in any civilized court. He began by belittling her judgment and ended by challenging her sanity, and all the time Hughes sat silent, firm in eye and lip. "Sam" showed that the plan was impossible, but Hughes had a racial contempt for the impossible, and the lady from Maine loved it with the passion of the "ten swords to one" romance reader. "Sam" said that the police would run them down in a day if they succeeded, and this nearly frightened his wife into giving the sweet adventure up. But Hughes spoke for the first time, pointing out that they were not dealing with Scotland Yard, and that, in twenty-four hours, the Murneys would be blessing them as their rescuers from an awful fate. Then it would be Herr Werner who must look out for the police. The baffled "Sam" shouted out in helpless disgust that it would be ridiculous — absurd — that they would be the laughing-stock of Europe, and at this Hughes winced, but the lady from Maine hardly considered it in her hurry to get to details.

This much favoured them—Hughes knew that the Murneys had a corner room opening on the second veranda, and that the room next to it was vacant.

"Well, how are you goin' to get 'em out?" asked the exasperated husband. "I fancy I see myself prancin' about in the sleeping apartment of two ladies whom I know and who knew me, draggin' 'em out of bed with a pistol to their heads."

There was a flash in the eyes that Hughes turned on him, and his hands unconsciously closed.

"Why, what nonsense you do talk, Sam," said his wife. "It's as simple as can be. You and Mr. Hughes will just boost me up on that top veranda, and you'll stay down at the bottom of the ladder. Then I'll tiptoe across the battlement to their French window—"

"The 'bat-tle-ment'!" snorted her husband.

"Well, you know what I mean. Then I'll have a 'jimmy' with me, and I'll force the window—quietly, you know."

"The lady cracksman!"—sarcastically from "Sam."

"Then"—elaborately ignoring her husband and addressing Hughes—"I'll wake them!—I'll tell them not to *dare* to scream—I'll tell them I'm a friend and that there are more friends below, but that a great danger threatens them, and that I can't answer questions—then, and that they must dress themselves at once and come with me, and that they will not be hurt if they keep quiet."

"But what if they do holler?" asked her husband.

"Then I'll flourish my revolver"—with a fine air of bravado.

Hughes looked alarmed. "Ought you to have a revolver, do you think?" he asked.

"Oh, I won't have it loaded—I wouldn't for the world," she assured him. "Why, it might go off."

"They'll recognize your voice, as sure as eggs," snarled her husband.

"No, they won't. I'll talk gruff—like—this. Dead—women—tell—no—tales!"

"You must be careful not to frighten them, mustn't you?" said Hughes.

"Only just enough to keep them quiet," she answered airily. "And then if they do recognize me, I'll just sit down on the edge of the bed and tell them all about it—how they are in the power of a villain and don't know it, and how anxious all their friends are, and how their only chance is to escape at once with me, and that my husband is waiting outside to help, and all that, you know."

"And what'll we be doing all this time?" asked "Sam."

"Standing to your posts like true knights in the service of distressed beauty," answered his wife, with a gaiety that was meant to cover good advice.

"Standing in the wet grass like true idiots, catching rheumatism," was his rendering.

"Now, Mr. Hughes," she said, turning to him with the air of coming at last to the practical side of it, "you've got to get me a 'jimmy' and a revolver—and a dark lantern—and a safe ladder; and I'll pin up my skirt—oh, and a mask—and I'll wear a waterproof, and do my hair tight—and you better be masked, too; at first, anyway. And, Sam, you see about the boat and store it with—let me see!—a basket of potatoes, four loaves of bread—no, six loaves—some beefsteak—oh, and plenty of canned goods; and tea and sugar and butter and—"

"What is this?—a Polar expedition?" demanded her husband indignantly. "And where am I to get all these things at this hour?"

His wife looked at him with suppressed opinions bristling from her face. "When a lady asks—" she began, and then gave it up with a little sigh of futility. "Mr. Hughes," she added, impressively, "hasn't asked me where to get a 'jimmy.'"

"P'raps he knows a burglar off duty," growled the unabashed "Sam," whereat Mr. Hughes allowed himself the first smile of the night. After all, was it not too absurd? But if not this, what? He could hear a sweet voice—a voice whose cadences moved him to his soul's centre—saying, "Out there in the purple dark I seem to see a great god sleeping;" and then Werner's voice replying, "You see him because he is there." This fantastic plan of the Maine lady's might succeed; and, knowing no other, he would try it.

So he went out to improvise a "jimmy" and carefully unload his revolver. He had a carnival mask that would do for the lady, while he could use a handkerchief himself—but the ladder, that was the puzzler! "Sam" found a man with a boat and hired them both for an indefinite time—they would keep the man at the house and he could tell nothing; then he filled the boat with supplies and told the boatman to await him opposite the Casino from one in the morning until he came.

"Ha! All goes well!" said the lady from Maine when they had reported to her; and at a little before one they let themselves out of the hotel, Hughes

two minutes ahead. He had stolen a ladder and hidden it in the garden of the "pension."

"Let's go round the easy way," suggested "Sam."

"No. No. That's through that ghastly little graveyard," said his wife; "and I just won't go through a graveyard at midnight."

"Pshaw! It won't hurt you."

"Well, I—don't like it."

"You're a pretty house-breaker, you are!—afraid of a tombstone!"

"Well, I'm not a body-snatcher," was her retort.

Then they trudged for a while in silence up the steep road.

"Isn't this really romantic?" gurgled the lady from Maine. "I feel like a knight-errant. So—so—you know."

There was no comment on this, unless a low rumble from "Sam's" direction might be taken as one. After a little, he spoke on his own account—

"I'll be dinged if I like this early-in-the-morning business," he grumbled.

"Sh—sh!" whispered his wife; "you mustn't talk." But soon she said to Hughes, "My mask won't stay on. It keeps bobbing down over my mouth."

"It wants tightening, I fancy," said Hughes; and he laid down the "jimmy" and the dark lantern while he tightened it.

"However am I going to hold a 'jimmy' and a lantern and a revolver in my two hands?" she now inquired anxiously.

"Carry your revolver in your teeth," sardonically suggested her husband. "It will keep you from betraying yourself by talking."

"Keep it in your pocket," diplomatically proposed Hughes.

"Well, then, I'll have to lay down the 'jimmy' and the lantern when I want to take it out," she fretted. "It takes two hands to get anything out of a woman's pocket, you know; and they would scream their heads off while I was doing it."

"We should have gone to some good night school in burglary before we tried this," was her husband's opinion. "They'd teach you how to carry yer tools."

"You might leave the 'jimmy' outside," said Hughes. "You won't need that in the room."

"Tarnation! There comes my mask down again. If it does that in the room, however am I to get it up? I could never push it up with the revolver barrel. Ugh!"

"It is not loaded," Hughes assured her.

"No; but it's co—old."

When they got to the garden they walked on tiptoe, and each thought that the others were making a terrific noise. Pebbles would crunch and even roll, and the ladder the men were carrying up the path scraped against the branches of the trees, and even banged on the steps. But they roused no one, and, after a time, stood in the open space before the house, now dark, tall and silent. Hughes lifted the ladder into place against the second veranda.

"W—will it hold?" asked the lady from Maine, chattering—whether with cold or with nerves, who shall say?

"Yes," said her husband, testily; "if you're fool enough to go up it."

"Is it—is it s—safe, do you think, Mr. Hughes?" she repeated.

"Perfectly," said Hughes, calmly. "And we'll hold it."

"Now give me the things," she said, and put the revolver carefully in her pocket. "Now light the lantern," in a tremulous whisper, and she picked up the "jimmy" and held it firmly in her right hand. "Isn't this f—fine?" she went on. "So old world—so—"

Just then her husband sneezed loudly, and showed signs of doing it again.

"Don't do that!" in the shrillest, fiercest whisper. "Don't do that again, I tell you. Do you want to spoil everything?"

"I want to go to bed," he said, gloomily.

"You've no romance in you—no spirit—"

"Not a drop," mournfully wiping his nose.

"Here's the lantern, madam," said Hughes.

"Thank you s—so much," taking it in her left hand and then moving toward the ladder. Then, suddenly—

"Oh! oh! I can't go. We'll have to give it up."

"Why?" asked Hughes.

"Why," almost crying, "with these things in my hands, I can't hold up my skirts to—to climb the ladder. You see—you see now how we women are handicapped in life."

"Sam" grinned unfeelingly. "Can't compete in the burglary business, eh?" he said.

"Why, of course," said Hughes. "I quite forgot. I'll take them up for you. I'll go first and leave them on the veranda."

"And you'll have to come up for them afterwards."

"Oh, yes," said Hughes, pocketing the house-breaking "kit" and starting up the ladder. At the top he found it rather difficult to get down inside the railing; so, leaning over he whispered—

"You'd better come up while I'm here, and let me give you a hand off the ladder."

"All right," whispered the lady from Maine, and started heavily up the ladder, which creaked and bumped and swayed under her.

"Hold it tight, Sam," she hissed down urgently.

"Oh, I'm holdin' it," he assured her ungraciously. "This personally conducted burglary business is a screaming farce."

"I'll wake 'em sure," she muttered to herself. "There's my waterproof caught! Oh, dear!—My! How far is it? This ladder *will* fall—I can never ask them to come down it. Oh, Mr. Hughes, *so* glad to get—oh, but you will have to be grateful to me for this!"

"You're doing bravely," he assured her, helping her down. "Now get your breath and calm yourself before you begin on the window." And with a doubtful may-heaven-help-us look about he disappeared down the ladder.

The lady from Maine leaned on the railing and rested. It was so quiet that she could hear the ripples of the lake break on the strand away below. Gradually her excitement subsided and the shifting of her husband's boots on the gravel beneath warned her that time was passing. So pushing her mask into place and picking up the 'jimmy' and the closed dark lantern, she approached the window. First she put down the "jimmy" and opened the lantern-slide, when a shaft of light danced over the trees. "My!" she exclaimed in a suppressed voice, and turned it quickly on the window when it flooded the room. "Goodness!" and she shut it off with a sharp click, and then waited with a thumping heart to see if she had wakened anybody.

"Don't need a light anyway," she assured herself. "I'll just pry the window open." So she adjusted the "jimmy" and applied her strength.

Bang! Crash! To her excited ears it sounded as if the Crystal Palace had fallen in, and then a howl of dismay came from within the room.

"Hush, hush!" she cried excitedly, pushing her way through the swaying windows. "Hush-sh! Or you will wake the people in the house." But even this contingency did not appear to still them, for the howl broke out louder and more hopeless than before, and several different qualities of piercing screams joined it. "What is it?" asked a sleepy voice. "We are being killed!" wailed some one in answer.

"Excuse me, I'm in the wrong room," cried the lady from Maine, now quite flustered, and she rushed out on the veranda. But she was mistaken. It was the right room—only the Vassar party had come back unexpectedly that evening, and, it being a large room, the landlady had borrowed it from the Murneys to put them all into it, that being the best she could do on the spur of the moment.

Outside the lady from Maine paused in perturbation.

"Why—it's—a—woman," she heard

a voice, weighted down with astonishment, exclaim within the room.

"And an American, too, I'm sure," said another.

"It's Mrs. Murney mistaken her room," conjectured a third.

"But she wouldn't come in the window," was snapped out.

"Get up, Jennie, and see! You're near the window," urged a shaking, nervous voice. To this there was no response, and an awful silence followed.

"Come down, you old fool," came in hushed but wrathy accents from below.

"Bring the things," whispered Hughes.

So she stepped back to the window to get them when another howl went up—"She's coming again! She's coming again!" it wailed. Then rose a German voice, strong and resonant, calling for help and police and other things in German. But the lady from Maine heroically grabbed up the lantern and the "jimmy," and, rushing to the edge, hurled them at Hughes, crying, "There they are!" and then began the perilous journey down the ladder.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" hissed her husband, and once upon the ground he caught her arm and ran her at a break-neck pace down the winding path. Hughes picked up the lantern and "jimmy," and followed quietly, and now lights were appearing at the windows, and a maid was leaning out of an upper casement and calling upon the police to arrest the robbers.

This might readily have happened before the skurrying three reached their hotel, if the whole night force in that part of the city had not been waiting with the public-spirited boatman opposite the Casino to arrest the suspicious character who had hired a boat for the astonishing hour of one a.m., and then secretly victualled it as if for a voyage. That looked like kidnapping, and the boatman had hastened to inform the police, and the police had gathered in full force to trap the villain.

CHAPTER XVI.

The first person to reach the door of the vociferating Vassarites was the young American husband.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, rattling the door vigorously.

They all told him at once and each at the top of her voice; so that he was still in doubt."

"Shall I break in?" he asked; but there was no mistaking the chorused "No!"

"Oh," he said, knowing less what to do than ever.

"They're on the veranda," some one shrilled faintly.

"Who?" he asked promptly.

"A lady," was the astonishing response.

"What is the trouble?" came from behind him. It was the unruffled voice of the landlady.

"There's a lady on the veranda," he explained, as if in doubt of his own statement.

"Well, can she not get in?" asked the landlady in amazement.

At this the French doctor arrived from downstairs at a breathless trot, still buttoning his shirt, and demanded in excited French the cause of the disturbance. Had anyone fainted?

The landlady answered in disgusted French that the American gentleman said there was a lady on the veranda, who wanted to get in.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Doctor, still in French. "Why don't they let her in, the poor little thing!"

The landlady pounded on the door and then asked in English, "Don't you know how to open the window?"

"It is open," cried several of them. "She broke it open," one added by way of further horrification.

"Oh; and is she in now?" the landlady asked in a tone which indicated that all this would be charged in the bill.

A confused soprano babel which seemed to be a negative, arose at this; and then the voice of the Fraulein, "Keep quiet, and I will explain," which she did fully and in German.

"Zo!" said the landlady; and she

went off briskly to rush the servants around to the front to see if they could catch the mysterious lady burglar, while the Frenchman explained the situation to the American.

"She's no lady, anyway," was his laconic verdict.

"She was," said one of the girls earnestly from behind the door; "and an American lady, too."

"How do you know?"

"Heard her speak."

"*L'Americaine terrible*," marvelled the Frenchman.

It was an excited party that came early to breakfast that morning. The exclamatory Vassarites had decided by then not only that the lady burglar was an American but that they had heard her voice somewhere before.

"It seemed as familiar to me as possible," said one of them.

"That was because it was American," explained Herr Werner, who had slept all through the disturbance, his room being at the back of the house.

"Do all Americans talk alike to you?" asked another with an enquiring laugh.

Herr Werner denied this, but explained at some length that they, naturally expecting to hear a native voice under such circumstances, found something strangely familiar in the unexpected American accents.

"Americans," said the French doctor, "have not cut the connection between their emotions and their vocal cords, as the English have."

"Nor have they," acidly remarked the Amazon, "substituted their emotions for their judgment."

"Can you anything on the gallery this morning see?" asked the German girl, and the conversation went back to the great event. The servants had found a ladder standing against the balcony, the marks of much trampling on the gravel, the catalogue of a Lucerne porcelain dealer—and that was all.

"I think it was a foreigner," said the landlady with a little smile; "for the prices on the catalogue were intended for tourists."

"Oh, ho!" cried the American husband. "That is a new touch in detective work. Think of a criminal traced by the prices quoted to him in estimates found in his pockets."

Jessica and Mrs. Murney went to Herr Vogt's after breakfast for the regular lesson, and found him full of a plan for going at once to Paris. Jessica, he said, was now ready to commence her career; and Paris was both a good stage for her debut and a capital place to get a sort of finishing varnish by studying the great artists of the French opera. He should be back soon in Dresden, and the engagements for the Parisian season were now being made —two good reasons why their start for Paris should be made immediately.

"Paris," he said, "is where you should begin for New York. It is no better than Dresden—*nein! nein!*— Dresden incomparable, out-of-sight, is —but for New York, Paris is the better known."

The Murneys were amazed. They had just begun to feel at home in their Lucerne "pension," and Jessica never had experienced more keenly the exaltation of the great in heart. To leave the Alps, for flat, clattering, pushing Paris! She felt her spirits sink at the thought. Again she must hunt through muddy, sticky streets for a new "pension"—again she must face a strange language of which she knew little—

But Herr Vogt was going on to say that they would go together to Paris; that he had a place for them, cheerful, home-like, artistic; that they would to the great opera go, again and again—a temple where music could be worthily worshipped; that she herself should sing to the never-could-they-get-done applauding French; and then to New York and fame and fortune.

Jessica flushed to the edge of her silken black hair, for the great Herr Vogt was to her the high-priest of song; and his words were not flattery, for those who dwell on the altar never stoop to flatter. And Mrs. Murney smiled the quiet, modest smile she was practising for that spacious drawing-room on Murray Hill.

CHAPTER XVII.

That afternoon, Mr. Hughes walked up the gravel path he had hurried down the night before, and called on the Murneys. He felt a slight touch of pleasant elation at the risk he was running; but neither of the ladies so much as mentioned the previous night's disturbance—and, of course, he could know nothing of it. The truth was that they were too full of the projected move to Paris where they were to hear great music, and get a French finish to their German ground-work—and, perhaps, sing a little themselves. They said nothing about Herr Werner in this connection, but he felt an oppressive certainty that the ballooning German would follow them, if, indeed, he was not at the bottom of the new plan. Herr Vogt, who was a fellow German, seemed to have the whole affair in charge, the ladies not even knowing where they were to live. It was not like Americans, in their senses, to trust such details to an impractical German music teacher.

After a time, Mrs. Murney went indoors, and the afternoon shadows began to fall into the broken mountain masses across the lake. The ladies had talked as if they might leave for Paris at a day's notice; and even if he could get their address, he did not like to think of the figure his self-respect would cut if he followed them in purposeless fashion again. Jessica had had little to say since her mother had left them; for she was in the lotus mood of silence, her eyes resting dreamily on the play of light and shade over the wide scene before her. Hughes looked at her cheek, and thought, with a movement of pity, that it was pale; then at her pose and, with a sudden, furious, inner anger, cursed it as sentimental—as Werneresque. What could he do to rescue her from that impassive, blonde vampire? Her hand that lay in her lap nestled itself a little more cosily among the folds of her dress, thus calling the attention of his wandering eyes. It had a strange familiarity for him. He had so often looked at it, half-unconsciously, with a subtle sense of its appealing beauty. He had watched it weaving together the flowers of his wreaths; he had seen it, lithe and quick and white, playing a mock melody on the net of her tennis racket; and now he saw it, inert and relaxed, but of a shapeliness that called something to life at the seat of those emotions whose language is the caress.

In a moment, the knowledge surged up in him—was it from his memory?—that what he wanted was no mere rescue from Werner, but possession for himself. And did he know now any other even possible way of accomplishing the rescue? This plan had itself the appearance of the impossible; for surely his case was hopeless while she sat under the spell of Werner! But there was the odd chance; and he had an innate love for the odd chance. And then Jessica should at least know that a lover stood at her hand, and would stand there so long as it was in him to stand anywhere. The day might come when she would feel the need of him.

But the plan was hard trying. The conversation would not be led so much as in the direction of a tender avowal; and there was imminent danger that Mrs. Murney would abandon her attempt, audible from the drawing room, to convince the young American wife that where the Germans differed from the Americans they were patently and wilfully in the wrong, and come out on the veranda. Then her manner, at times, seemed to take her out of his reach; but he felt that that would not be so, once she was his and Werner were banished.

"Miss Murney," he broke in at last, facing the plunge, "I have hardly a fighting chance, I know; but I wish you would tell me, for my comfort, one thing. Do you think—or—eh!—rather—did you ever think—of me—of me as a lover?" It was a quick change from the present to the past tense—as quick as the "side stepping" of a boxer to avoid a blow.

Jessica looked swiftly at him, but it was plain that the summoning of her mind back from the awing Alpine

scene to his question was a slower business.

"That *is* a queer way to propose, isn't it?" and he smiled feebly; then his face drew into a stern earnestness, and he said, "But I love you, and I want you to know it—and"—with a rush of anger—"I know well that you are being taken from me by black means."

"Taken from you?" quoted Jessica in offended surprise.

"Yes," he said doggedly; and then —"Please answer my question—strange as it is. It has a purpose. Search your memory, for God's sake —for all our sakes—and answer it truthfully." His voice had the ring of command, but his eyes shone with the humbleness of supplication.

Jessica, with a woman's true instinct, gave heed to the eyes. "I am afraid," she began gently, "that you and I are not exactly suited to—"

"No, no!" he interrupted; "that was not my question. I know I've no chance now. But hadn't I once? Forgive me for asking so strange a question, but do answer it!" The supplication had now got into his voice.

Jessica considered. An enlivened imagination loves to toy with the past of its possessor. Was there ever a time when she could have thought of Hughes as a husband without this dread that he would stand, an earth-bound figure, between her and the beautiful in life? Undoubtedly, there was. That other Jessica of the valley —and the mad tennis court—would have felt no such fear, at all events. In fact, she had liked very much the nonchalant, capable, quizzical Hughes; and Jessica could hardly keep from smiling at the oddness of her self-analysis while Hughes waited in stern, reserved patience for his answer. But could she say this to him? It was so—so—. Then she looked at him and was touched by the gray suffering which even his resolute self-suppression could not keep from his face.

"Mr. Hughes," she said in a voice as soft in touch as a grieving mother's, "I think there was once a time—once before my awakening—when we could have been better friends."

Now that he had got his answer, his mind seemed to go to pieces. There were things in plenty that he ought to say—something about that "awakening," for instance—but he could get none of them in marching order. That damnable past tense blocked the gateway of his intelligence.

"And now?" was what he said—what he cried, his reserve for once all gone and the man of him looking out from his strong face in stark earnestness of vital questioning upon the woman in her.

"And now!" she echoed emptily, timidly, the ancient fear of woman in the presence of a compelling suitor cowing her modern spirit for a moment.

At the sight of her shrinking, a sort of shame seized him.

"Forgive me again," he pleaded, "I am badgering you to no purpose. I have had my answer. If I could only believe it is you who have given it, I could go away decently—"

At his resumption of the modern attitude, Jessica regained her position of conventional superiority.

"Mr. Hughes," she said calmly, "you are mistaken in supposing, as you seem to do, that I am not thoroughly myself—"

"You are not," he interrupted gloomily. "It sounds ridiculous to say it to you, but you are hypnotized."

"Hypnotized?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Hughes, you are joking."

"Never was more serious in my life."

"Who has hypnotized me?"

"Herr Werner."

"Absurd!" and Jessica sprang angrily to her feet.

"Well," said Hughes, getting up, "as we are to part, it perhaps is as well that we should part this way. But I shall tell you the truth before I go. That villain has made you a copy of himself with all his moony nonsense. You were as sensible as—"

"As Mr. Hughes himself, I presume," she broke in, ironically.

He straightened back as if he had been struck a blow; and then stiffened into his habitual reserve.

"I think I should tell *you* some truth," Jessica went on in a voice that cut out her words in high relief. "I was a girl with a splendid gift, but very, very unworthy of it. Music and the great in life awakened a better self in me. That is all. Herr Werner was one of those who showed me where the great was to be seen. I was impatient at it myself once," she continued, a little more kindly, "when I looked at it as you do now."

Hughes had not moved a muscle while she talked. Now he tossed his head. "'The great in life,'" he remarked savagely, "is beyond my ken, I suppose."

"You blind your eyes to it," she responded quickly.

To this he made no reply, but said, after a moment of silence, in what might have sounded like dull repetition to some ears—but Jessica knew that it was pain that numbed his mind—

"Well, I have my answer—I have—" Then he stopped. "Either you or I are mistaken," he began in another key, high and tense. "But if you are really on solid ground up among your clouds, then I must jog along down here by myself. Yet—" and he turned his deep eyes on her firmly—"if you ever find that you are not, you—you can count on me." And he stood looking at her with the effect of a mighty emphasis.

"Mr. Hughes"—and she impulsively held out both her hands to him—"you're not going—far?" A sudden, unformed fear had shot into her heart.

"I will stay at your elbow if you want me," he said quickly, taking her hands.

But the fear had passed. It was an eruption of that lower Jessica, she told herself. "No, no," she said slowly, withdrawing her hands which he instantly released. "You—you are—what can I say to you that will not sound false? But I feel that in your esteem I have something that I cannot quite let go. Though—"

"It is not my esteem," said Hughes quietly, "it is my heart's love; and you can never lose it, whether you will or no."

Before this Jessica was dumb, and tears shone over her lower lids ready to fall if her tenderness so much as breathed again. Once more the heart within her wavered. This was a man clear through. But, as they both gazed in their helpless silence upon the silent Alps, rose-tinted now on the distant snows and a fathomless green in the lower depressions, Jessica felt that she saw what he did not, and that, in some way, that must separate them. He could have died with the Swiss Guard, she knew; but would he have known the nobility of his own action?

He put out his hand to her, still in silence. She laid hers softly in it.

"Remember," he said—and he tried for a careless smile—"if you find it cloud-land after all, a word and I will free you from it, though I have to upset the European Concert to do it. Here, I'll scribble you my father's address"—and he did so on one of his cards—"There! That will always find me." He took her hand again, and the poor, lifeless smile vanished from his face—. "Heaven's! I wish you had a brother."

Then he gripped her hand tight, tighter than he knew; and again he strode down the gravel path. Jessica watched him until he disappeared, straight, square-shouldered, potent to the last. Then she turned to the Alps, but the rose was now a blood-red, and the fathomless green a hungry black. It was not only beautiful—it was terrible, menacing. And she was alone! The Man was gone.

Her eyes narrowed with an unnamed fear again; and, running round the house, she plunged into the field of wild flowers just outside the gate, carefully keeping the bulk of the "pension" between her and the awful Alps.

TO BE CONTINUED

'TWIXT FIRE AND WATER

By J. Macdonald Oxley

AMONG the small and select band of good fellows which made up the Sand-Paper Club, there was none more popular than Jack Sprague. Although charged with the serious responsibility of keeping the world straight by means of the editorial counsels of a prosperous morning paper, rejoicing in the modest name of the *Daily Diamond*, Jack left care and work behind when he entered the cosy room in which we held our weekly dinners, and never failed to contribute his full share towards the hilarity of the occasion.

One night our talk centred about strange or startling personal experiences, and after several members had given us leaves out of their life-books, Jack laid down his cigar, pushed his chair away from the table a little, and with that glint of the eye and curl of the lip which held the promise of something good, said quietly:

"Did you fellows ever know that I was once on the stage?"

"Why, no!" was the response. "We never suspected you of anything so distinguished."

"Well, I was," returned Jack imperturbably, "and if you care to hear it I'll tell you the story of my last appearance."

"Let us have it by all means," we chorused, and settled back in our chairs to listen.

"I was quite a bit younger than I am now," began Jack, "and allowed myself to cherish some ambitions that I have long since cast aside. Among them was the wild notion that I could shine upon the stage. Accordingly I joined an Amateur Dramatic Company which had been organized in our town by a veteran professional actor, retired through over-much crooking of the elbow. After he had trained us for a couple of months we had the hardihood to seek the plaudits and, incidentally, the shekels of the play-goers in the small towns of our own State that were within easy reach. We did not aspire beyond one-night stands, trusting that the self-control of our patrons would be able to endure that much strain, and for a time we did fairly well, the novelty of the undertaking, and the real excellence of our manager's work, both in schooling us and in his own rendering of the leading parts, serving to make amends for our other shortcomings. Our usual method was to start out on Thursday, playing that night, Friday and Saturday, and getting back home on Sunday morning. We, of course, undertook only one play in each circuit, and when what I am going to tell you happened, we were giving an English comedy called, 'All is Not Gold that Glitters,' if my memory serves me.

"In this piece my part was not just what an ambitious aspirant would covet as I had to enact 'Jeremy Snigg,' an intrusive bailiff, whose enterprise in prying into other people's affairs was surpassed only by his dread of personal violence. Arrogant and impertinent whenever he had the upper hand, he was the very essence of cringing servility when he was the under dog. I naturally disliked the role, but our autocratic manager when I protested said curtly that I could take it or leave it, and so I swallowed my pride and did my best.

"In the course of our peregrinations we had reached a small town in Michigan where the so-called Grand Opera House was positively the worst old shell of a barn that we had struck, and I remember I remarked to our prompter that if a fire should start in any part of the ramshackle structure it would surely have the whole place in flames ere you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"Thanks to our energetic distribution of hand-bills (we could not afford expensive coloured posters), and to the

judicious dispensing of free passes, the dingy, dusty old theatre was quite well filled, and we all felt in good spirits when the curtain rose.

"As I have already told you, I had a very ungrateful part to play, and the plot required that I should not only be badly fooled by the handsome hero, but come in for some ignominious treatment into the bargain, as I shall now proceed to explain.

"The hero was not only handsome—and poor Charlie Blake, whose good looks we all envied, needed no making up to fill the part admirably—and of course virtuous, but he was 'confoundedly hard up' owing to the miscarriage of his financial enterprises, and it was my mission to *capias* him for the claim of a hard-hearted noteshaver.

"In pursuit of this object I had the hardihood to make my way into the rooms he occupied in a private hotel where he was temporarily sojourning until the return of brighter days. Considering my intense dread of a thrashing it took all my resolution to nerve me for this enterprise as I knew that Reginald Vavasour, my intended captive, had many friends in the house who would not hesitate to co-operate in giving me particular fits if I fell into their hands.

"I was supposed to gain admittance under the pretence of being a tailor come to see Vavasour about repairing his wardrobe, and I had been in the room only a few minutes, alternating in my feelings between triumph at the success of my ruse, and trepidation lest I should not come out of it with a whole skin, when the sound of manly voices accompanied by shouts of laughter set me all of a shiver.

"'Bless my soul,' I exclaimed in a stage whisper, 'here comes Vavasour and a lot of his chums; they'll hammer the life out of me if they catch me here.'

"Looking about anxiously for a hiding place I espied a large deep trunk, and on lifting the cover found it empty. Like a flash I popped in, and on the cover coming down over me, there was a significant snap that plainly meant, 'spring lock,' and I was consequently a helpless prisoner in a decidedly narrow cell.

"A moment later Vavasour and his companions, three in number, entered and proceeded to dispose themselves about the room in the sprawling fashion characteristic of their class. According to the plot they were to amuse themselves for a couple of hours playing poker, and then all were to go off, leaving me still 'cribbed, cabined and confined,' to the vast amusement of the unsympathetic spectators.

"But on this occasion they had hardly settled down to their game when the appalling cry of 'fire' rang out from the back of the house, and instantly both audience and actors were thrown into a panic which drove from their minds all other thought than the saving of their own lives.

"An awful uproar filled the place. Men shouted, women screamed, boys yelled, and all fought fiercely to get outside. The fire having started near the ticket office, and the smoke very quickly filling the lobbies, the terror-stricken crowd was driven back from the proper method of egress, and, there being no side exits, charged frantically at the stage, determined to make their way out by the rear.

"Of course the few members of our troupe were powerless to prevent them, and cooped up inside the trunk, which no effort of mine availed to open, I could hear the frantic throng surging around me. Shouting and kicking with all my might I madly strove to attract attention.

"But I might as well have spared my lungs and muscles. It was a case of each one for himself, and the devil—the fire—take the hindmost; and even had I possessed the vocal power of a bull or the sinews of a Hercules I could have done nothing to secure succour.

"I tell you, fellows, it was a horrible fix for a chap to be in. To face death in the open with the chance of at least making some sort of a fight for life brings out whatever there may be of the hero in one's composition, but to be burned to a crisp while cooped up

in a confounded trunk that was already half smothering the life out of a body —who could be heroic in such a crisis? I don't mind confessing to you that I clean lost my wits, and became as crazy as a loon.

"Whenever I stopped my own noise I could hear the uproar of the frenzied mob stampeding past me, until presently this began to slacken as they succeeded in finding their way into the outer air, and in its place came the appalling sound of crackling flames.

"'Oh God!' I groaned, 'must I die in this horrible way!'

"Just then a new sound made itself heard. It was the swish of water spurting from hose, and the roar of the flames at the point where the fire and water met changed into a hissing and spluttering that seemed to me sweeter than any music I had ever heard.

"The fire department had evidently got to work and if they could only stay the progress of the flames I might still be saved. Imagine, if you can, the intensity of my feelings as the two hostile elements thus fought a duel with my life staked upon the issue.

"A moment later the water fell upon the trunk, deluging it completely, and reviving me by its coolness as well as thrilling me with hope. How long the contest continued I hardly know, but at last on my straining ears the swish and splurge of the heaven-sent water overbore the angry hissing of the baffled flames; and just as I utterly collapsed I could feel the trunk, that came so near proving my coffin, being lifted up and carried away.

"When I recovered consciousness I was lying upon the lounge in a druggist's back room with old Brander gazing down at me while he held my right hand between his own. Near by stood the rest of our troupe, their eyes concentrated upon me.

"'Thank Heaven, old chap,' exclaimed Brander fervently; 'you've had a close call, but you'll soon be all right again.' The others crowded around with their congratulations, and stiff, sore and weak as I was, I did my best to respond in some sort of fashion.

"A couple of days' rest put me on my feet again, but the experience quite cured me of my love for the stage. That awful night was positively my last appearance."

ON THE PONOKA RESERVE

By Jean Blewett

THE squaw turned her black eyes on me disapprovingly, and muttered something in Cree. The Indian favoured me with a scowl, and spoke to the agent almost angrily. Evidently I had transgressed in some fashion.

"Why are they put out with me?" I asked of the agent.

Before he could answer, the Indian spoke up in fairly good English: "You no good visitor, you bring no wedding present. Young Bear held out his hand, you shake it, but put no tobacco in it—humph!" this last exclamation a snort of disgust. "Watona gave you hers, you let it fall empty. We like you not."

"No more of this," said the agent sternly. "I am surprised. A chief, the son of a chief, ought to be ashamed to beg in his own lodge."

"Watona wants beads," he was apologetic, but stubborn; "three strings, five strings yellow beads."

"Watona will go right on wanting them," returned the agent cheerfully. "From present appearances she has about all the beads she has neck-room for—eh, Watona!"

Watona, finding herself the subject under discussion, dropped her head

and began a series of giggles, deep, explosive giggles.

Young Bear, vulgarly known through the length and breadth of the Ponoka reserve as big Pete Dodge, looked upon her proudly.

"Fine squaw, Watona," he bragged, and held up a strand of her black hair to show its length; "the light of Young Bear's eyes."

She shook herself free of his hand coquettishly, and bending down drew a handsome pair of mocassins on her feet.

"Too big," she simpered, thrusting them out for our inspection, "heap too big. Lala's feet are the feet of a buffalo, Watona's are small and light; they go swiftly and make no sound on the prairie grass."

"Who is Lala?" I asked. Young Bear's eyes went to the floor, and his face set grimly, but he said nothing. I turned to Watona; she was giggling again.

"Come," said the agent, suddenly finding out that he had many affairs to attend to, "we mustn't stop here all day. A man likes his place to himself the first moon of his mating—eh, Young Bear?"

Young Bear grunted.

"Oh, a bride!" I exclaimed, "then I must present a little gift." But what should it be? A three weeks' sojourn in the very precincts of an Indian village had left me with few possessions. The trinkets which I had brought with me for the purpose of winning my way to the hearts of the women and children had vanished like mist before the morning sun. Anything more zealous, more importunate than an Indian in search of a gift I have never met. My store of thimbles—used for decoration purposes only—necklaces, gun-metal buckles, scarlet belting, and cambric sashes was exhausted. Yet I must find a wedding present. I had it. From the shopping-bag which I carried in my tramps with the agent as a receptacle for the different specimens of wild-flowers to be found, I drew a gaudy silk handkerchief. It gave me genuine pleasure to pass it on. It had come into my possession rather against my will, only the day before. I had been taking a solitary ramble along the trees bordering the river, and a great, fierce-looking Indian woman had met me, and thrust the thing in my face with an imperative, "Buy, buy, buy." To humour her I had taken it, giving her at the same time a piece of silver. Then, thinking to make her a little more human, a little less fierce, held it out to her again.

"Take it," spoken in my most winning tones, "and tie it about your neck. I am sure you would not wish to part with it."

She had thrown, actually thrown it back at me, and sped away with a curse for someone on her tongue. Assuredly I was glad to pass the 'kerchief on to Watona.

With pardonable pride I shook it out of its folds, and laid it on the knee of the bride. Her eyes lighted greedily, but before she could grasp it Young Bear had it in his hands. "So!" he muttered; then again that retrospective "So!"

Watona made two ineffectual attempts to get the thing into her possession. "It is mine, mine, mine!" she kept reiterating, but he did not pay the least attention. Once I caught his eye flashing swiftly toward a distant corner, and following his glance I made a curious discovery. What I had thought to be a dog lying under a gray blanket was no dog, but a human being. A hand pushed the blanket aside, up came a dark face; two blazing eyes fastened themselves on the Indian and his bride. Watona began pushing her brass bracelets up and down excitedly, clamouring the while for her possessions. Big Bear sat unheeding, a curious air of shame about him. He kept fast hold of the scarlet and blue rag, and once again his eyes flashed toward the gray blanket.

Suddenly the recumbent figure in the corner rose to its full height and came forward. With a start I recognized the Indian woman who had sold me the handkerchief. There was no mistaking that strong face, that great

figure, no mistaking the eyes which seemed demanding that some wrong as deep as hell be righted. Yet, when she spoke, her voice was calm, almost contemptuous. "Give it to me." She held the 'kerchief off, and looked at it, her fingers lingered on it. "It was mine. My man, *my* man, Watona, laid it on my first-born's cradle as a gift for me. My young chief, my straight thing, my strong and laughing thing put out hands for it, would have it."

Young Bear called out savagely, but as it was in his native tongue I could only conclude from the way she met it that he was commanding her to leave the lodge.

"It is not time," she said. All through she spoke in English as though wishing me to understand what was going forward. "I will not go yet. Shall Lala go back to her own people and cry for all to hear 'my head is in the dust?' You cast me forth, you take *her*"—O, the scorn immeasurable in that word—"to your bed, you put my chains on her—see my neck is bare, put my moccasins on her—see my feet are bare—put all on her, Lala is naked. You give her fish, and bread, and game, Lala hungers. You say go, yet Lala stays. She will not go in disgrace to her people. She bides her time."

Watona gave her a malignant glance. "You are no longer Lala the strong; you die soon, very soon," she said tauntingly. The other shook the 'kerchief to and fro, holding it where the sun crept through the entrance to the lodge. "He is dead, my little warrior, and so—and so it does not matter; let her have it." With a quick motion she flung it fair in Watona's face. The great figure swept out of the lodge. There was that about her which brought a mist to my eyes; she had the expression, the bearing of some big animal of the wood, mortally wounded and shelterless, no spot in which to hide.

"Lala the discarded!" called the odious Watona after her. "Lala, a dog that skulks at the door she is ordered from; a dog that eats crumbs from an enemy's table. Yah! Yah! Yah!"

Young Bear's face expressed admiration.

"Good squaw, Watona; fine squaw!" he said, with a servile smile which filled me with rage, "the light of Young Bear's eyes."

The discreet agent had me away from the place in no time. His policy was to keep on friendly terms with this big Pete Dodge, the most influential Indian on the Ponoka Reserve.

It was a sad case, yes, a sad case. An uncommon case, too, for they were a law-abiding lot on the reserve. The man had evidently tired of wife number one, and divorced her according to a fashion of his own. He had turned against her on the death of their only child, a bright youngster. Dodge was off in a round-up when the child took ill. Gossips—squaws are inveterate gossips—told him that Lala had neglected it. He accused her of causing its death. Later he discarded her, and took up with Watona.

"But why do you not interfere," I demanded. "Could he not be punished?"

He gave me a droll smile. "Never stir up a hornet's nest unless you're hunting trouble," he answered evasively.

This was in early summer, when the prairie grass was green and the wild strawberries white with bloom. The sequel to the story came when the sky was rose and turquoise above the harvest field, and the corn flaunting its tassels in the breeze.

An illness had broken out among the Indians at White Whale Lake, a deadly illness. First a chill seemed to strike to the heart of the victim, then a fever to burn and burn—then the end. It was enough to affright the Ponoka Reserve when the word went abroad that Young Bear had been stricken. The Indian is almost invariably a coward of disease. There was a flitting. Young Bear laid him down on his bed of boughs one soft August day when the sun was hot and the

trees smelling of pitch and balsam. He woke after what seemed to him a long sleep. He was lying flat on the warm earth, and about him reigned a great stillness. He looked around languidly. Where were the tepees? Where were his people? The corn, green when he had seen it last, was golden. The grass was sere and withered.

"Watona," he called weakly; "Watona, the tall and fleet-footed!"

The old medicine man sitting beside him smiled grimly. "Sleep, my son," he said; "the fleet-footed does not hear."

He slept. The gray and purple of the autumn night was on the world when he awoke. He was hungry, he was thirsty. "Watona!" he called again.

Someone came to him in the dusk, lifted him easily—as easily as Lala used to lift the little one—carried him to the lodge, laid him on his bed of boughs, gave him to eat and drink.

"Thou art too good to him," he heard the old medicine man say moodily. "Twelve nights you have watched beside him, twelve days you have carried him forth that the hot earth might steal his fever, thought only of him, the unfaithful. Go to your rest."

"He is my man." Patient was Lala's face with the bitterness all faded, patient her voice, but stubborn.

"My man, my place is here."

Then the sick man spoke. "Lala's place is here. But why is it so still? Where are the others?"

"At the word fever they fled." It was the medicine man that answered. "All save Lala, Watona and myself. This was at sunset, at daybreak Watona followed in hot haste."

"Send what was hers after her," commanded Young Bear; "she comes not here again."

"Never fear, she has taken all that was her own, and most of what was thine." The medicine man had no notion of sparing Young Bear. Was not Lala the medicine man's own cousin?

"She has robbed Lala of all, all."

"Not all." The sick man was fumbling about his neck in search of something. He drew forth a string on which was suspended a great brass ring set with red stones.

"It is yours, Lala," he said. "I put it not on her finger. I thought to, but I could not."

The big patient face softened into positive beauty. She huddled close to him.

"There is another thing she bore not away," and she drew from her bosom the scarlet and blue bit of silk. "I took it from her by force ere she left. I want it," proudly yet bashfully, "to wrap about the little one that will sleep in our cradle ere the snow flies—thy child and mine, beloved."

"It was well done, good Lala," said Young Bear, and smiled, well content.

LORD DUFFERIN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Harold Sands

".....—Broken terms!
Must we now quietly fold our arms and stand
As wretched pigmies—Lilliputian drones—
And still remain a portion of a land
Which claims the carcass and gives us the bones?
No! no! though blundering heads may rein
And curb the steed of Railway Enterprise;
The time will come when men of mightier brain,
Will fill the ranks and see the Phœnix rise...
Farewell! I speak it softly now;
Sleep on; farewell! The pen shall never rust
That wrote REPUDIATION o'er thy dust."

WHEN verse like that could be given prominence in a British Columbia newspaper, it can readily be understood that the province was in a lively state. That ode was published at the time the late Lord Dufferin made his memorable visit to the Pacific

coast. This was in 1876, when British Columbia was bordering on rebellion because the terms on which it had entered Confederation had not been fully observed by the Government at Ottawa. The feeling in the westernmost province was extremely bitter, principally because of the delay in the construction of a transcontinental railway.

It has to be remembered that Mackenzie's administration took hold of the government of the country at the time that the late Sir Hugh Allan had failed to make the necessary arrangements for the building of the line. Mr. Mackenzie made fair promises to the people of the province and sent Mr. Edgar, afterwards Sir James, to assure the people of a prompt commencement of the great work. The Hon. Mr. Walkem, then Attorney-General of British Columbia, went to England and finally the Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon, arbitrated on the dispute and forwarded to the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, what will ever be known in British Columbia history as the Carnarvon Terms.

But when the first Parliament of the Pacific prorogued on April 22, 1875, the terms had not been carried out. Such was the tumult in the province that it was then Lord Dufferin's trip was decided on. His visit was made, as can be seen, at a most unfortunate time. Moreover the Mackenzie Government had submitted to the legislature proposals strongly at variance with Lord Carnarvon's conditions. These proposals were unhesitatingly declined. The diplomatic and polished Dufferin went Pacificwards with the Marchioness. They travelled from Ottawa by way of San Francisco, where a British warship met them and conveyed them to Victoria. Lord Dufferin was quickly shown the temper of the people.

The route of the procession had been designed to pass up Fort Street, then, as now, one of the principal business thoroughfares of the coast capital. Private citizens, who had nothing to do with the official welcome, had erected an arch on that street upon which in big letters were the words:

CARNARVON TERMS OR SEPARATION

To pass under such a conspicuous sign was not to be thought of and the Governor-General declined. He said, genially, that as a private citizen he would not have the slightest objection to going beneath the sign, but, in his representative capacity, he must refuse to do so. Within a few minutes he was again placed in a most embarrassing position. An address was read to him bristling with contempt of the Dominion Government and declaring that unless the Terms were fulfilled it was the opinion of a large number of the people of the province that British Columbia must break its newly-formed Confederation tie. Very skilfully His Excellency evaded receiving the address. He stated that "it is not in accordance with the usual practice for me to deal with addresses other than those of a personal or complimentary nature, except under the advice of my responsible Ministers."

It was at this time that James MacBraire Smith wrote the ode, extracts from which front this incident. The local poet dedicated his lines, "without permission," to the Executive of the Dominion, and particularly to Alexander Mackenzie himself.

In an address to the people, delivered in his well-known oratorical style, Lord Dufferin exerted his arts of pleasing. He complimented the people on their loyalty, dwelt on the idyllic beauty of their surroundings, the vast resources of the country, the proudness of Canada whose "association with the Union the Dominion ought to regard as the crowning triumph of Confederation." All was in vain. The people had dwelt so long on Broken Terms and Repudiation that it took more than polished speeches to allay their dissatisfaction.

Two years later the matter reached a crisis and separation was as near as it ever could be. The Dominion Government having taken no decisive

action in the matter of the railway, the British Columbia Legislature, in Sept., 1878, forwarded an address to Her Majesty Queen Victoria setting forth their grievances and asking that, if before May 1, 1879, the Dominion failed to carry out the agreement, British Columbia be given leave to collect exclusively and retain customs and excise duties and withdraw from the Union.

Meanwhile men from the United States were busy sowing the seeds of annexation in the minds of some of the inflammable. Just at this time the Macdonald Government got back to power at Ottawa and early in 1879 the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway was fixed as Port Moody on Burrard Inlet. Later the site of what is now Vancouver was chosen. As this meant the virtual fulfilment of the railway clause, of the terms of Union, the agitation against the Dominion ended and a period, the most critical in British Columbia's history, was brought to a satisfactory close.

The completion of that stupendous undertaking, the C.P.R., after many trials, troubles and tribulations, and yet in record time, is a matter of knowledge to the present generation. But an incident in connection with the debates in the House of Commons and a sequel in which the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., figures, may be brought to attention here, especially as it shows that Mr. Blake has a fund of humour which he has never sufficiently drawn upon.

It will be remembered that Mr. Blake once described British Columbia as a "sea of mountains." He referred to that unfortunate phrase at a banquet in Vancouver, on the arrival there of the first *Empress* liner of the C.P.R. The time was 1891 and Mr. Blake was the principal speaker at the festivities. In accounting for his former policy towards the C. P. R., the member for Longford said:

"I unfortunately conceived the idea that it would be a somewhat difficult country for railway construction. It seems to me, gentlemen, that the phrase that I found that I applied to it was one that was for a while given a good deal of prominence in some of the newspapers, and it was this that I thought from my study and research best described the physical features of British Columbia, viz., 'A sea of mountains.' (laughter) Some may think that I was wrong and formed a misjudgment, but it was at any rate the impression that I had formed, and I was unable to retract my opinion. But since that time I have learned that you cannot depend upon guide books, or books for tourists for information, or travellers' tales, or anything but the evidence of your own eyes. (cheers) I came here two or three years ago. I returned to my home in the East and came back here two or three days ago. I have naturally, upon each occasion, spent a few days amongst the vast plains of the interior, and I hope, gentlemen, that before I go back again I will spend a few more days there. As I approached that beautiful and level country, I felt what a refreshing change it was from the long ranges of mountains, and the high snow-capped peaks and few fair valleys of the Northwest. (laughter) As I ascended the plains of the Rockies and came down the mountain side with the boundless level prairies of British Columbia, I turned my attention as we passed to the languid Bow, and the quiet desolation of the undisturbed Kicking Horse. (renewed merriment) Then we crossed the calm Columbia, were gently driven down past the dead waters of the Beaver, meandered past the placid Illecillewaet, then over the vast levels of the Selkirk prairie, and on past the stagnant pools of the Skuzzy. Then we passed down by the silent and motionless Thompson river, and ran along the slightly elevated neck of land within which the Fraser slowly, quietly and serenely winds its sluggish way towards the great ocean. (laughter) I turned from all this scene of quiet beauty and serenity and stretched my tired vision to the utmost to distinguish the horizon that, with uninterrupted view, one could see over the beautiful meadows of the Selkirks and the level prairies of the Gold Range. The scene presented was one vast expanse of cascade and coast, and I came here a convert." (laughter)

And in that laughter ended all the enmity of British Columbia to Confederation. The cry of "Broken Terms and Repudiation" was smothered in merriment and the man who was responsible for the rippling sound was he who was one of the bitterest opponents of the railway and who was not known to possess the power of raising a smile.

Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

TO the superficial eye at least the most important events of the month were the death of Pope Leo XIII and election of his successor, Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice. The election of a new Pope while primarily an ecclesiastical event, touches so nearly the internal politics of all Christian States that it may well be referred to in a column devoted to Current Events Abroad. The late Pope Leo was elected to the Pontificate in 1878, within a few days of his 68th birthday. No one would have guessed that the man who was within two years of the allotted span would be governing the Catholic world twenty-five years thereafter. That he was granted such a heaping measure of years was fortunate for his own fame and for the Church which he administered. At no period of his career did he ever give indications of that state of mind which has been described as "an old man in a hurry." He had essentially the temper of the highest statesmanship, namely, that which sows seeds whose harvest it never expects to see.

His self-control was admirable and his patience, that indispensable quality of the great ruler, was inexhaustible. The metal of which he was made was admirably revealed in the relations which he established with the French Republic. When he came to power the ecclesiastics throughout France were bitterly hostile to the new order of things. In good time, however, Leo put himself definitely on record, directing that his clergy should yield a loyal obedience to the existing Government. The measure of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, virtually suppressing the religious associations throughout France, followed fast upon this advance towards peace. It is not difficult to understand what were the feelings of the aged pontiff as he saw the venerable brotherhoods and sisterhoods of France driven from their holy houses and sent as wanderers over the earth to look for places of refuge. A weaker man, or a man of more pugnacious temper, might have practically withdrawn the olive branch which had been extended and given his prelates and priests permission to resume their attitude of sour discontent against the Republic. That he did not follow so wholly human a course shows as much as any act of his life the far-sighted wisdom that he constantly displayed. In such a struggle there was nothing to be gained, whereas a remedy and an atonement may be found in the fullness of time. One of the immediate results was to awaken the sympathies of the world, independent of religious persuasion, for the good gray prelate whose latter days were saddened by the calamities visited on the congregations of his Church by the hand of the secular power.

In this feeling even Protestants joined. It has, indeed, frequently been remarked that the old animosities had become much weakened during the reign of Leo. The part which religious rancour has played in the history of the world is familiar to all, and it is not too much to say that the sym-

pathy of the English masses with the struggle for Italian unity gained as much from the fact that the Papacy stood to lose by its success as from any high aspirations for the widening of the bounds of freedom.

When the street gamins in English cities sang about their desire to fight for Garibaldi, it was preceded by a request for "a rope to hang the Pope." It is an evidence of the changed feeling of the time to realize how harshly such words would fall on the ear to-day. It is a still more striking proof of the changed feeling of the time that the possibility of a reunion of the Church of England with the Church of Rome should have been discussed with so little heat and bitterness. The advances came from the Protestant side of the House and were responded to in an encyclical letter to the "illustrious English race." Of course nothing came of it, for while his Holiness spoke with fervour of the "reunion of Christendom," the sort of reunion he contemplated was that which takes place when the lion swallows the lamb. After the operation the lion is quite in evidence, but the lamb is wholly indistinguishable.

MANCHURIAN POSSIBILITY

JOHN BULL (to Japan)—"Hurry up, and pull the chestnuts out of the fire for us, or the Cossack will eat them all up."

—De Amsterdammer Weekblad voor Nederland

Allusion has been made above to the influence that a Pope may exercise in all Christian countries. This was well illustrated in the case of Germany. The German reigning family is, of course, Protestant, and the bulk of its subjects are of the same persuasion. With this national opinion behind him, Prince Bismarck in the height of his power fell foul of the Roman prelates of Germany. The Iron Chancellor was inclined to blame the Church for having through its influence on the Empress spurred France into the conflict with Prussia. Flushed with the success of that war he determined that the Catholic children of Germany should be educated by the State and not by the Church. It is indeed the same question that is being fought out in France at the present moment, and which is taking there the form of the expulsion of the teaching associations of the Church. The beginning of the quarrel in Germany was in the time of Leo's predecessor, but its treatment devolved wholly upon the former. The Churchman undoubtedly showed himself to be a full match for the unbendable Bismarck. King, or rather Emperor, William did not sympathize wholly with his Minister, but the latter went on his way in his usual irresistible manner. He declared that he "would not go to Canossa," and he imprisoned cardinals and archbishops as if they were ordinary malefactors. The policy of Leo was admirable. Bismarck would have welcomed a fulmination in the style of Grègory. But he was disappointed. The Pope wrote a personal letter to the Emperor, and then began a steady and consistent course of conduct that virtually brought Bismarck to Canossa. The

"THE DOOR IS OPEN, GENTLEMEN, GET IN AS MUCH AS YOU CAN."—Detroit *News*

great Chancellor found that he needed the aid of the solid Catholic party in the Reichstag, and gradually the Falk laws were remitted in order to gain the support of Herr Windthorst and his followers for Bismarckian plans. This influence, it is easy to see, can be employed with equal effect in more countries than Germany.

The attitude of Pope Pius to the Italian monarchy is, of course, the immediate interest created by the new régime. Will he maintain the irreconcilable relations that prevailed unbroken in the time of his predecessor. As Patriarch of Venice he showed in several ways that he does not share the feelings generally entertained by the prelates of the Church towards the House of Savoy and the national aspirations of the Italian people, of which that house is the concrete manifestation. While we may be sure tradition will be stronger than the predilections of any one man, even though that man be Pope, and therefore absolute in every respect, nevertheless we can equally be sure that the tendency in such case will be towards a gradual diminishment in the assertion of the temporal sovereignty. If the matter is looked at in the dry light of reason it is impossible to see any hope that the hands of the clock will move backwards. Is it thinkable that the Italian people would ever again abandon Rome as the capital of their kingdom or recede to any power the States of the Church? Nothing but a political convulsion could lead to such a result, and even a convulsion would hardly effect that sort of a freak. Expediency, if not wisdom, points to the necessity of recognizing facts that are almost as inevitable as gravitation. What can it profit to keep up a fiction that leads to the permanent alienation of one of the great Catholic nations from the Church. The leaders in the struggle for Italian unity were not hostile to the Church. Mazzini was eminently a religious man. He adjured Pius IX in a memorable letter to lead the patriotic hosts of his countrymen to the realization of their national dreams. A reconciliation of the Vatican and the Quirinal would be good for the Papacy and good for the Italian people. It could be brought about by merely recognizing facts that cannot be altered by pretending that they are not there.

The Irish Land Bill has passed both Commons and Lords. The latter made some amendments, but they were not important. Many measures have been passed in the last hundred years for the pacification of Ireland by

effecting changes in the land laws, but this is the first measure that has flowed from an agreement, it might almost be said a treaty, between the two parties chiefly concerned, the landlord and the tenant. It is not much wonder that more than usual results are expected to flow from it. It should not be forgotten, however, that the bill does not provide for compulsory sale, and that may be found a considerable weakness. It may be true that with the sum of public money set aside for making up the difference between what the tenant is willing to give and what the landlord is content to take, the purchase-money will be sufficiently large to tempt many landlords to part with their estates. But it is a matter in which sentiment is apt to play a large part. They are the acres of their ancestors, from which they take in many cases their titles of nobility, and from which they draw a large part of their consideration in the world. Without a compulsory clause it may be found difficult in many cases to effect that transference from the lord to the cultivator, which is so much to be desired.

A NATURAL HESITATION

RIGHT HON. PLUNGER—"Come on, John, it will do you a world of good."

JOHN BULL—"Excuse me, Joseph, if I seem to hesitate; but it's a big plunge for an old chap like me."—*Pall Mall Gazette*

The relations between Great Britain and France have been steadily improving. France showed a disposition to unbend when a portion of the British press protested against the German alliance to discipline Venezuela. There is a suspicion of an automatic balance about the matter, and it may be suspected that the British Foreign Office is guilty of the Machiavellian policy of playing one against the other. The recent visit of eighty French deputies to the House of Commons on a mission of peace and reconciliation should at least be a rebuke to any such cynical purpose, if it exists. M. d'Estournelles de Constant, a long-time advocate of arbitration as the just and civilized method of accommodating disputes between nations, was a prominent speaker at the dinner given to the visitors in the House of Commons dining-room. He dwelt on the constantly increasing military budgets of the Continent, which were already too great to be borne. An arbitration treaty between the two countries was pressed by speakers on both sides, and it is being strongly urged on the British Government by some of the most influential journals in Britain.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

SEPTEMBER

Now hath the Summer reached her golden close,
And lost, amid her cornfields, bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal:
Still, still, she smiles, though from her careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
And through the soft, long, wondering days goes on
The silent, sere decadence sad and sweet.

. . . . . .

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end.
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—*Arch. Lampman*

THE sun was setting over the St. Lawrence. It gleamed across the purple hills in gold and crimson glory, and flashed a broad belt of liquid fire across the great river, shattering its calm, majestic dignity by a thousand tiny darts of flame that dimpled where they burned. A small sail-boat drifted slowly into the bright flood of crimson splendour; its sails caught the ruddy light and glowed and burned until the tiny craft seemed bathed in flame.

The little group on the hotel veranda were silent for a space as the boat passed slowly out of the radiance and the glory faded from it. The wonderful beauty had stilled for an instant even the Butterfly's tongue.

"Oh, isn't it lovely, *lovely!*" she cried presently. "Eleanor, did you *ever* see such colours?—I'd give *anything* for a ball dress of those golden clouds, and wouldn't that soft shade of pinky-gray make a perfectly *ravishing* tea gown!"

The Woman of the World rose suddenly and turned her back on the pageant. "It is *too* beautiful," she answered almost impatiently. "It's too much, it oppresses me. Perhaps" —with a little laugh—"my soul is too small to appreciate it, yet it makes me feel queer—shivery and half afraid, the way I feel after one of the Bishop's sermons has lifted me for a moment away up to a mountain peak of exaltation. I'd rather not be taken up either by sermon or sunsets, for I can't stay up there and it's horrid coming down. Take me for a walk, Oswald, and let us forget it."

The Prince of Finance followed her with alacrity.

"It seems almost a wicked waste to me," he said, "such prodigal lavishness. She's a poor business woman, Dame Nature, with no vestige of an idea as to the basic principles of the law of supply and demand—holds back her suns and her rains just for a freak, when a whole nation is praying for them, and then flings out broadcast such things as this just because she has a mind to, whether anybody wants 'em or not. I suppose that up in the north she gives free shows like

this every night in the year for the sole edification of the moose and the grizzlies. I wish we could control her market for a while, Eleanor, we'd show her a thing or two, eh?"

As the Artist went off with the Butterfly he grumbled enviously:

"It's because there's no end to her paints or her genius that she can show such pictures night after night, all of them different, and everyone a masterpiece. I'd give half my life to be able to reproduce just one of them exactly as she does it. Gad, it would be fame and fortune for me, all right!"

And so they all went their ways, and thought no more of the sunset except that it was over.

But in a secluded corner of the veranda sat a little girl who was nobody and nothing in particular. Long after the voices of the others had died away she remained there, motionless, silent, while the rich blaze of vivid colours paled gradually, lingering reluctantly in faintest opalescent tints before they passed entirely; and the stars came glimmering out one by one, golden sheep following their regal moon-shepherd over the limitless pasture-field of the blue-black sky.

And still the little girl who was nobody and nothing in particular sat in her quiet corner, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, knowing nothing, feeling nothing but the ineffable, wonderful beauty and mystery of it all—feeling it with a joy that was almost pain in its acuteness, a rapture that awed and hushed while it transported. To her the moon-shepherd was a glorious high priest, and the golden sheep of the sky a train of haloed choristers come forth "to listen to the solemn litany." And for her, alone in her quiet corner, Nature, who never errs, set free her most glorious harmonies —the great crashing chords and tender minor strains that she sometimes plays on the heartstrings of the few who can hear and understand: for, the Prince of Finance to the contrary notwithstanding, she is no wasteful prodigal, Dame Nature; she follows the law of supply and demand with rigid exactness, holding back and giving forth in strict proportion to the earnestness and sincerity of each mortal demand, and to each individual need of and capacity for receiving.

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One of those ladies who, through the columns of a Sunday "Supplement," week by week reveal to Feminine America the royal road to Health and Beauty, has recently discovered that as health and beauty builders "gymnasiums with their bars and ropes and scientific instructors" are simply not to be mentioned in the same breath with "a strong, ordinary step-ladder, loose clothing, and fearlessness — natural or acquired." With this simple equipment all things—in the way of health, beauty and grace—will be added to you.

"You may not step straight up to beauty all at once," writes this ardent advocate of the ladder, "but you will step steadily away from awkwardness and ungracefulness, and you will be continually climbing healthward.

"Your tread on the ground will become more springy and elastic when your feet have learned to clear the rungs of the ladder with nimble, agile bounds.

"Your eyes will hold a brighter glow as you find gradually that you can mount fearlessly to the ladder's very top and look exultantly down the once dreaded distance.

"Your back will grow straighter, your figure more gracefully erect because of the steady balance and poise you must practise in seemingly precarions positions on the ladder."

A list of exercises is given, the first of which is to walk up and down the ladder, varying the monotony of the performance by making agile hops from step to step; this is very excellent, we are told, for developing the muscles of the calves and ankles.

Another exercise is begun by having someone decapitate a broom, the handle of which the aspirant to beauty is to use as a vaulting pole, leaping with its assistance from the floor to the

middle rung of the ladder, then back to the floor again; while a third instructs the budding gymnast to sit on a box at the foot of the ladder, grasp the rungs with her hands, and swing her feet about in the air.

As the house-cleaning season once more draws near, surely it is cheering and encouraging to learn that the once-dreaded seances with the family step-ladder may now forever lose their terror for us, and that instead of shrinking from them with loathing and disgust, we should eagerly welcome such golden opportunities, realizing that we are now climbing on that erstwhile instrument of torture, no longer to mere dust and cobwebs, but to health and beauty!

Surely, if simply walking up a ladder will give grace and strength, walking up a ladder with a pail of water in one hand and a cake of soap and wash-cloth in the other will double the muscular development. If sitting at the *bottom* of a ladder and waving one's feet in the air will bring to the face of the waver the bloom of beauty and the glow of health, will not sitting at the *top* of a ladder and waving one's arms around—attached to a soft cornice-caressing cloth—have the same beneficial effect?

As to the broom-handle feats—why discriminate so impolitely against the broom part? Passing the bushy end of an unmutilated broom rapidly backwards and forwards over a heavy carpet has long been advocated—by those who never do it—as a healthful and stimulating pastime; and certainly after performing this exercise in the old-fashioned way one has more to show for it than if one expended the same time and vigour in hopping back and forth "with nimble, agile bounds" from floor to ladder and from ladder to floor.

Personally, if I went into that kind of thing for health-and-beauty's sake, I should choose the regular gymnasium and "its scientific instructor," but *chacun à son goût.* Since in this world of labour it is inevitable that most of those who "puff wearily upstairs" must at some time or other climb unwillingly up ladders, it will perhaps sweeten the toil of it if the climbers will remember the dictum of this admirable authority on Beauty and Health:—"climbing the ladder is pleasanter than puffing wearily up the stairs, and the effects resulting from an accomplished feat are always more beneficial than similar effects half lost sight of in the sense of a mere task."

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The death, a few weeks ago, of Pope Leo XIII, without doubt the most wonderful old man of his century, brings to mind a little poem on Death which the late Pontiff wrote as long ago as 1897, and the lines which he wrote on a portrait of himself presented to the Roman Society of Catholic Youth.

The lines are:

"Enter at once the 'narrow path';
No Open, Sesame, it hath;
Long heats and burdens you must bear—
Wet are the brows that laurels wear!"

The poem on Death is as follows:

"The westering sun draws near the cloudy bed,
Leo, and gradual darkness veils thy head;
The sluggish life-blood in thy withered veins
More slowly runs its course—What then remains?
Lo! death is brandishing his fatal dart,
And the grave yearns to shroud thy mortal part:
But, from its prison freed, the soul expands
Exulting pinions to the enfranchised lands.
My weary race is run—I touch the goal:
Hear, Lord, the feeble pantings of my soul;
If it be worthy, Lord, thy pitying breast,
Welcome it unto everlasting rest!
May I behold then, Queen of earth and sky,
Whose love enchained the demons lurking nigh
The path to heaven; and freely shall I own
'Twas thy sweet care that gained my blissful crown."

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A magazine devoted to "all outdoors," publishes the following interesting explanation as to how the trees obtain their magnificent Autumn finery:—

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change

their colour in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the colouring of the leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these:—The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colours, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in colour is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall; and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly coloured and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colours."

MISS ETHEL M. SMYTH

Her opera, "Der Wald," is the first by a woman ever produced in America. It was well received in London.

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An Atlanta school-girl has produced the following composition on boys:—

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself: 'Well, I guess I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam, that there has been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble; they are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

IMPERIAL SCHEMES.

THE scheme for an Imperial Parliament having fallen through, those for an Imperial Privy Council, an Imperial Consultative Council, and an Empire-supported navy having been laid on the table for future discussion, some quite practical people have formed a League of the Empire. This apparently is to do work similar to that done by the British Empire League, Daughters of the Empire, and other organizations. Its first attempt is directed towards a scheme to "link together for mutual interchange the schools of the whole Empire." Those words "mutual interchange" are splendidly conceived to hide their meaning. They are quite impressive and beautifully general. The interchange is to consist of "pupils as well as work." Any school teacher in Canada who is not satisfied with his pupils may, through the League of the Empire, exchange them for another set of pupils from Jamaica, Fiji, India or Cork. The parents of the children would not object when such a movement tends to Imperial co-operation, understanding, reciprocity and peace. Besides, the names of the officers are a splendid guarantee: Meath, Strathcona and Mount-Royal, Parker and others.

POPE PIUS TENTH

Formerly Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice.

It is currently reported, though it may not be true, that one university in Toronto has arranged to exchange its president and two of its professors for three prominent educationists from Borneo, while Nova Scotia is considering the advisability of exchanging one of its ten-student universities for a large-sized public school from Tristan de Cunha. That the latter Imperial colony has only seventy inhabitants is no drawback to the excellence of the proposed "mutual interchange." Lord Strathcona is now on his way to Canada to arrange the details, and Sir Gilbert Parker will arrive with the necessary seals as soon as notified by cable of the consummation of this daring Imperial project.

The Empire is growing fast these

days. Let us have a Servant Girl League of Empire which will enable us to supply our kitchens with willing workers, who are not filled with any false sense of the inferiority of domestic service. All refractory servants could be mutually interchanged for the general welfare of the various communities.

ÆMILIUS JARVIS

The Skipper of the "Strathcona" which was beaten at Toronto in the contest for the Canada Cup. Mr. Jarvis has the reputation of being the most skilful yachtsman on the Great Lakes.

MILITARY NONSENSE.

Some time ago a Canadian mounted rifleman who had served in South Africa was asked what weight his horse would carry if he started off to war with all the accoutrements supplied by the British or Canadian Governments. It would seem from the regulations, and his explanation of them, that these articles are too numerous. The man would have on him: clothing, boots, sword, belts, pouch, revolver, carbine and ammunition, making a total of 38 pounds, or, without the sword, 33 pounds. In addition the horse carries: saddle, wallets, blankets, picketing gear, water bottle, extra clothing and boots for man, cutlery, great coat, cape, water-proof sheet, forage net, corn sack, rations and extra ammunition, totalling 87 pounds. If the man weighs 160 pounds, the total burden on the horse is thus about 280 pounds. This seemed so outrageous that the question was followed by another. "Did you really make your horses carry all that weight on the trek?" The answer was sharp and decisive: "Not by a hanged sight. We opened the first ant hill we could find, and chucked the unnecessary stuff into it."

This is a strange commentary on the red-tape of the British War Office, whose regulations are followed in Canada. Equipping troops with unnecessary and expensive equipment is hardly a good use of the people's money.

But there is another point. The soldier's horse is sadly overloaded. This need not be discussed here, as it is ably treated in an article in this issue entitled "Packing." The writer, Mr. John Innes, has had experience with horse-transportation in the Rockies, and also served with the C.M.R. in South Africa. His criticism is constructive, and hence most valuable.

The lack of humour and gaiety may be said to be a Canadian characteris-

LOU SCHOLES

The Toronto Oarsman who again won the American Intermediate Championship at Worcester, Mass.

tic. There are few of our writers who have the light touch which good old Judge Haliburton had. Our newspapers are daily miniatures of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Our periodicals are as dull and as heavy as brains and scholarship can make them. We have no bright weeklies such as *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *London Truth*, *M.A.P.*, and others that might be named. Even the people on the streets, the children in the schools, and the crowds out on pleasure-jaunts are seldom smiling and hardly ever laughing. Our public speakers are not often humorous and witty. We are a serious people.

HUMOUR.

This seriousness, this tendency to make life a constant melodrama, is not to be encouraged. There is a time to smile, a time to be happy and a time to be seriously-minded. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who asked in his prayer that we might go blithely about our business. He might have added, "and merrily about our play." If we were more given to appearing blithe and merry it would not make us less successful as a people. No nation in the world has less reason to be sober than Canada. Nature smiles upon us all the time. Our sunshine is equal to any in the world. Our wheat-fields, our landscapes, our forests, our mineralized mountains glow with all the colours of the rainbow.

A contented mind and a smiling face will carry a man where pure intellect and ability may fail. Let the individual laugh and grow fat. Let the nation do the same. Let our lives be bright and cheery and we will reflect something upon the world which will give us a name among all peoples.

Again this year Canada has been proving her superiority in athletics and sports. The yachtsmen of Montreal have successfully defended the Sewanakha Cup with a small racing yacht suitable for the breezes of the St. Lawrence lakes. The yachtsmen of Toronto lost the Canada Cup for forty-foot yachts, but they lost it gamely—beaten by a nose in three out of five races. The Rochester Club won it with a better boat, but they were forced to send to New York for a skipper who could hold a "stick" with Commodore Jarvis. A Canadian swimmer went to England and brought back some decided honours. Our oarsmen went from Winnipeg and Toronto to Philadelphia and Worcester, and proved their brawn and manhood in competition with their United States brothers, as they have done at the new Canadian Henley.

ATHLETICS.

We are an out-door people, fond of exercise and fresh air. The wind that blows over the pine-needles has given us endurance and strength. In amateur sport we have always held our own, and this makes for the vigour of race. It means much for the purity and supremacy of our national life, for right living and high thinking. It means much to the future generations of Canadians who will be compelled to struggle in the enlarging spheres of commerce and industry.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

NEW NOVELS

THE reviewer sits down with his pencil and the pile of books which he has read, perused or glanced through and wonders what it would be best to mention. When he meets his readers at home, or in the club, or in the railway train, he finds them talking vaguely of the books of the day. They are glib with titles and names of authors, but seldom are they able or willing to distinguish between a novel with a problem and the novel whose object is pure art. They seldom distinguish between the style of Dickens and Howells, except to realize that Dickens is funny and Howells is not, or make any serious attempt to clearly define each author's art or literary position. They read books apparently with the same inattention with which they live their lives. To them love is a fact, not a purpose, not a virtue, not a glory; and so are hate, envy, malice, ambition, success, wives, children, friends—mere facts.

If this be a true picture of the average reader, why write book reviews? Why indicate the subtle qualities which distinguish one book or one author from another, if the reader is not anxious to see the distinction? So long as people are desirous of knowing only whether books are bad or good, why not merely publish the titles and put "bad" or "good" opposite each?

Professor Jordan, of Queen's University, tells of a young United Statesser with a long and honourable college career who was discussing Mrs. Ward with him. The professor spoke of Gladstone's criticism of "Robert Elsmere," and proceeded to outline the remarks of that dogmatic old scholar. But the young man was not interested; all he wanted to know apparently was, "Did Gladstone condemn it or commend it?" Too many readers come to the reviewer with that question, "Do you condemn or approve?" In truth, it is seldom the business of the reviewer to either condemn or approve. He should, however, indicate the character of the book and its particular qualities—unless he be a reviewer on a daily paper, and there he must keep a quick-lunch counter, embodying the contents of the book in a short story couched in the plainest of everyday language, without style or philosophy or analysis.

It is just this difficulty which has made James Lane Allen's book "The Mettle of the Pasture"* a subject of discussion in the United States. One of the characters has, when a college youth, committed an indiscretion, and later, when proposing to the young lady whom he desires to make his wife, confesses to her the one great sin of his life. Immediately the public asks, "Should he or should he not have confessed?" Mr. Allen does not answer yes or no, but the public yearns for a definite decision. Is this another result of the commercialism of the age, which sums up the success of a man in the dollars he commands, and that of a woman in the dresses and diamonds she wears?

Mr. Allen has painted a striking canvas, and it can never be summed up in "yes" or "no." Rowan and Isabel grow up together, each a member of a strong family with a history and a pride. They drift towards each other, happy in the drifting, each with

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

hope and youth on either hand. Just as their lives are about to coalesce, this confession drives them apart. Isabel shudders and flees. Rowan works on with the great lamenting cry: "To have one chance in life, in eternity, for a white name, and to lose it!" What they suffered, what their families suffered, what their friends suffered, is clearly indicated in a wonderful picture of contrasting love and hate; dullest stupidity and divinest spiritual exaltation; some happiness and some blessedness; a little humility, a little shame, and a little satisfaction.

"Whatsoever the names under which men conceived and worshipped their gods or their God, however much they have believed that it was these or it was He who overthrew them and made their destinies inescapable, after all it is the high compulsion of the soul itself, the final mystery of personal choice that sends us forth at last to our struggles and to our peace. 'Mine own soul forbiddeth me'—there for each is right and wrong, the eternal virtue of beauty."

The title of the book is from Shakespeare, where the king asks his yeomen to show "the mettle of your pasture." Mr. Allen was apparently taken with the idea that the world is a pasture, and men derive their mettle from the civilization in which they live. Yet how many fail to show the mettle which fathers and circumstances and training should have produced.

The "Lions of the Lord,"* by Henry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders," is another United States novel which is far above the average drivel sent out from the presses of that country. It is a thrilling tale of the sufferings of those western pioneers who, for the sake of their Mormon beliefs, took the old Salt Lake trail. The followers of Joseph Smith suffered severely for their beliefs at the hands of the mobocrat—a term which even to-day accurately describes certain classes in the United States with their intolerance of those who do not live as they live, speak as they speak, think as they think, and their impatience of organized and slow-marching Legal Justice. What the Mormons suffered from the mobocrat, the white and coloured criminal of to-day is suffering. The Mormons, however, found a haven of rest and built a new sacred city. Mr. Wilson does not sympathize with the elders of that community, and very plainly indicates the lasciviousness and sensuousness of the later rulers who were more concerned in securing as wives the pretty girls of the colony, and in maintaining their political power, than they were in the triumph of truth and righteousness. It is unfortunate that the novel is so long, but it is a drama of undoubted power and brilliancy.

"The Sacrifice of the Shannon," mentioned last month, promises to be the most popular Canadian novel of the year, and deservedly so. Mr. Hickman is now visiting in Canada, and is intensely pleased with the generous reception with which his story has met. He does not believe in short stories, maintaining that the author has not a sufficient opportunity to work up to the great crisis with which he must impress and captivate his readers.

"A Parish of Two"* is a series of letters by two authors in collaboration. One is a man of the world, and the other an invalid clergyman. They both satirize modern society in its excesses, and playfully paint the modern follies. Sometimes they are coarse and sometimes they exaggerate, but on the whole they are interesting as well as critical. The book has some literary quality in spite of a tendency towards smartness and frankness, which has the appearance of being forced and artificial.

DIPLOMACY

Lord Dufferin's definition of diplomacy, "to turn the corner of a brick wall rather than run your head against it," is worthy of a place in the memory. Lord Dufferin was undoubtedly one of the greatest English diplomats of the nineteenth century. His birth

*Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company. Cloth, 520 pp. Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill.

*"A Parish of Two," by H. G. McVickar and Percy Collins. Cloth, 415 pages. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

and training eminently fitted him for this career, and his urbanity, eloquence and ability made his life remarkably successful. His father was Price Blackwood, third Baron of Dufferin and Clandeboye, and his mother was Helen Selina Sheridan, a beautiful and accomplished member of a notable family. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and early did some travelling which broadened his knowledge of the world. In 1860, he was entrusted by Lord Palmerston with a mission to Syria, where the Druses and Maronites were making Lebanon a scene of internecine bloodshed. He afterwards served in the India Office and in the War Office, and took a prominent part in the discussion of Irish affairs. In 1871 he was made Earl of Dufferin, and next year came to Canada as Governor-General. Later on he duplicated his Canadian successes in Russia, Egypt, India, Rome and Paris. He himself remarked that, "To be an ambassador in Paris is recognized in every country as the ultimate reward and prize of the diplomatic profession." From his point of view he was right. In Canada and the United States, however, the London post is greater reward than the Paris.

Mr. Black's new biography* hardly does justice to this able, versatile and fascinating publicist. It contains a great number of quotations and newspaper extracts which are interesting reading, but hardly suitable for a serious biography. The chapters on Canada are somewhat lacking in comprehension, and the author seems to know little of this country. He relies almost wholly on the works of Stewart and Leggo. The chapters on the viceroyalty in India are much better, as here the author seems to be treading more familiar ground. Nevertheless, the volume is an interesting addition to any library, as it contains much valuable information though in a somewhat undigested condition. The author himself realizes that he has not been able to say the final word concerning Lord Dufferin's career.

Mr. Black re-tells one incident of present interest. Lord Dufferin paid a vice-regal visit to British Columbia in 1876, going necessarily by Chicago and San Francisco. The people of that province were fighting hard for a transcontinental road and the mottoes on the arches indicated this: "Confederated without Confederation," "Railroad the Bond of Union," "Carnarvon Terms or Separation." When Lord Dufferin heard of the latter motto, he asked them to change one letter and make it "Carnarvon Terms or Reparation," but the committee refused. As a consequence the vice-regal party declined to pass under that arch. The incident caused some dissatisfaction, but the diplomatic governor smoothed out most of the wrinkles and eventually the idea of separation was forgotten in the hope and confidence stimulated by his promises and by the subsequent events which culminated in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.*

Canada has good reason to remember this eloquent and progressive diplomat, and her sons are amply justified in fully acquainting themselves with his remarkable qualities and his successful career.

* The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, by Charles E. Drummond Black. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 409 pp. Illustrated.

* See "Lord Dufferin in British Columbia," p. 461 of this issue.

ANNEXATION

In an article in last month's issue the editor of this publication spoke of the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon union. The idea is in the air. A New York lawyer has written an able volume dealing with it, and has given it the title, "The Anglo-Saxon Century."† It is the most important contribution to this subject since Goldwin Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question." Mr. Passos thinks Ca-

† The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People." By John R. Dos Passos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LATE MAX O'RELL

nada is the only possible bone of contention between Great Britain and the United States, and urges the peaceful annexation of Canada to the States. All other questions might be settled by agreement or agitation. With Canada a part of the Union, an Anglo-Saxon league would be possible. The elements which make such a league both important and advisable are the common race origin; the common language; the same literature; the same political institutions; similar laws, customs and general modes of legal procedure; the same tendency and methods of religious thought and practice; the numerous intermarriages; the innumerable similarities in sports, pastimes, drama and habits of living; the same general principles and methods of thought.

The volume is one of the sanest works on the relation of the United States to Great Britain and to Canada which has ever been written in the United States or out of it. There is much in its pages worthy of careful consideration by Canadians, even though they are thoroughly opposed to any form of annexation. Mr. Passos believes in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, and this belief is the basis of his study. He is desirous of seeing Anglo-Saxon peace maintained, because of the common enemies and because of the good which could be accomplished in the interests of Christianity and civilization by such an Anglo-Saxon power. His work is an evidence that the thinking Yankee is not the bloodthirsty villain which his yellow journals might lead an outsider to believe. It is also an evidence that there is a well-ballasted portion of the great republic which is seriously studying the problems of the world from the standpoint of human progress. It is a compliment to Canada's growing importance that such a book should have been written and published in the United States.

NOTES

Professor Goldwin Smith has just celebrated his eightieth birthday at the Grange, Toronto. This distinguished scholar has still the full use of his acute faculties, and maintains his keen interest in historical study and critical research.

The Privy Council has decided that the British copyright on pictures does not hold in Canada. It will now be in order to have a Canadian law allowing a holder of a British copyright to extend it to Canada by registration at Ottawa.

Mrs. Carr-Harris' volume, "The White Chief of the Ottawa," will be illustrated by John Innes.

Mr. Morgan's biographical volume, "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present," will be issued within a very few weeks. The work is very nearly completed, and announcement of date of issue will soon be made. Mr. Morgan has added very materially to the value of the volume by including in it an exhaustive name-index and subject-index. There will be in all more than 350 portraits, printed on fine plate paper, and the binding will be quite in keeping with the high-class character of the work.

The character of Jonathan Bauer in "Bubbles We Buy," Miss Jones writes, is founded on the history of an actual

resident of Nova Scotia, who began life as a privateer on the Spanish Main and ended it as the richest man in his province. He pillaged churches, as described in the novel, and once, in sending some spoils to Halifax, wrote: "The candlesticks are plated, but the little Jesuses are solid silver." The vows of hate made to the statue were based upon similar vows in an old Breton legend. The symbolical painting of "Bubbles We Buy" was suggested by a painting of Gotch's, exhibited at the Royal Academy some years ago, representing a veiled figure standing in a field of poppies. This the author amplified with the true tale of Guy de Maupassant's madness, when he was haunted by good and evil spirits in the form of butterflies. These facts will be interesting to those who have read or will read Miss Jones' story.

Those fathers of boys who have not yet secured "Trapper Jim" are missing the best book of the year—of its kind. Because Mr. Sandys was a poor Canadian boy to whom a quarter-dollar was a large sum, he has the necessary experience to write about traps and fishing tackle for other boys. His suggestions are always reasonable and practicable. Besides, Mr. Sandys never loses sight of the clean and the wholesome. Jim gradually develops from a timid home boy into a sturdy, manly fellow.

James Barrie is said to have the largest head and the largest purse of the English novelists. If it be true, however, that Conan Doyle is to get one dollar a word for eight more Sherlock Holmes stories, there seems to be no reason why he should not soon amass a fortune. The world stood aghast when Kipling got a shilling a word, but now Mr. Doyle gets four times that amount. As a matter of fact, a shilling a word is a common rate of payment.

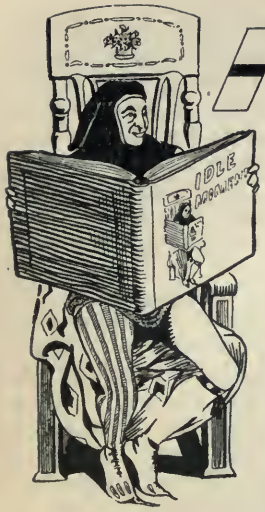
Those who are interested in art and architecture will find much useful and interesting information in the Annual Report of the Ontario Association of Architects (96 King St. West, Toronto). Perhaps the most notable address in it is Prof. Shortt's "Architecture as a Social Art," in which he traces the history and growth of the social idea in relation to architecture. The final plea in it is for appropriateness in adapting building to their uses and their settings. Mr. Price's paper on design is another notable contribution to this excellent though inartistically bound volume.

Bliss Carman's two volumes of the "Pipes of Pan" series should attract not a few Canadian readers. True, Mr. Carman does not write for the masses. There are, however, a few people who have not yet bowed the knee to the American dollar, and who have not yet been affected by the superciliousness and blue-mouldiness of the Canadian universities. These few will be able to appreciate the delicate art of the man who breathes sentiments and pictures because of the beauty he has seen in them. These volumes will receive more attention at another time.

The Hon. Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is as celebrated in letters as he is in politics. He has collected and edited Shakespeare's Poems, and has brought out an edition of North's Plutarch. One of his latest literary efforts is a delightful children's book called "The Ballad of Mr. Rook," which he wrote for the benefit of his own little boy. It is in verse, and tells of a company of rooks who gathered in the neighbourhood of Clouds, Mr. Wyndham's family seat, and were fed by the charitable lady of the house. The story goes on—

"All flew away. Ah, no, not all!
For one bird had a heart
Responsive to a loving call
And could not so depart.
Old Mr. Rook loved well the wood
Where he was wont to nest,
Yet beat his heart in gratitude
Beneath his glossy breast."

The grateful Mr. Rook and his wife build their nest near Clouds, and resolve to teach the young heir that love of rooks brings its own reward. The book, which is charmingly got up, is pictured by the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.



IDLE MOMENTS

A VAN HORNE STORY

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was interviewed in New York not long ago by a young gentleman who insisted on treating him like a foreigner. The Montreal capitalist took it as a matter of course until the interviewer asked, innocently:

"Did you ever have anything to do with our American railroads, Sir William?"

The good knight's eyes sparkled as he answered: "O yes. I served on both the Alton and Illinois Central."

"In what offices?" asked the scribe, with pencil ready.

"I sold books on Alton and oranges on Illinois Central," said the chairman of the Canadian Pacific quietly; "but that was some little time ago."—*New York Times.*

A GOOD THING GONE WRONG

Once upon a time, a man who lived in the city by choice all the year around sent his family away for the entire summer. And as he came home in the cool of the evening and sat down in a comfortable armchair, while the soft wind blew the draperies around, and he put on his pajamas and lighted a fragrant cigar and ordered his evening meal sent up, he said joyfully to himself:

"Life with me from this time on is indeed one long, sweet cinch. I can smoke all over the house, take a bath every hour, live without curtains, and have things my own way. All I want is the companionship of a few congenial spirits."

The next day he went around and told everybody what a grand spot he had, with a bursting sideboard full of real old stuff, and he urged the boys, with tears in his eyes, to make it their home, and drop in every evening and feel that they were always welcome.

And all the city boys he knew took him at his word, and night after night they made merry at his expense. Not only this, but they took his money away from him, told him stories that he had heard many times before, and made his life so miserable, that in four weeks' time he sent the following telegram to his wife:

"Come at once. Bring all the dogs and children."

MORAL: Home is all right, when you don't abuse it.—*Life.*

THE NEW EXCELSIOR

(*By an Old Fogey.*)

When first our infant eyes surveyed
  The wonders of the world,
With rattles or a drum we played,
  In cradles closely curled;
But as we scaled the peaks of life
  (With sundry halts and drops)
Ambition chose a pocket-knife,
  And turned to hoops and tops.

In College days, when lordly down
  The cheek began to tint,
On cinder-paths we sought renown,
  And revelled in a sprint;
Or football made the pulses throb,
  Or, rapturous of cricket,
We learn to smite the subtlest lob,
  And take the soundest wicket.

But now, when years have dulled our fire,
And Autumn rings its knell;
When muscles seem too apt to tire,
And waists too apt to swell;
When youngsters reckon us as "past,"
And whisper ribald names,
Behold us qualified at last
For Golf, the King of Games!

—*Punch*

■

ON A SUMMER EVENING

'Twas dark upon the balcony,
I knew not what I did,
The moon (maybe conveniently)
Behind a cloud was hid.

I only know, lured on by charms
Quite dear to any man,
I pressed a shirt-waist in my arms
And kissed a coat of tan.

—*Life*

■

AN ADVERTISEMENT

Secgrohic! Something entirely new! The greatest discovery of the age! A revolution in breakfast foods! All the wood that's fit to eat! Secgrohic is the sawdust of second-growth hickory. It sells at the same price as do the ordinary breakfast foods made of dead and down timber. Why not have the best when it costs no more? Every package sterilized.—*Puck.*

■

HARMLESS

At a Scottish town, the other day, a Londoner on his way to a hotel, addressed the porter who led the way: "Not a large place this?" "Na verra," was the answer. "Has it a corporation?" "A what, sir?" inquired the baggage-bearer. "I mean, who rules it?" "Rules it? Jist the provost." "Ah, the provost. Like our Lord Mayor? Has he got any insignia?" remarked the Cockney. "Insignia! What d'ye mean?" asked the puzzled Scotsman. "Yes, insignia; that is to say, has he a chain?" the polite visitor hinted. Whereupon the almost dumfounded native gasped out: "A chain, sir? The provost chained? Na, na! He gangs loose; but dinna be feared, he's quite harmless."

■

CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS

He was a commercial traveller of the more flashy type, and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly-made acquaintance in the railway carriage.

"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say.

"Munchausen! Who is he?"

"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."

A brief, painful silence ensued, which

HE—"Sing a song of sixpence? Oh, no! Far more than that, when four and twenty dicky birds decorate a hat."—E. H.

was broken by the traveller, in a tone that was almost timid.

"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "if I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"

CAUGHT AGAIN

Young clerk (to his employer): "There's a lady wishes to speak to you, sir."

Employer; "Good-looking?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir."

Employer (very indignantly, on returning to the office), "A nice judge of beauty you are, I must say!"

Clerk: "You see, sir, I didn't know but the lady might be your wife."

Employer: "So she is!"

THUS EARNED

While travelling recently, Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively at his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rules on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the money. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so"—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first money."

A RE-VAMPED STORY

A young American once found himself in an English country house; he was not a bad young fellow, but he carried the habit of self-glorification beyond the possible point, so that he got himself disliked, and ordinary men said that he was a romancer. A son of the house took him aside and spoke to him delicately upon the subject.

"Wal," the American said, "it would hurt me to offend any of your insular prejudices; but the fact is that when I commence to bluff my tongue sorter runs away with me. I'd take it kindly if you'd give me a nudge, or a kick, or something, when you think I'm spreading it too thick."

The son of the house said he would. That night the American took an English heiress in to dinner, and she happened to refer to conservatories. It started the American.

"I had a cousin in Virginia who built himself a greenhouse that was thought remarkable. It was 413 feet long, 90 feet high, and—" Here his shins were barked under the table and the son of the house caught his eye. He rubbed the dent and added, with a sigh: "And about an inch wide."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOTHER—"Eleanor, what is the matter?"

"Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error of the mind in my stomach." —*Life*

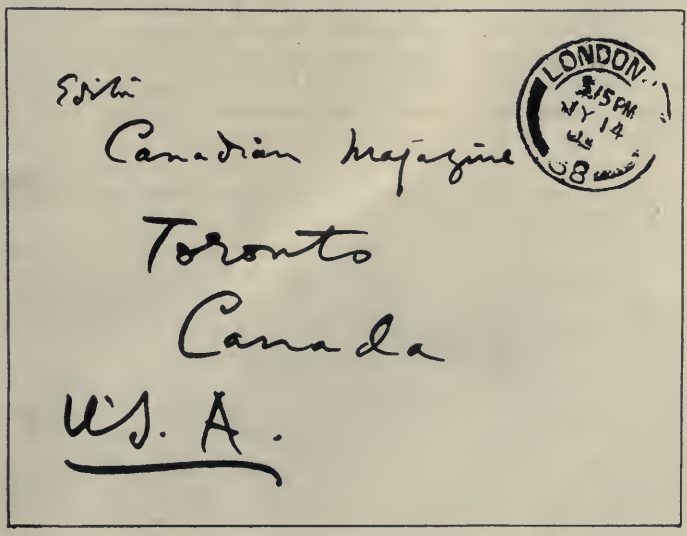
ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

SOME people refuse to believe that there are thousands of people in London, England, who do not know that Canada and the United States are two separate and distinct countries. A few days ago the editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE received a letter from a London litterateur and correspondent asking if he could be of any service in supplying correspondence and articles. The letter came in an envelope addressed:

The Canadian Magazine,
Toronto,
Canada.
U.S.A.

That there may be no misunderstanding, the superscription is reproduced herewith so that each reader may judge for himself of the motive of the person who wrote it. Apparently, it is true that any falling back in the race by Great Britain is due to her inferior system of education. Colonial geography is one subject which might receive more attention than it gets at present.

A STEAM TRAMCAR, A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE FOR ELECTRIC CAR

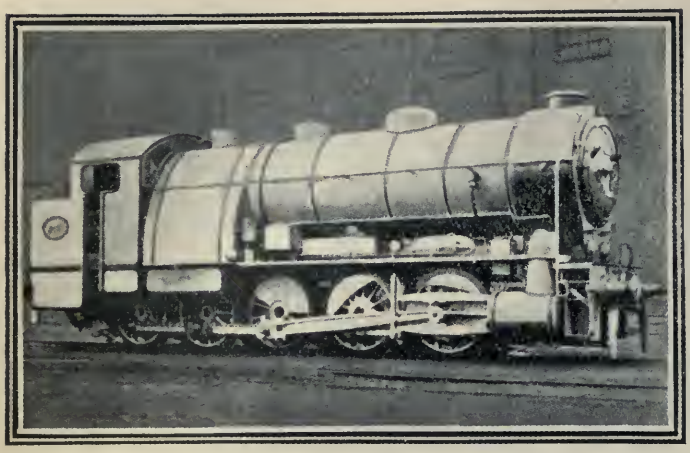


AN ENVELOPE RECENTLY SENT FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

*

ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVES

The English railways are making all sorts of experiments with engines. The Great Western Railway is trying a new French engine, whose boiler is not as high as an Am-



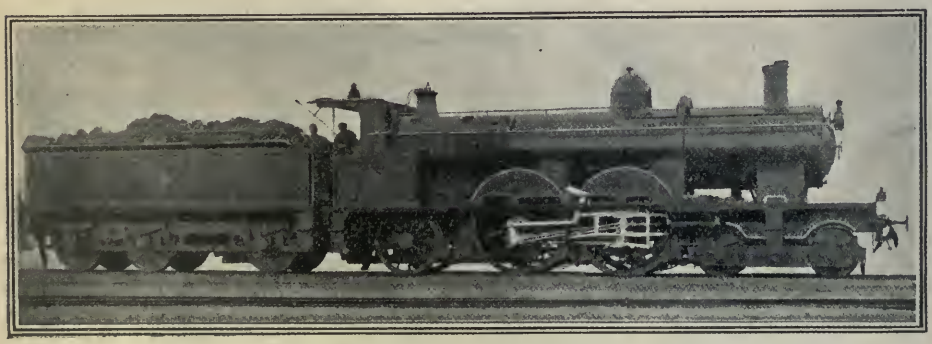
A SUBURBAN LOCOMOTIVE ON THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

erican locomotive, but has a good heating surface. The weight is only 63 tons, but the tender weighs 45 tons, and carries five tons of coal and 4,225 gallons of water. It is known as a de Glehn compound. The high and low pressure cylinders drive separate pairs of wheels, which are coupled by side-rods.

Another type shown here is a suburban locomotive for quick-starting trains. It has ten coupled 4 ft. 6 in. driving wheels, and is known as a decapod tank engine. It carries its own coal and water, and weighs 60 tons. Its heating surface is 3,010 sq. ft., as compared with the 2,275 sq. ft. of the French engine.

This particular quick-starting engine is being tried because the steam railway companies are not anxious to go to the expense of equipping their suburban lines with electric cars unless they are certain that the latter will give better results. The Central London Company installed electric locomotives, and now have decided to replace them with the "Multiple-unit System." The other companies are carefully feeling their way to avoid mistakes which would be disastrous for their shareholders.

A steam motor car, shown on the preceding page, has been built to run on the railway between Fratton and East Southsea stations in lieu of the ordinary train and engine. Each car is 50 ft. long, and is built with two pairs of wheels at each end. The whole car—engine, luggage van, and passenger compartments—is in one body. Between the engine and the third-class compartment is a space for luggage, and at the end is a first-class compartment. The first-class section seats a dozen, and the third-class compartment thirty-two persons. This is the first steam motor car to be built in England. Whether it will be as satisfactory as an electric motor car remains to be seen.



THE NEW FRENCH ENGINE TO BE USED ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

AT the annual meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Manufacturers' Association the Hon. J. D. Rolland made some notable remarks. He referred to the movement in the United States looking to reciprocity with this country, pointed out that last year the United States sold us $70,000,000 worth of manufactured goods, and bought in exchange less than one-tenth of that amount, and then asked, "What system of reciprocity can give them more than they have?" The Senator then turned to the question of an Imperial Tariff, and recalled that from 1872 to 1902, Great Britain's exports to foreign markets decreased by £42,000,000, while her exports to her colonies increased by £46,000,000. She sells more to India than she does to Germany; more to Australia than she does to the United States; more to Cape Colony than to France and Belgium combined; more to Canada than to China. "There is strong reason to adduce that she must look to the colonies for the maintenance of her trade supremacy." Yet, free trade within the Empire is an impossibility, in the Senator's opinion. We must simply protect our own Canadian industries. Half the population of the Dominion is dependent upon her manufacturing industries. A tariff is a necessity to this country because wages are higher, interest higher, the cost of production higher, and our home market limited. Nevertheless, there are some lines of goods on which a greater preference might be given, because these are not manufactured here. By raising the tariff against foreign countries the purchases in certain other lines might be changed to Great Britain.

Canada's Surplus Revenue

In the Year 1902-3 was Fourteen and One-Half Millions of Dollars.

The United States is continually receiving European immigrants through the steamships which land their passengers at Montreal. To see that none of these are diseased, they have established a medical board in that Canadian city to examine those who are ticketed through to United States points. During the month of July eighty-five persons were rejected by that board and compelled to stay in Canada. No wonder the Montreal *Star* says that we are on the dirty side of the sieve, and that its opinion should be, "It is time that the Canadian authorities established such a rigorous

examination at Grosse Isle and other quarantine stations as would render the American immigration examiners in Canadian cities unnecessary."

New South Wales does not care for bounties where they can be avoided. The three Sydney daily newspapers asked for free transportation for their parcels over the State railways. Sir Harry Rawson, the Governor, in his speech from the throne, says that his Government has decided to refuse the request or to make "any special concessions in connection with the use of the railways which other members of the public do not enjoy, and have determined that in future newspaper proprietors shall pay a fair commercial equivalent for the carriage of the commodities which they desire to sell." As the railways are owned by the Government, this is another evidence that this advanced system can be worked on business principles just as well as private ownership. All that is required is a sense of justice on the part of those who administer public affairs.

It was hoped that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the new Postmaster-General of Great Britain, would realize that the post-office is conducted for the convenience of the Empire, not for the convenience only of the people of Great Britain and of the post-office department. Apparently he has failed to realize the broad principles underlying the building-up of an Empire in which his father is so much interested. He has announced that he cannot see his way to reducing the charge on newspapers to Canada. He is not anxious to facilitate communication with the various parts of the Empire so far as newspapers and periodicals are concerned. He is not willing that Canada should secure British reading matter as easily as she secures United States publications. Surely the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain should be expected to convert first the members of his own family. But then, many great men have been afflicted with narrow-minded and unintellectual sons.

Canada's New Citizens

In the Year 1902-3 numbered about 110,000.

In July 7,132 Britishers left for Canada.

There is land for several Millions more.

A London cablegram dated August 8th reads: "The emigration returns of the Board of Trade show that in July 7,132 emigrants of British origin left these shores for Canada, as compared with 2,657 in July, 1902. The total increase in British emigration to all parts of the world in July was 4,340, showing that it all went to Canada. The returns for the seven months show that 43,597 British people emigrated to Canada, as compared with 15,321 in the same period of last year. The total British emigration to all points for the seven months was 146,763, as compared with 101,857 in the same time last year, Canada securing nearly one-third of the total."

PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

THE EMPIRE'S BUSINESS PARLIAMENT

FIFTH CONGRESS OF CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE OF THE EMPIRE, WINDSOR HALL, MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1903

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1903 No. 6

THE IMPERIAL COMMERCIAL CONGRESS

By Ernest H. Cooper

THE third week of August, 1903, will long be remembered in Montreal, and may even be somewhat famous in British history. During that period, representatives from one hundred and fifty Chambers of Commerce met to discuss the economic outlook of the Empire. These representatives came up from the Isles of the Sea, from Australia, India, South Africa and Great Britain, each to consult with the other upon what lines future British progress shall proceed.

The British Empire has no common Parliament. One has often been mooted, but the attempt to create it has been abandoned, doubtless in the belief that the Empire has already as much politics as is wholesome. In its stead there are Colonial Conferences and Commercial Congresses, the former being confined to the government officials, such as premiers and cabinet ministers, and the latter made up of men who are acknowledged leaders in trade and commerce. These voluntary and non-constitutional gatherings debate the questions of the day, educate public opinion, and lay down lines which the governments, British and Colonial, may or may not follow.

The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce is the Empire's business parliament, of which five sessions have been held, commencing with 1888. The work done has been and must be mainly educative. In the third congress, for example, Imperial Penny Postage and Imperial Cables were advocated, with some tangible results. Resolutions are offered, several per haps on the one point, are debated keenly, and voted upon. The resolution which carries is usually a compromise where there are divergent views, but once carried it goes forth

RT. HON. LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B.
President London Chamber of Commerce

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL
High Commissioner of Canada in London

to the world with the hall-mark of the Imperial business man.

This fifth session was the first held outside Great Britain, and that it should have been held in Canada is a distinct compliment to this country. That it should have been the occasion of a Canadian triumph would seem but fitting. In previous congresses the Canadians battled royally, but vainly, in favour of a mutual preferential tariff. In 1900 there were staunch efforts made to convince the British representatives, but the only result was a neutral resolution calling for a Royal Commission "to consider the possibilities of increasing and strengthening the trade relations between the different parts of the Empire." This year the resulting fiscal resolution shows a great change in the general attitude on the part of the delegates from the Free Trade Islands. Canada's commercial opinion received a tangible recognition, a sympathetic consideration, and, when conviction tion was carried, a loyal support.

The official number of delegates appointed to attend the congress was five hundred and forty-eight, from nearly two hundred Chambers, and of these about three hundred and fifty attended the first meeting in the "Great Hall" of the Hotel Windsor, on the morning of Monday, August 17th. The arrangement of the furniture suggested both a Parliament and a business meeting. Along the north side ran a long table with, at right angles thereto, a dozen off-shoots, each capable of accommodating forty delegates. However, the arrangement was afterwards changed, a platform being erected at the west end, and the long table moved thereon. This was rendered necessary by the acoustic peculiarities of the Hall. The gallery at the east end (see Frontispiece) was given over to the women whose friends and husbands sat below—women from India, Australia, Cape Colony, and other distant parts of the Empire.

The meeting was presided over by President Lord Brassey, noted equally well as colonial governor, successful merchant, and owner of the yacht *Sunbeam*. Some who pretend to know say when Chamberlain carries the day he will be better known as the father of a son. He is of medium height, a thick-set, ruddy-faced nobleman, dignified and pleasing. Beside him sat Lord Strathcona, a typical, if aged colonial, faithful in attendance and attention. Sometimes the duties of chairman were assigned to General Laurie, a Canadian, Londoner and campaigner—or, as he called himself, "a citizen of the Empire."

One by one the speakers followed on, wasting little time in rhetoric, using every precious second of the allotted ten minutes in advancing more precious arguments. In manner and voice they were typical of the mixed character of the assembly. There was the earnest and positive Canadian like Mr. Cockshutt or Mr. Ellis; the ardent soldier like Lieut.-Col. Denison;

EDGAR TRIPP
Port of Spain, Trinidad

W. T. ANDERSON
Chairman Kimberley Chamber of Commerce

the more self-contained and conservative business man like Senator Drummond or many an English delegate; the orator (mostly followers of Cobden and Bright) like G. H. Hogg, of North Shields; the politician, like Joseph Walton, M.P.; the energetic English manufacturer, fearful of a crisis like Mr. Hurst, of Burstall; the patriotic but confident South African; the open-minded Australian or East-Indian, and the eager West-Indian. Towering over all, so far as speech-making was concerned, was that type of statesman and adroit debater represented best by Sir William Holland.

In only one respect were the speeches similar; each contained an expression of devotion to the flag, and a desire to advance the commercial interests of the Empire. The national anthem was twice sung on the first morning. Sentiment never failed to evoke applause — applause only second in warmth to that given to a telling argument.

It is impossible in this short article to give even an adequate summary of the arguments of the Congress. The chief subject discussed, as was presaged, was the resolution upon the fiscal requirements of the Empire. The following is the resolution that was finally adopted unanimously:

"IT IS RESOLVED,—That in the opinion of this Congress the bonds of the British Empire would be materially strengthened, and a union of the various parts of His Majesty's dominion greatly consolidated, by the adoption of a commercial policy based upon the principle of mutual benefit, whereby each component part of the Empire would receive a substantial advantage in trade as a result of its national relationship, due consideration being given to the fiscal *and industrial* needs of the component parts of the Empire.

"That this Congress urges upon His Majesty's Government the appointment by them of a special commission, composed of representatives of Great Britain and her colonies and India, to consider the possibilities of thus increasing and strengthening the trade relations between the different parts of the Empire, and the trading facilities within the Empire, and with foreign countries."

This, without the words "and industrial," was the original Canadian resolution which was moved in such a bright speech by Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, of Brantford, Ont., seconded by Mr. N. L. Cohen, of the London Chamber. The Manchester Chamber urged the addition of the words "due consideration being given to the fiscal

HON. M. A. McROBERT
Cawnpore, India

R. J. HENRIQUES, ALEXANDRIA
British Chamber of Commerce of Egypt

and industrial needs of the component parts of the Empire, without injury to any." This amendment, proposed by Sir William Holland, was not accepted by the committee, which had already decided on the main resolution, and another adjournment for consultation was necessary. Finally, on an appeal from Lord Strathcona, all agreed to the original resolution with the addition of the words "and industrial."

It would perhaps be well to point out a few of the considerations that led the Congress to the conclusion it did upon this matter. Foremost was the argument that Britain should adopt every means possible to produce her own foodstuffs, in order that she might be in a position to defend herself in the battle of tariffs which foreign nations have instituted. Maps of Canada were hung promiscuously upon the walls, and Englishmen were made to feel that when vast colonies such as this were populated with millions of fellow-subjects, producing food and raw material in plenty for the English market, and willing to consume domestic and British goods before all other, it would be a glorious day for the Empire's trade. They obtained a new, a grander conception of the future of the Empire. They ceased to look at it solely from the point of the Little Englander. They compared the possibilities with the experience of Britain with the United States, where British capital and emigration have been poured, and where, in return, has been enforced the Dingley Bill. Prominence was given to the decrease of imports of British goods to foreign countries, and the increase to the colonies. Where was Britain to look for the maintenance of her trade supremacy? The English delegate contrasted the attitude of the foreigner with that of the man from Kimberley, who promised a preference of twenty-five per cent. All that could not fail to move.

Beside this matter of Imperial fiscal reform, the other questions dwindled in importance and excited but little debate, although some cogent facts were adduced. Mr. George Drummond dealt exhaustively with the matter of the colonies contributing toward the naval expense of the Empire. Mr. Robert Reford showed years of investi-

HON. GEORGE A. DRUMMOND
Montreal Board of Trade

M. L. MOSS
Freemantle, West Australia

gation in his address upon the need of a Fast Atlantic Line, and General Laurie criticized the British Government scathingly for subsidizing high-speed Cunard steamers running to a foreign port, and yet doing nothing for a similar service to a British port. Mr. Joseph Walton, of London, made a thorough examination of the English consular service, criticized unfavourably its efficiency, and recommended a consular service in the colonies. The Congress supported these gentlemen, passing suitable resolutions. To Canadians, another important resolution was that calling for the repeal of the British embargo on Canadian cattle. After some opposition the metric system was favoured.

Canada's need of a Bankruptcy Law was again recorded. The Congress also enthusiastically renewed its desire for the cheap transportation of newspapers and periodicals between the different parts of the Empire, and requested specifically that the action of the Canadian Government in reducing the rates should be reciprocated as speedily as possible by the Imperial Government. Commercial and technical education were thoroughly discussed and strongly approved.

It is not possible to estimate precisely the fruits of the Fifth Congress until the British electorate decide upon the main subject of discussion. But one thing is certain, that the debate, and the trip throughout Canada, will give the English delegates a much more comprehensive grasp of the purport of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions. They will realize what it means to the Empire to develop the colonies; they will realize that the English workman is not so much dependent for cheap bread on a free trade tariff, as on a heavy production of wheat; they will realize that there is much room in Canada for British emigration and British capital; they will realize that the colonial is forward in industrial, social and constitutional affairs. During the past few years that realization has been coming more closely home to the mother country; but as Canada is not desirous of waiting for another war to add to what recent war has done for her in this direction, she hopes that this visit of a large delegation of energetic Englishmen will do much to carry a correct con-

W. F. COCKSHUTT, BRANTFORD

Chairman Delegation from Toronto Board of Trade

SIR WILLIAM HOLLAND

President Manchester Chamber of Commerce

ception of colonial matters back to "old England."

The Congress was only a feature of the growing Imperialism, and its significance lies in the fact that it has done much to show the character of the Imperial policy which will endure. That policy must not involve closer constitutional arrangements; it must preserve the autonomy of the colonies. Even the complaint voiced at the Congress that India has not complete control of her own fiscal arrangements may perforce be listened to. The tie must be devoid of all politics; yet it must be tangible enough to involve mutual preferential tariffs, cheap and quick transportation, improved communication; in short, all that nations of traders can devise to bring the component parts of the Empire into closer and more direct touch, socially and commercially.

SONG

BY MARTHA MARTIN

THY heart is like a gentle stream
On which my little bark I steer;
And wander in a happy dream,
Along its waters fresh and clear.

I care not whither tends my boat,
So that I never reach the shore;
I only long to drift and float
Upon this stream forevermore.

MOVING A SEPARATOR WITH TRACTION ENGINE

IN SHORT MOVES, THE ENGINE IS MERELY REVERSED AND BACKED TO A NEW POSITION

THE THRESHING OF THE GRAIN

By W. H. Belford

ORDINARILY the autumns of Manitoba are superb. Day after day the sun pursues its way, almost uninterrupted by clouds. Such clouds as do spread themselves upon the azure arch, are, almost without exception, filmy and unsubstantial, or are rolled together in shapes which suggest huge bundles of carded wool, or bales of cotton. Dry weather is characteristic of the great northern prairie in autumn.

As a rule, taking the whole year together, there is an almost continuous wind on the plains. If there are any calm days to be looked for, the old inhabitants know that the fall is the most likely season. A windless autumn day is superb in many ways. Sounds come with startling distinctness from great distances. The hum of the huge threshing machines, the piercing shriek of the whistles of the engines, the rumbling of a train on a far-off railway track, the hurried drum-like beating made by the prairie chickens in their flight are all borne far and wide upon the quiet air. The trees in the bluffs and along the river banks are bright with red and yellow, and far away toward the horizon, a bluish, smoky haze seems to palpitate in the rays of the sun.

It is well that such climatic conditions are characteristic of the autumns of this great agricultural province. Owing to the immense areas of land cultivated by a comparative few, and the great bulk of straw to handle, a wet

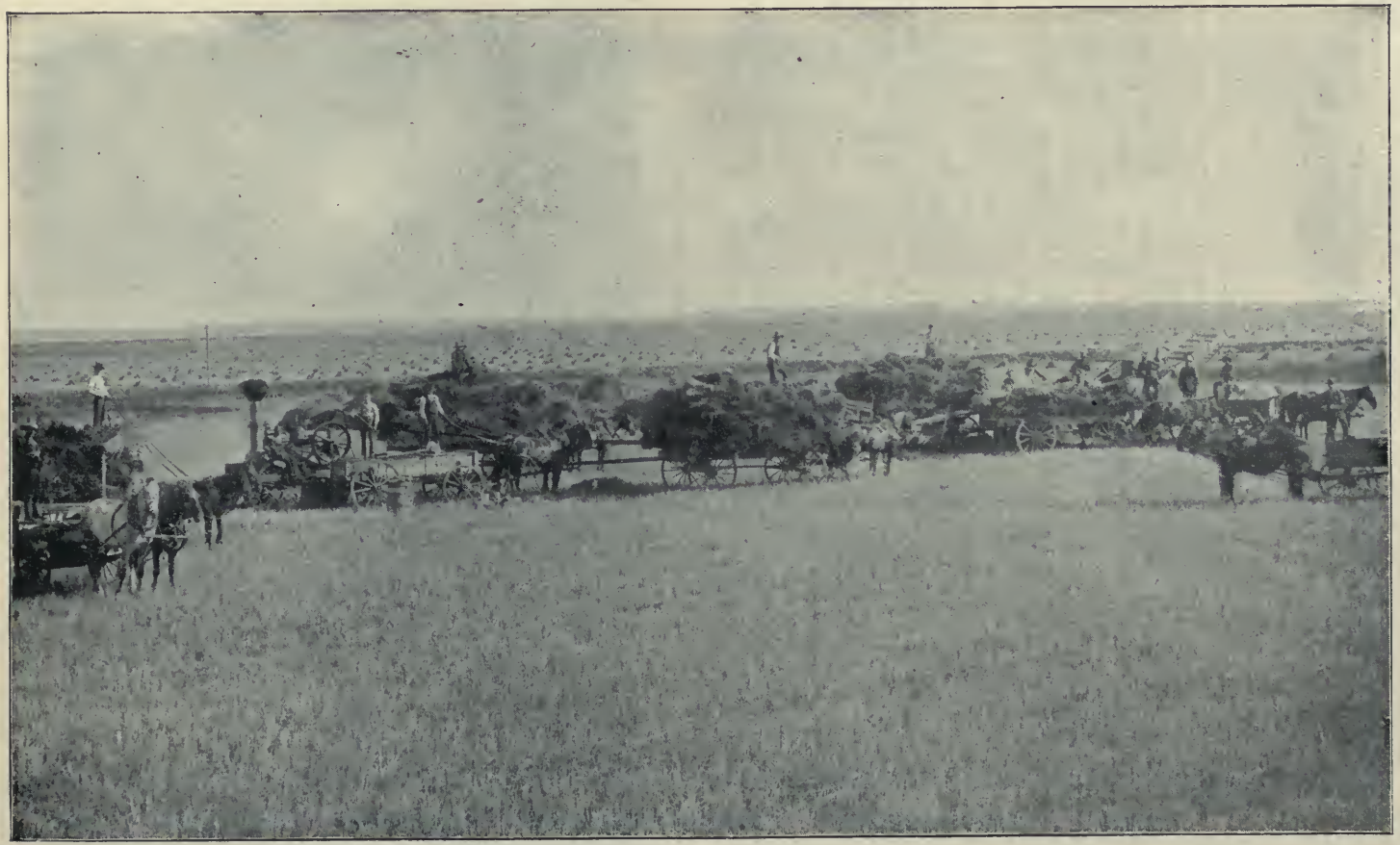
STACKING GRAIN NEAR EDMONTON

fall would mean incalculable loss. It would be almost impossible to consign to barns the myriad sheaves produced on the prairies in a favourable year. Such a procedure is manifestly impracticable, and in fifteen years' experience I know of no attempt in that direction. In the early days, all grain was stacked in the fields as soon as possible after it was sufficiently cured. In later days, owing to the hurry of the season and the vast increase in crop area, it has become customary to start threshing out of the stook at the earliest possible moment.

The threshing industry, like all other industries in these modern times, has been making rapid strides in development. For instance, in the old days the straw was simply dropped on the ground at the end of the carriers. In Ontario, where straw is an object, men carefully build it when thus deposited into stacks, but here in Manitoba we simply wanted to get that straw away, so that it would not bulk up and interfere with the working of the separator. To accomplish this, a pony was hitched on each end of a long heavy pole, and two boys each standing on an end of the pole drove a-straddle, as it were, of the heap of straw, when it was sufficiently large, and bore it away in triumph. The heaps were left at each side in long rows, presenting a peculiar appearance to the uninitiated. The boys were called "straw-buckers."

People from the East, on witnessing this novel expedient for getting the straw away, were struck with amazement at the ingenuity of the westerner. But now the straw pole and the "straw-

STACKING HAY IN THE DAUPHIN DISTRICT



WESTERN CANADA—THRESHING GRAIN FROM THE STOOK WITHOUT THE PRELIMINARY STACKING

A WIND-STACKER BUILDING A GOOD SYMMETRICAL STACK

buckers" with their well-trained ponies are things of the past. The ingenuity of the American and the Manitoban has brought forth a mechanical device which, unaided, takes care of the straw most effectually. All machines are now equipped with wind-stackers. These are of various styles, as will be seen by the illustrations. Not the least worthy of these devices was invented and is now manufactured by two Manitoba farmers. These wind-stackers leave the straw in large, smooth, well-built stacks, containing all the straw of the largest settings. The wind is generated by swiftly revolving fans. These attachments leave the straw in good shape for saving if the farmer wishes to use it for feed; and if he burns it, as is generally the case, it leaves only one spot of ground covered with chaff and debris.

In early days the threshed grain was dropped from the machine or separator into bushel boxes. These had to be lifted by a man called the "busheller," and emptied into bags held by another man called the "bagholder." These men sometimes had to "get a move on" as, when everything was working well, the grain came pouring out swiftly. Especially was this the case when threshing oats. But here again the genius of the inventor has done away with Messrs. Busheller and Bagholder. The high-bagger, an automatic device, which is seen in the pictures, standing up at the side of the machine, elevates the grain, weighs a bushel at a time and drops it into the long chute, which reaches down to the farmer's waggon. The farmer holds the bags at the mouth of the chute until they are filled. The high-bagger automatically tallies each bushel as it is weighed off.

The post of honour around a threshing machine is held by the men who feed and oil it. They are called the "feeders." There are generally three of them. Two of them feed the machine with sheaves, cutting the bands themselves. The other does the oiling and attends to the belts, sieves, and elevators, often taking a turn on the feedboard to spell the other men, as the work of feeding is arduous in the extreme.

SHOWING THE HIGH-BAGGER, AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE WHICH ELEVATES THE GRAIN, WEIGHS A BUSHEL AT A TIME, AND DROPS IT DOWN THE CHUTE INTO A BAG HELD BY A MAN IN THE WAGGON

As before mentioned, the feeders are the heroes of the separator gang. It is the ambition of many western lads to become "a good feeder." It is amusing to see the conscious pride and importance of some feeders, especially when there are onlookers. However, even the sacred feeder is bound to be hurled from his pedestal ere long by the baleful inventor. Already automatic devices for feeding are attached to many machines. As yet they are not exclusively used, but it is only a question of time till the human feeder, with all his glory and importance, will be but a memory on the plains.

The threshing engines now in use are mostly of the traction order, and some of them exert as much as twenty-five horse-power. This end of the concern is manned by three men, viz., the engineer, the fireman, and the waterman. The engineer has his code of whistles understood by the whole crew. One toot means to stop threshing in case of something going wrong. If this mishap occurs at the separator end the man in charge gives the engineer a signal. Another little toot means to start again after such a stop. Morning, dinner-time and night are hailed by prolonged shrieks from the whistle. A number of jerky, convulsive toots warn the farmer drawing away the grain to hurry, as the supply of bags is getting low. Three toots, following one another at short intervals, warn the waterman to hasten, as the supply is dwindling to small dimensions.

The fireman has to get "on to his job." The furnace is fed with straw. The fireman uses a fork with an iron handle, and has to keep up a steady scratching and poking. His face is always black with soot.

The waterman draws water from the nearest creek or slough. He has two large tanks on wheels. He can leave one full at the side of the engine while he is away with the other. He fills the tank by means of a force pump and a long hose.

In stook-threshing, four men to pitch in the fields go with the machine, and

also six men with teams to "draw in." Thus in this part of the work, which now embraces nearly the whole of the season's operations, there is a large crew. The pitchers in these latter days are generally Doukhobors or Galicians. These men are splendid workers if they have not to handle machinery or horses. When stack-threshing starts the teamsters are released, but the pitchers are retained.

The threshing crew are fed by the farmers. To the farmer's wife the event is one to be dreaded from year to year, as there is a vast amount of work added during that time to her usual routine. In case she has two or three grown-up daughters to assist her, the experience is, however, rather pleasant than otherwise, especially to the young ladies, for there are often well-favoured young men in the crew. The girls know that in their clean print gowns, and snowy aprons, they appear as veritable angels to these hungry, dusty young men. It is an unwritten law among threshers to wash only at night. Therefore at meals some of the men are curious-looking diners, their eyes rolling in their blackened faces, giving them somewhat the appearance of negroes. But the young women are conscious that at no other time is their charm so great, as when ministering deftly and gracefully to the creature comforts of just such hungry, toil-stained men.

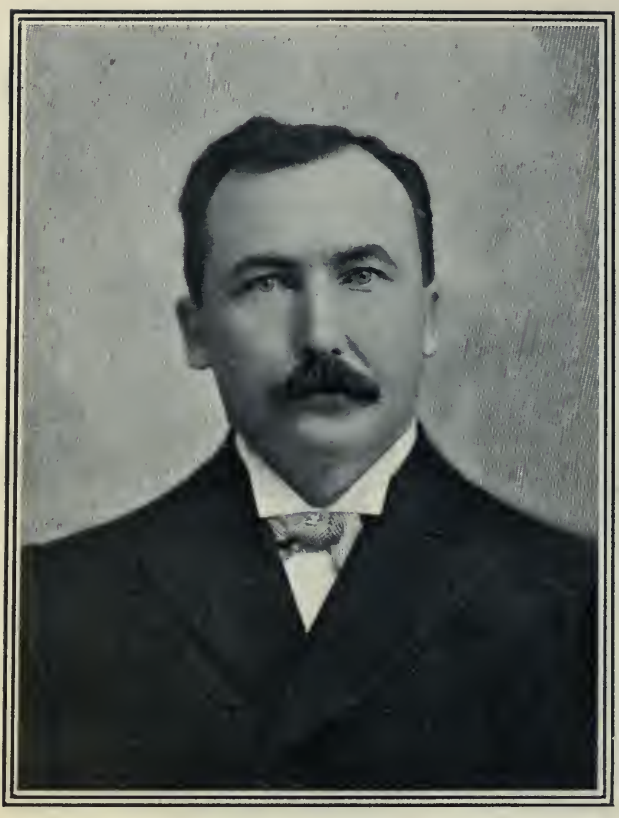
It is at table that the thresher's wit flows free; and anyone who has ever been present on these occasions will bear me out in saying that, like John Gilpin, the thresher "has a pleasant wit." At each meal the general conversation produces new and timely humourous sallies. Of course there are the old ones which survive through all seasons, such as "We're all good feeders now," and when some one for instance asks for the butter, to get the answer, "Oh, never mind the butter, go on and eat your dinner." Such occasions as these are the sum total of all possible delight for the farmer's young son. With joy he hails the advent of the crew to the farm, with regret he watches them take their leave. Some time or other he vows to himself that he will put in a season "on a machine."

The season being short and the weather precarious, the owner of the machine makes his men work long hours. He has to do so to make any money. In fact few threshers make anything worth while. But the thing has a fascination for certain men, and year after year finds them playing a losing game. Work starts sometimes before seven, and often ceases only at dark. Sunset and the gloaming find the men still at work, while for miles around the lights of burning straw piles seem to spring up as if by magic. These are the beacon fires of the army of threshers scattered over the plains.

After the late supper is over (and it is an operation requiring time, for the men are famished) all hands retire to the waggon caboose. It is lit by lanterns and contains a stove. Around the fire and reclining in the bunks, the men puff away at their pipes, or lovingly roll their quids in their cheeks, meanwhile engaging in friendly chat. The talk is often mingled with profanity, and many of the expressions are, to say the least, indecorous, but there is enough of the really humourous to atone for this. Sometimes the conversation is such as to impress even the most erudite. I have met with a crew which comprised seven distinct nationalities, yet all the members were able to converse fluently in English. Many an evening was spent in listening to graphic descriptions of the various motherlands, which included England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and Germany. This was a musical crew, and often in one evening visitors were regaled with songs by the native born, in the dialects of Scotland, Ireland, and the streets of London, besides songs in the purest Welsh, French and German.

The threshing in a favourable autumn lasts for about two months. Twelve hundred bushels per day is a good average for the season. There is no reason to doubt that ensuing years will see great improvements in threshing outfits, and in the ways of handling the bumper harvests of the great Canadian West.

THRESHING FROM THE STACK—A SYSTEM WHICH IS NOW ABANDONED IN SOME DISTRICTS



HONOURABLE CLIFFORD SIFTON, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLVII.—HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

PORTENTOUS figures in history and star contemporaries afford scope for writing, but the man who, although he may be journeying upwards, has not yet reached the laurel-crowned summit, is not the kind of man it is easy to write about. The Hon. Clifford Sifton is, however, a man of action, and has been a Canadian celebrity for seven years. Prior to 1896 the public of Canada had never heard of Mr. Sifton, although to the public of the Province of Manitoba he was well known. The people of Manitoba hardly realize, perhaps, that the leading men in their local politics are not known elsewhere, but it is nevertheless a fact. To some of us at Ottawa who read the diplomatic correspondence on the school question between the Dominion authorities and the Manitoba Government, Clifford Sifton, the author of the Manitoba end of it, stood revealed as an astute and able writer of state papers. He was the Attorney-General of Manitoba at the time and also had charge of the Department of Education.

The hostility of Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P.P., to Mr. Sifton has been so marked that perhaps it would be interesting to give here the origin of that hostility, which culminated in 1896.

Mr. Martin was Mr. Greenway's Attorney-General from 1888 to 1891. Mr. Sifton, a practising barrister in the prairie town of Brandon, was elected to the Manitoba Legislature for North Brandon in 1888, so that in 1891 he had been a member of that House for three years. Mr. Martin, drafting all the bills and doing much of the work of the Greenway Administration, thought he ought to be Premier, and, it is said, displayed a decided disloyalty towards his chief. Not being able to get his colleagues to act with him, he thought to force Mr. Greenway's hand by resigning, believing that in a Legislature which contained only three or four lawyers the Premier could not get another Attorney-General, and would be compelled to open negotiations with him. Mr. Greenway, however, had seen Clifford Sifton during the three years he was in the House display considerable ability in debate, and, what was more, such other talents as made him a natural leader in the House. He, therefore, asked Mr. Sifton to become Attorney-General, and it was Mr. Sifton's acceptance of that office which gave Mr. Martin his first setback and killed his programme of bringing Mr. Greenway to his knees. To complete this incident it might be added that the offer of the position of Minister of the Interior to Mr. Sifton by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, at a time when Mr. Martin was looking for the portfolio, again placed Mr. Sifton across his ambitious path, and he could no longer speak of that gentleman with calmness or patience.

Mr. Greenway came to lean upon Mr. Sifton as the real executive force in the Government, and also as the organizing energy of the party at general elections. It was Mr. Sifton who led the Liberal party in Manitoba to victory at the general elections of 1892 and January, 1896. The reason why the Western members of Parliament in both the House of Commons and the Senate make themselves felt is largely because of that Western energy which we hear so much about, but cannot describe. It is indigenous to Manitoba and the Territories. The moment it passes the Rocky Mountains, and gets into the valley of the Fraser, and flows to the Pacific coast, it dies. It is a current of electricity which takes entire possession of the individual and makes him a hustler. After a large banquet given in honour of Mr. Sifton on one occasion, when scores of men were trying to get their coats and hats from a little room that would only hold ten, Mr. Sifton replied to a gentleman who offered to get him his coat and hat, "Oh, never mind, I will hustle for myself." So Mr. Sifton is a hustler, and this great force applied to a particular object is overmastering. A Minister of the Crown, who is not only willing but eager to get into the crowd and shoulder his own way, is in no danger of being left from any sense of having attained an altitude too lofty for contact with common people, such as one of his predecessors is said to have done.

There is nothing romantic, but everything that is strenuous about Mr. Sifton's career. He unfolds no great thoughts clothed in choice language, but he is a student of men, making the mistakes which all who pride themselves on this faculty occasionally make. He is a vigorous, practical speaker. He deals in no adumbrated figures of speech, but grips hold of a subject with earnestness and intenseness, strips it of any sophistry, and exposes it naked to the gaze of his audience.

The quality of courage, which is indispensable to the successful politician, is not lacking in the Minister of the Interior. He is always ready to take up a challenge. Perhaps this was best illustrated in the famous duel between Sir Hibbert Tupper and himself, when the former, on his way to Ottawa from the coast, gave out publicly that he would stop at Brandon, and, before Mr. Sifton's own constituents, charge him with corruption. This of itself required no small degree of courage, and displayed some of that old Hessian fighting blood which ran in the veins

of Sir Hibbert's ancestors. Mr. Sifton was in the southern part of the province, and had an important programme of meetings, to cancel which entailed considerable risk. He at once, however, accepted the challenge, and the two men appeared on the same platform before an audience of 6,000 persons, who were crowded into the skating rink. Probably one-half were supporters of Mr. Sifton and the other half opponents. As is well known, the meeting turned out disastrously for Sir Hibbert Tupper, partly because he repeated charges which his father, Sir Charles Tupper, had recanted in the celebrated Philp letter, which was sprung on the audience for the first time that night, and which simply paralyzed the enemy. It was claimed that Mr. Sifton's majority of over 600 in the election which followed a few days later could be accounted for by the results of this meeting, as hundreds of farmers drove into the meeting, and said they would decide after the proceedings were over whether Mr. Sifton was guilty of the charges brought against him or not. Mr. Hugh John Macdonald was Mr. Sifton's opponent, and thus in the greatest fight of his life he was battling with two of the historic political names in Canada, Macdonald and Tupper. He encountered the prestige and popularity of Macdonald and the influence of Tupper, and swept everything before him. Of course, the magnificent organization which Mr. Sifton had in that election was a factor in the result; yet there are few men who would willingly go through such an ordeal. Brandon was a Conservative constituency, and Mr. Joseph Martin had been defeated there when it was called Selkirk.

There are many interesting incidents in the career of the Minister, but there is only space to mention a few and to try and make them illustrate his character. His executive ability and enormous energy were surprisingly illustrated by his reformation of the Department of the Interior immediately after he took office. He found nearly everything in arrears, some things in a mess, and cases innumerable waiting for years for disposal. He took hold in November, 1897, and left for Skagway in September of the following year, having reorganized and reformed the Department and disposed of all the arrears. He was able to say that he had not left a single item of arrears in the whole Department, except one, and that was a very large question, the issue of patents for the C.P.R. land grant.

Perhaps a small incident at Skagway will help to show his quickness of decision and rapidity of action. The tide which comes in from the Pacific through the Lyn Canal rises and falls about twenty feet. At that time the enormous wharf which was being built out a quarter of a mile for the accommodation of steamers was not completed and was only planked out a short distance. The Government steamer was anchored out in the harbour, and the Minister, having finished some work on shore, was standing talking with a small group at the approach to the wharf, when a cry went up that the tide was going out and that the sailors couldn't hold the boat to the shore. It was seen that the tide was racing out at a furious pace, and the sailors were endeavouring to hold the boat against the supports of the wharf for a few moments. Mr. Sifton looked round, saw a coil of rope, and called to a man to take it and tie it to the centre of one of the beams on the bridge, which was done, and the other end of the rope dangled free, but short of the surface of the water by about nine or ten feet. He then beckoned the sailors to try and bring the boat underneath the rope, which they succeeded in doing, but yelled up that they could only hold it there a few seconds. Mr. Justice McGuire, who was with the Minister, was invited by him to descend and jump into the boat, but the Judge said, "No, thank you," and without an instant's hesitation Mr. Sifton straddled the beam, seized hold of the rope, threw himself off, and lowered himself hand-over-

hand as far as the rope went, and then let go. It was a question whether the boat could be held right under the rope, but fortunately it was, and the Minister landed in safety, and laughingly shouted up to the Judge that it was quite easy, and they would hold the boat a minute longer for him, but his lordship did not think that it comported with the dignity of the Bench, and came aboard later by another boat.

The allotted space does not permit of any reference to the many events of Mr. Sifton's political career. He is now in London, acting as British Agent for His Majesty's Government in the Alaskan Boundary arbitration. His home, on Metcalfe Street, in Ottawa, is always open to his Western friends. He is fortunate in his domestic surroundings, and, on one public occasion, in the presence of Mrs. Sifton, told his audience that he was indebted to his wife for suggestions in regard to political questions, which sometimes enabled him to avoid mistakes.

TWO LOST TOWNS

By M. S. Wade

IT is so short a time—less than fifty years—since British Columbia became known to many save the hardy employees of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, that it seems an utter absurdity to speak of the "dead" towns of that Province. It must be remembered, however, that in the last half century much history has been made in the golden Province, and, as the sequel will show, at least two towns, thriving centres of business and population in their time, have not only ceased to be such, but almost every vestige of them has been lost. Even their sites and names are known to few but the old-timer and the newer arrival who have taken the trouble to delve a little into past history.

Placer miners, miners of the stamp who did the earlier mining with pick, shovel and rocker or sluice-box in California, in Australia, and later in British Columbia, were, and are, restless souls, migratory in their habits. Upon this floating population much of the trade, and most of the "life" of a mining town depends. Let these birds of passage be removed and the crispness of trade is gone; cripple the cash revenue and the backbone of the camp or town is broken. It will then require something more substantial than mere sentiment to induce the "settled" population to continue to pin their faith to a place whose heyday is plainly a thing of the past.

Two of British Columbia's towns met this fate of loss of revenue and population, and of these the oldest was Douglas, named after Sir James Douglas, perhaps the strongest character that has figured in British Columbia history.

Prior to 1867 what is now the Province of British Columbia existed as two separate Crown colonies, known as Vancouver Island and British Columbia, respectively. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Richard Blanshard was the first Governor of Vancouver Island, receiving his commission in 1849, and was succeeded in 1851 by James Douglas, then Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at Camosun—now Victoria. The entire population of the colony at that time was less than 500, and yet they returned seven members to the Executive Council instituted by Governor Douglas. In 1858, at the request of the Colonial Secretary, the Governor retired from the H. B. Co.'s service, and in the same year he received his commission as Governor of the new colony of British Columbia. For five years he laboured at his dual Governorship, and no more energetic, successful, nor

painstaking Governor has this nor any other country seen. No detail was too trivial for his attention; no undertaking too great for his energies. It was during his regime that the great Cariboo gold excitement had its day, and he it was who had built that celebrated waggon road from Yale to Barkerville, a distance of 360 miles, and still another waggon road, leading to the same goal, via Lillooet, both routes uniting at a common point some 47 miles from the latter town. The Governor was indefatigable, and as a builder of roads and bridges did yeoman's service in rendering accessible the remote portions of the country. In 1863 his commission expired, and he retired to private life with the knighthood he so richly merited. Four years subsequently he died, and in the same year the two colonies were united under the one name of British Columbia.

Even in these latter days one will run across some few of the old Vancouver Island colonists, to whom the mainland is almost a foreign country. The writer was driving a few years ago in the vicinity of Victoria, and overtook an old man trudging along the dusty road in the dusk. An offer of a lift was promptly accepted, and during the conversation that ensued the writer asked the old fellow whether he had ever been at some point on the mainland. "Oh," replied the old man, "that's in British Columbia, isn't it? No, I never was over to British Columbia!"

Which goes to show how difficult it is for some people to keep pace with events.

It was fitting that the new town of Douglas should be so named. It was called into existence by the wild rush of adventurous spirits from all parts of the world on the discovery of gold on the Thompson and Fraser rivers in 1858, and in Cariboo almost immediately afterwards. Until the completion some little time later of a waggon road from Yale, the head of navigation on the lower Fraser, through the cañons of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, the tide of gold-fever stricken humanity flowed into the Cariboo district by following the valley, occupied by a chain of beautiful lakes, formed on the one hand by the mountain ranges skirting the sea-coast, and on the other by the fastnesses forming the cañons of the turbulent Fraser. From New Westminster, near which at that time was established in a most picturesque spot the camp of the Royal Engineers, under Colonel Moody (under whose direction a military road was made from the camp to Port Moody, on Burrard Inlet, a name not unfamiliar to the C.P.R. magnates and to scores of unfortunate investors and speculators who were deluded into the belief that the western terminus of the great iron highway would be there), steamers ran up the Fraser to the head of Harrison Lake; at its head the town of Douglas had its brief existence. The site chosen was an ideal one. The miners, anxious to reach the mines, kept flocking in, and passing on by the chain of lakes and the waggon roads—portages—connecting them. Governor Douglas had a force of 500 men employed in making these short stretches of road. As an inducement to the men to turn to and perform this necessary road-making the Governor promised, and he kept his word to the letter, to land all provisions and supplies at Douglas at Victoria prices, no mean concession in those days of excessive freight rates.

The town was well supplied with stores, business was rushing, and the merchants who had cast in their lot with the new town had no doubt as to its permanence.

Each day saw its new arrivals at the bustling place. Seasoned miners from California and Australia, inexperienced men from the older States, Eastern Canada and the Old Country, men of all sizes, ages and nationalities, sorts and conditions, crowded into and their way out of Douglas day after day, and the busy packers with their trains of pack animals, mules and cayuses, had more than they could handle even at the rate of 50 cents a pound freight!

Amid such exciting scenes as were

of daily occurrence, some of the more staid found time in which to plant a few fruit trees. Attempts were made, with more or less success, to make flower and vegetable gardens. Life was pleasant; the town was growing; trade was rushing; the stream of adventurers continued to arrive and go, and all went merrily. The merchants and those engaged in transportation enterprises made money and smiled in placid contentment. But while the tide was passing through Douglas—and it was a tide, for in 1862 alone 10,000 men left Victoria for the mines of Cariboo, and on by the portages and the navigable waters of the Lillooet, Anderson and Seaton Lakes to Lillooet, on the Fraser, itself a town with a history of early thrift, subsequent decadence, and recent revival—the new waggon road from Yale was completed, and then came the crash.

With the opening of this road, the traffic was speedily, suddenly, and totally diverted from the old route to the new. The old and well-worn passage sank into a peaceful desuetude, and freight rates dropped from 50 to 12 cents a pound. The trade at Douglas rapidly dwindled to the vanishing point; merchants and residents flitted away to pastures new and solitude regained what had been wrested from it. Buildings fell into decay. New growth sprang up among the ruins, and Douglas became but a memory.

When the discovery of gold on McCullough and French Creeks at the Big Bend of the Columbia river started a stampede in that direction, thousands of miners, attracted from Cariboo, California, and elsewhere, gained the new fields by trail from the head of the Seymour Arm of Great Shuswap Lake.

During the winter of 1865, the Hudson's Bay Company, ever mindful of their own interests, built a steamer, the first built in the interior of the Province, near Kamloops, in anticipation of the rush that ensued the next spring. From Savona, at the foot of Kamloops Lake, to the head of Seymour Arm was a good reach of easily navigable water; needless to say the "*Marten*" did a good business. Thousands of men followed this route to the new El Dorado, and—the natural sequence—the town of Seymour was established at the head of navigation. A roistering town it was too, full of life and bustle, but like its prototype, Douglas, it had its day. The end came to the Big Bend excitement, and with it to the town, and Seymour was no more. Almost completely hidden by the quickly growing bush, remote from the haunts of men, relinquished to the solitude of the forest, are all that remains of the once prosperous town; a few logs barely holding together mark the site of some dwelling, store, or saloon; a pile of stones denote that a fireplace once gave forth comforting heat to the tired and weary.

Both of these towns had an ephemeral existence only, but how much they saw! What joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments they witnessed! Crowded into their brief term of life what a variety of experiences! Of them it may truthfully be said, theirs was "a short life, but a merry one." There is something inexpressibly sad in the passing of these towns of a day, whose prospects seemed so bright when in the height of their folly and bustle and money-making. Wherever placer mining is carried on, history repeats itself in the matter of the growth, life, and decadence of towns, even as in these instances, when remote from the camps. On the other hand, the industry of lode mining brings with it permanence to the towns it upbuilds.

Like Job's gourd, Douglas and Seymour sprang suddenly into existence and as rapidly perished. Their life was not characterized by the plodding toil of bread-winners of the type that lived in that "loveliest village of the vale," Goldsmith has described with such inimitable skill and pathos. And yet the element of sentiment is not entirely absent; each of the departed towns is associated with remembrances that are not free from a pathos that bespeaks a kindly thought, perchance a regret.

ROMAN, GREEK, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONCEPTIONS OF LIBERTY

By W. S. Milner, Professor of Ancient History, University of Toronto

SOME years ago I heard the late Bishop of London in a public lecture in Oxford drop the remark that to know what any people understands by the word "Liberty" is to know that people. He perhaps added "and to know that people's history," for our national conceptions of liberty have grown out of our national experiences.

Modern progress in political studies has destroyed the old antithesis of man *versus* the State. We are unconsciously working back to Greek principles. We now can see that man is fashioned by society and realizes himself only in society, that freedom and sovereignty are complementary parts of national life, and spring from the same source, the instinct for self-preservation. The isolated animal is free only to perish, but "man is a political animal," and instinctively organizes societies for self-defence. The State begins, says Greek philosophy (and how exquisitely !), for the sake of living, and is continued for the sake of living well. Self-preservation is the origin, noble life the end. The Greeks have time with them. At every step toward that goal of noble living, so distant yet, if something has been acquired for the individual, something also has been surrendered to the whole. Something of personal freedom is continually surrendered for the sake of noble living, and something will continue to be surrendered to the end. Liberty and the power of the State are not incompatible, but how to hold the balance just between State and citizen is the master problem of government, more difficult in the immediate future than ever before in history.

Hammer or anvil was the only political theory known to the ancient world, and survival itself the greatest problem. There was no ancient "balance of power." Now the Roman, for national existence itself, made a sacrifice of individual liberty of a kind unique in history. His surrender of personal will laid the world eventually at his feet, but it almost extinguished individuality. His idea of liberty we shall understand if we examine what he meant by *imperium*.

As we reconstruct the faint outline of Rome under her kings, we see a citizen body of equals accepting without discussion the king nominated for them by the council of elders, and having once elected him, yielding to his *imperium* an obedience that was absolute and without qualification. We cannot hope to recover the causes which produced that ancient Roman temper, that marvellous spirit of obedience and self-surrender, which so differentiates them from the Greeks. Physical causes certainly operated most strongly. The mountainous network of Greece, the comparatively poor soil, the great extent of coastline, the neighbouring islands—so many stepping-stones—compelled and tempted the Greeks to take to the sea. Nature had determined for them in advance a national type of restless motion. Italy, on the other hand, was much more favourable to agriculture, and consequently to stability and conservatism. Moreover it is, at least, worth considering, what would be the political effect, in the case of Rome, of the occupancy of that little cluster of hills fourteen miles from the Tiber mouth, defensible, yet so near to each other that mutual destruction or amalgamation were the only alternatives. This amalgamation is itself a surrender of individual will. A long discipline of incorporation and obedience lies back of that city of Servius Tullius, a fragment of whose great wall confronts the visitor to Rome as he emerges from the railway station, a discipline that explains why

no wall was built again for a thousand years.

The ancient Roman head of a family was, indeed, king in his own house. Son, wife and son's sons and their property were under the absolute power of the head of the family so long as he lived. But over him again was the king whose *imperium* must, in the first instance, be obeyed, who might, indeed, allow appeal to the citizen-body from a capital sentence, but was not compelled to do so, who was bound only by custom, and who consulted the citizen-body only when some change in custom was to be proposed, a will, or an adoption to be made, or war to be declared. This leaves the head of a family, in the old Roman sense, king in his own sphere of property and private worship, yet it is very plain that these Romans knew much of duty, but little of civil liberty. It may, therefore, well be repeated that history has seen nothing like this legally regulated civic discipline, which was to characterize Rome during the next three centuries of her greatest political vitality. Obedience, absolute devotion to the *res publica*, the beautiful word which they themselves created for us, is the one great virtue in the beadroll of Republican worthies. Great men and genius are impossible under this national discipline, but, could Rome have created a drama of her own, she would have struck out a new type of hero, the civic martyr in a lost cause. The Greek hero, helpless but questioning in the face of a mysterious destiny, no Roman would have understood.

The overthrow of the kings was no great popular movement toward liberty. As Livy puts it, the beginning of liberty consisted in the fact, that the first consuls held the old regal *imperium* but for a year, and that there were two of them, the veto overriding the command. The *imperium* still survived. Thus the first Roman conception of liberty lay in a limiting, but more in a subdivision of the *imperium*. The consuls' *imperium* will be divided again and again among many holders; the extraordinary tribunate of the plebs will be created—an office without a parallel, an extra cog in the political machine, which will bring it again and again to a standstill, and which will finally be used to wreck it, and at length the various strands of the *imperium* will be gathered up again in the hands of another monarch. And the last voice — indeed the only voice — of liberty will be heard in a degenerate senatorial aristocracy.

For it is inherent in the city-state, which grows out of the family, that power in its first descent, shall fall to the Senate—the great family-heads. Add to this the innate Roman deference to age and experience, and the further consideration that the expulsion of the Tarquins disguises probably the removal of an Etruscan overlordship with greater material resources than early Rome could conceivably have possessed, and we have the explanation which political philosophy gives for the Senate's accession to power. From the standpoint of the constant struggle of human wills it was, however, a direct usurpation of power and probably the Patrician reply to Servius Tullius' incorporation of the Plebeians within the citizen-body. The Senate controls the new consuls. Thus the long struggle of privilege is set up in Roman history.

Yet the Senate well filled the place it seized. By the Ovinian law of 312 B.C. it became really the organ of the whole people, every member of that great council having stood for the suffrage of the people, the majority more than once. In fact, from the Licinian bills to the close of the Hannibalic war Rome may be said to have exhibited to the world the first working of what we call constitutional government — the carrying into effect of the general will of the people, safeguarded by debate among men of age and experience.

For a moment we seem to hear the true note of democracy and to catch a glimpse of an Italian state, but true democracy is impossible when a city-state grows beyond a certain point. Rome had strained the city-state ideal

beyond the utmost conception of the Mediterranean world, but in the acquisition of her first territory over sea there was involved the distant return of monarchy.

The provincial governor carried with him into his province the *imperium*, once more intact, unhampered by colleague or tribune, and, while the Roman toleration of native law and custom was broad and generous, in this fatal contradiction of the *imperium* lay the secret of the Republican failure in provincial government. Rule of dependencies corrupted aristocracy and democracy alike, it removed taxation from the rights for which freemen in all lands contend, and the transformation of the Senate from the organ of the whole people into the preserve of an hereditary oligarchy was rapid and complete. At the close of this oligarchy's lease of power a returned governor from Africa confesses, "Imperium nostrum ex optimo atque justissimo crudele intolerandumque factum est."*

It is the irony of history that Romans at last fight for an ideal, when victory would have made any moderate realization of it impossible. For what, after all, was that liberty which sounds so pathetically and so continuously in the pages of Cicero and Tacitus—that liberty for which Cicero perished in his unequal struggle, for which Cato destroyed himself and Brutus played the assassin? In the noblest of those last Republicans, pride of power, in the meanest—and most were mean—the right of a handful of decadent families, to despoil the civilized world. Can men gather figs of thistles? Could freedom broaden slowly down from the deed of a Brutus, who had five town councillors of Salamis starved to death to exact an interest of 48 per cent.? The fall of the Republic was, in truth, a great tragedy, but the "courtesy" of that degenerate Roman Senate had made it necessary in the interest of a more general and more distant freedom.

Imperium, then, is deposited once more in the hands of a single holder, who affects to rule in concert with the simulacrum of a Senate. The monarch is deified at death, and finally enveloped in glory and worshipped on earth. We need not forget the faint show of political interest preserved in the provinces, as, for example, in Gaul, by Augustus' organization of the worship of the genius of Rome and the Emperor, or by the municipal system throughout the Empire. We need not forget that splendid period of righteous and enlightened rule, in the eighty years preceding the death of the Stoic Emperor. But we should like apologists for the new brand of American political rights to say whether they call this liberty. And we need not forget the noble achievements of Roman law. But was not privilege the essence of that law? St. Paul's proud claim of Roman citizenship was but the claim of privilege—the privilege of appeal to the Emperor—a long advance, indeed, beyond the iniquitous working of the *jus commercii*, on which the value of Republican Roman citizenship so largely hinged. In short, Roman liberty was the authority of the one or the few to rule and the privilege of the many.

Christianity, asserting a new principle of human liberty, conquers this magnificent empire, only itself to succumb to the spell of this *imperium*. Catholicity is of the essence of Rome. In the last century of the Roman Empire in the West, a Christian poet thus apostrophizes the mistress of the world: "Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat."* A state, a nation not Christianized Rome itself could build. The Germans, flooding over the barriers and silting gradually into the Roman world, were bringing with them that which was secretly and intrinsically inconsistent with the Roman *imperium*.

Turning now to Greece, when we remember that the ingredients from which the state was constructed were the same as in the case of Rome—the family, the clan, the phratry, the tribe, the village community, the king and council and casual assembly of the people, the worship of ancestors, the ground-work of law and custom,

*Our *imperium* from having been good and just has become cruel and intolerable.

*Thou hast a city made of what was erst a world.

all resulting in the city-state, the type of Mediterranean culture—we may well feel astonished at the difference in the political temper developed. In Italy, as Mommsen puts it, the state appears to step forth like Minerva in complete armour, while in Greece the clan holds out against the state long into historical times, and the individual citizen stands out as an entity from a very early date. The political progress is also, in its early stages, that of Rome, from monarchy to aristocracy. But here Greece and Rome part company, Rome going on to fulfil the cycle of decay worked out by Plato, while in Greece most states oscillate backwards and forwards between tyranny and democracy. And in truth the experience of our own generation almost convinces us that this oscillation has in it something normal.

The result, then, was a multitude of little city-states, with a passionate instinct for home rule, forever embroiled in Lilliputian war, grouping themselves for purposes of worship and trade, proudly conscious of a community of race, and, in their great games and common reverence for Delphi, showing a certain instinct towards actual unity, striking out the federal idea again and again, but never attaining political unity until, under the sway of Macedonia, the scorned sister of the great Greek family, they achieved that brilliant historic revenge upon Persia and created a short-lived world-empire, alien to their instincts, whose work presently devolved upon Rome. The most painful pages in Greek history recount the inability of these inveterate home-rulers to combine against the common foe.

As with Rome, so with Greece, we are not wrong in attributing national temper more to physical environment than race, and the features of physical contrast have already been stated. The great exception in this general picture of Greece is, of course, Sparta, and the Spartans remind us of the Romans. Yet nothing could be less like Sparta, apparently, than her western colony Tarentum. Now, Sparta was essentially a city of the plain, beset, like Rome, by mountains, and compelled as no other Greek state to attain military discipline. At the same time Nature had not given her a background of enforced amalgamation, nor the levelling spirit of commerce. While Athens, on the other hand, the glory of Greece, alone among the Greek states evinced some slight instinct for incorporation. Athens comprised Attica. Is it fanciful to see in this larger citizen-body some blind germ of that larger spirit which rallied these jealous little states against the Persian, which strove for a brief hour to make Athens the school of Hellas, and failing, laid the world in debt for countless lessons in beauty and truth? The Athenians alone became a people, though there are ugly things to be said of their Laconizers and Medizers, her pro-Boers. Then philosophers, too, were against them. In any case geography is a deeper explanation of Greek political character than race.

Resistance then to arbitrary authority and an unconquerable predilection for having something to say in government are the essence of the Greek political temper; and faction is its peculiar weakness, indeed the disease which destroyed most of their city-states. Pericles' boast of the "open-door" comes home peculiarly to Englishmen of our day as they have become more conscious of the meaning of their own empire, and may we not say the same of the Pan-Hellenic idea of the next generation of Athenian statesmanship? True Greek empire lay in this direction. The blood of our race speaks in the veins of us Colonials, but community of national ideals is a bond more powerful than any formal union. And it is just in this colonial expansion of Greece that we best realize the work of that little England. Those old-time voyagers, whose marvellous tales of new worlds are echoed for us in the Odyssey, recall our Frobishers, Drakes and Hawkinses. They dotted the Mediterranean world with their colonies, but each autonomous, and, in true Greek fashion, rarely connected with

the mother city by any political tie whatever.

In the political field, then, the Greeks have liberated an idea. They have made a first contribution towards what the centuries have not yet completed —a reasoned definition of liberty. They have brought into the realm of consciousness an instinct which time will never extinguish on the earth, the instinct which in individuals and states moves toward autonomy.

But they made another contribution of far greater moment. They, first of men, on the Ionian coast, advance the claim that the universe is explicable to human reason. They question their own theology, the foundations of duty and of society itself. They question the legitimacy of slavery, the very basis of ancient culture. Of all our debts to Greece none is so great as this freedom of thought.

The political life-time of Greece is short as that of Rome is long—both perish from the defects of their virtues. This individualism and rationalism of Greece inflicted deep wounds upon Republican Rome, and once again the Greek spirit was destined to meet its great antagonist when the conflict was joined between Protestantism and Catholicism. For in Greece and Rome we have two eternal principles standing out in naked simplicity, individualism and obedience, self-assertion and self-effacement, both self-destructive. Greece and Rome between them have made the ultimate appearance of democracy inevitable, but they have also shown its Scylla and Charybdis. Tyranny is the degenerate form of submission to authority, faction of individual self-assertion. Between these extremes it would seem that most popular government is doomed to oscillate until religion and science unite in establishing social justice. I say "most" popular government, because I come now to what I believe is an exception.

Many of us have been taught to regard Anglo-Saxon civil and political liberty as the collective body of rights won by fierce and continuous struggle from absolute and irresponsible power. William the Conqueror acquired England in undisputed, absolute personal ownership, acknowledging but one obligation, the defence of the realm and administration of justice within it. Justice and peace, however, were of the royal favour, for which the rents of the land were a compensation. This claim of vested right obtained a legal expression when John alienated the land and all its appurtenances to Pope Innocent, who reconveyed it to him for the rent of 1,000 marks, which was paid for over a century. Resistance won the Great Charter, the first step in a long series of deprivations of vested right, which summed up constitute English civil and political liberty.

But this constitutional method is now abandoned. We can now see that the foundations of our liberty vastly antedate the charter, that they lie in English character, as it was carried from its European home. Ultimately the English will administer their own affairs and in their own way, they will submit only to laws and taxes which they have themselves ordained. They have all the inveterate Greek instinct for autonomy. But the Greek, at bottom, could not consider himself as apart from his state. In short, there is a collectivism in the Greek hardly less than in the Roman, which belongs to the city state. Now Tacitus felt instinctively this difference in type from Mediterranean culture. He puts his finger on the very traits which explain the difference in the evolution of the Teutonic state. (1) They do not dwell in cities, he says, and even in their village communities, which are scattered in random fashion, they do not live contiguously. We were never gregarious. (2) They have a strange respect for their women. (3) In speaking of their religious notions, could he have had our retrospect, he would have said they have no localized gods. The city with its localized gods is the root of Mediterranean culture. (4) He dwells on their "comitatus." Here is the very kernel of the difference. The Greek, and very specially the Ro-

man, state starts from the father of the family, the head of its worship of ancestors; the Teutonic from this confraternity in arms. We know, further, that their kings were chosen only for time of war. Now here clearly is English political character, as was pointed out by Gibbon and Hume before it was dwelt on by constitutional historians. But this character, too, as Greek and Roman character, is not a matter of race. Mother earth has had her will of us. One may simply ask this question—What is the bearing of that forest and fen life of our ancestors, in contrast with the abundance of small defensible hills in the Græco-Roman world? But I am not prepared to fall in with the doctrine, that physical environment is the whole explanation of primitive national types. Primitive religion may go deeper, or it may only push the explanation still further back. But the hopeless nature of this problem we may see when we reflect that in Italy the Samnite sacred woodpecker evidences a stage immensely back of the religion of the ancient city state, *i.e.*, totem worship. I am insisting only that national character is not a matter of race, but of national experience.

Here, then, at the very outset, are deep differences in the Græco-Roman and English political character. The primitive cell of their future form of state seems almost the same, but there is something prophetic in the acclamation of the Homeric assembly, the sober legality of question and answer in the Roman, and the tumultuous shield-clashing of the ancient English host. The Greek will debate, the Roman legalise, the Englishman will fight. But long national experience, far different from either Greek or Roman, has tempered this fighting instinct. He will fight only when it is worth his while. For centuries after the conquest he was content if left unmolested on his land. The coming centuries were to teach him the lessons which the Greeks and Romans learned separately, and to produce in him a temper compounded of both.

He was to learn, as no other people has learned, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, that the machinery of government may be seized by king, nobles, priest, parliament and class interest. In Roman history the Senate was the one great usurpation of power from which the Romans worked back to tyranny, and there remained. We English begin by restraining our Norman kings with the charter and committee of twenty-five. But these committees prove short-lived. Again and again during more than a century royal absolutism is welcomed as a diminution of tyranny. For a long period the great problem is how to restrain tyrannical kings without multiplying tyranny. But English nationality is awake, and we are slowly groping for a king who shall represent the English idea. We then, abandoning committees, restrain the first Edward by the barons and knights in Parliament. The Parliament practically deposes his successor, and under Edward III. we find the town-burgesses sitting side by side with the knights of the shire. Royal ministers are impeached. Another king is deposed, and the principle that Parliament may change the succession is asserted in the accession of Henry IV., who definitely leans on the commonalty. But before two centuries of effort at restraint of despotism by Parliament are over we return to kingly absolutism. Nevertheless the Tudor régime is not retrograde. The Tudors lean on the nation at large and free us from the competing sovereign. This dual sovereignty of Pope and King has at last been found incompatible with liberty. The Tudors introduce into sovereignty the first idea of responsibility—responsibility to God, it is true, but a recognition that kingship is a trust, something very different from the Norman and Plantagenet idea. The divine-right theory fails, too, in its turn, but after weakening the Lords and raising the Commons. And these Commons, after having been the tool of absolutism, after giving the king's proclamations the force of law, end by taking sov-

ereignty into their own hands and beheading a king. But Parliament, too, we felt at length could fail to represent the nation. Under the Hanoverians, parliamentary liberty came to mean the rule of the moneyed interests and landlordism. Then came the last great assertion of English instinct, and the extension of the franchise in 1832 and 1867 and 1886.

This political progress so hurriedly sketched, is nothing but the constant assertion of original English instinct against the Roman idea. Cromwell, Pym, Hampden belonged to the small landowners. For two centuries our great "uncrowned kings" have represented really the same middle class and the same English ideal of liberty. Pitt learned in his father's school. By circumstances only, a Tory, he was forced to use a combination of the commercial interests and the great landed proprietors. His pupil Canning came of the same class, and maintained the same combination. Peel's father was a calico-printer. Under him the combination was broken, and Peel went with his own. Gladstone is likewise representative, his Tory education the better enabling him to hold power. It can hardly be said that these two centuries bear out Mr. Kidd's doctrine of the growth of popular liberty, as a long series of concessions from the ruling class, dictated by the unconscious promptings of a sense of justice or humanitarian impulse.

We have thus, by an experience unparalleled, achieved our political liberty and been taught its value and unstable character. It is maintained only by the steady pressure of a national opinion and an instinct now so deeply engrained in the nation that eclipse is inconceivable. But this is equally true of our civil liberty. We have long been taught that the citadel of our liberties is rather in the common law than in the Bill of Supply or Mutiny Act, or the constitution. And this is true. As Baron Bramwell put it, "There is no right in this country under the law so sacred as the right of personal liberty." But this citadel of our liberty is being constantly, and often extensively, repaired and extended, less by statute than the judges. Nothing can be more significant than their constant basing of decisions upon the ground of enlightened public interest. Here again the assertion of original English instinct is the great working force—instinct brought with us from the shores of the Baltic.

But if we do well to emphasize the original basis of character, our national experiences have also steadily and deeply coloured our conception of liberty. The Norman conquest in particular has permanently moulded our political conceptions in two ways.

In the first place it has developed in English people a profound distrust of government. The nightmare of the feudal and divine-right theory still oppresses them. Government is a thing to be watched and checked, to be confined within the sphere of the national defence and the maintenance of the peace. English people, therefore, leave a multitude of things to private initiative, which we in the western world transact by government, such as the lifeboat system, the system of marine inspection, experimental farms (the work, for example, of Sir J. B. Lawes), and education, until yesterday. Hospital Sunday is probably one of the first surprises to all of us who have visited London. The long list of societies figuring in our government reports as in receipt of government subvention finds no counterpart in England.

On the other hand, the English people can be found regarding society as a partnership—the ancient confraternity, not paternalism—in a manner not yet paralleled on this side of the Atlantic. I mean, of course, in the municipalities. They have been, from the first, the true centres of English liberty. Had our own first municipal act been maintained, we should have left out the kernel of the English municipal system. But the day is yet far distant when our municipalities will succeed in such enterprises as those so wonderfully multiplied to-day in Eng-

land. It is true that the English municipal bonds are falling in value—municipal enterprise is found in many cases to be more expensive than anticipated—but this is not the great obstacle standing in the way with us and our American cousins. Centuries of stern experience have taught the English to control the great foe of Western civil liberty—the predatory politician.

This brings us to the second great result of English experience after the Norman conquest. Dickens' philosophical comment on that "memorable fact in genealogy that no De Any ones ever came over with Anybody else" than the great William, and the theory by which that ingenious Frenchman, M. Demolins, derives the English ruling classes, may not correspond very accurately with the facts of the case, but one may venture to maintain that some strain of blood combined with the working of the Norman, the Roman idea accounts for English Toryism. Common law, the Borough, Wiclif—ancient head of Balliol, still the centre of Oxford liberalism, Cromwell, Whigs, Wesley, the Manchester School, the line of great commoners from Pitt to Gladstone, represent the English idea and more purely English stock; King, Church, Nobles, Feudalism, Vested rights, Toryism, represent the Roman. The former splendidly characterized by a sense of duty and by public spirit; the latter by a sturdy individualism and tenacious assertion of the rights of the mass.

But further, and this appears to me the great English quality, these fundamental ideas, English and Roman, not merely run in separate currents of national life, but are largely fused in the individual Englishman. Immediate, unquestioned recognition of the rights of the other man, pugnacious, even quixotic insistence on his own co-exist in the same man. This explains many a thing in English life which strikes us as ludicrous, though it is not certain who will laugh last. The spectacle of Sairey Gamp delaying the coach in the stowing of her luggage and precious umbrella is English to the core. The adorable Sairey is the only ludicrous feature in the scene to the average Englishman, but we Westerners are astonished, on the one hand, that passengers and coachman should take Sairey's claims for granted, and on the other, at Sairey's complacent assurance against a coach. An Englishman loves a lord, acknowledges vested rights only too well, but he will pursue the management of a "London and Globe" company where governments are afraid to follow, and he will fight a railroad in the courts to avoid paying twopence instead of a penny for wheeling a bicycle over a railway bridge—and he will win. Such a temper is too wonderful for us, we may not attain unto it! We throw a man out of hand, without a warrant, into the common police cells, for disposing of a railroad ticket. This disciplined individualism is the great and distinguishing glory of English character. The woof is Greek and Roman, but the warp is original English. There is no artistic control in this English conception of liberty—nor any theory. The Englishman has never defined it. He has no ideal. He is for the *status quo.* Liberty is what he has got, and he will get more of it when he wants it, but he is in no hurry. At bottom he believes in no natural rights of man, except the right to fight for his own hand, and to help the under dog. But no man knows so well the value of this liberty he has got, and how unstable a thing it is. This English spirit is, and has ever been, at bottom, ultimate democracy, but it is not collective democracy, the spirit of the crowd. Though there are signs of this temper in English life, I should venture the assertion that England has silently passed the critical moment.

Let us now follow our kin across the Atlantic and ask whether they have kept their ancient temper. From actual public utterances I may build a paragraph for a speech of an American Pericles:

"American democracy is more than a form of government. It is a great

religious faith. It is faith in man—not merely good-will to man nor hope for man, but faith in man. Like Romulus of old we have opened an asylum. We welcome all comers to share our lands and compete with us. We trust the people as a whole to decide the greatest issues, silver or gold, the relations of Cuba and the Philippines. To decide these issues we organize ourselves periodically into a great debating society, and we have self-restraint, for we abide by the decision of the majority and of our Supreme Court. We believe that education is not the prerogative of a class, nor religion of a church, nor government the government of the best men, but that all the world is for all men."

In the first place it is clear that, to the mass of citizens of the United States, democracy is a fervid, passionate ideal, a veritable religion. This is due to two causes in close proximity in time. The revolt by which independence was won, and the French revolution. "Liberty" is as rare a word on the lips of Englishmen as "civil liberty" on the lips of an American. The American nation did not grow, but was made. It is only just beginning to think seriously of civil liberty. Liberty has heretofore meant to it freedom from old-world despotism—a single achievement. Secondly, while that great people has been dwelling proudly and sometimes resentfully on its past, while it has been eagerly absorbed in developing the material resources of their vast country, the machinery of government has in the meantime been usurped. When they threw off the yoke they believed that the tyrant had been left behind across three thousand miles of sea, while in the homeland their kin have had the tyrant ever with them. Deep distrust of government is bred in the bone of the English people. The Americans have a naive and pathetic faith in it. They have forgotten that the tyrant need not wear a crown. The net result is the "Boss," the party machine, the transformation of Congress from the organ of the whole nation into a trust of financial interests that will not compete. Hence the significant tendency everywhere observable towards enhancing the power of mayors and the rising demand for concentration of power in the hands of the President. In short, the Greek tyrant, in his best and worst forms, is on the scene.

I hope I have given some good reasons for my own belief that this experience does not await the English people; that, as I said before, they have silently passed the critical moment. Many Liberals deplore the degeneration of the British House of Commons. There is less, it is true, of the grand manner; there is less debate, and the ugly sign has appeared in the political heavens of Ministers holding company directorships, but the Commons still remains, what it has been made in no other country, a machine for selecting and displacing governments — the great bulwark of democratic political freedom, the instrument for the immediate carrying into effect of the public will. Majorities rise and fall daily, think on this, Canadians; representatives of the people still vote against their party or for their party in a higher sense. In a recent number of the *Spectator* the Cabinet Ministers are counselled to combat this independence in the House by a sort of extension lectures on the meaning of party-government. It is to be feared that they would require the aid of lantern-slides to draw an audience. The House is still sensitive as a barometer to bye-elections. The Government may, at any time, go out between dinner and daybreak. Here is something that deserves the serious attention of all thoughtful Canadians. There can be no doubt that political corruption in the United States has, in particular instances, surpassed anything the world has seen. When we read that in North Smithfield, Rhode Island, the "floating voters" were sold at auction *en bloc* near the town-hall steps, that in St. Louis "Col." Butler has been known, while standing by a polling booth, to call over the heads of the police, "Are there any more repeaters who wish to vote?" we feel

that the old stories of the auction of the Roman Empire from the Prætorian ramparts and the election of a horse to the consulship, have seen their best days. But when we read again that, some weeks ago, a State senator in Delaware rose in his place to defend the Addicks' system thus, "The voter's assistant system comes in and commends itself for fairness. It ensures delivery of the goods. When I buy a horse I want my horse. When a Republican buys a vote he wants his vote. I contend that there is no politics in the matter, for when a Republican or Democrat wants to buy a vote he has an opportunity of thus securing it, instead of being cheated out of it, as has been the case so many times in this State," we lift our hats to the Homeric directness of this utterance. But the methods of Tammany, of Quay, of Croker, of Butler, Addicks, Ames have, at least, this great merit: they cannot be mistaken or defended for piety or patriotism, and they are being at length more and more hotly attacked in good Anglo-Saxon style.

Now I am sure that not a few of you feel with me that for many years, in our country, the free expression of public opinion has been dying out. We are abandoning our birthright of civil and political liberty, and, indeed, our own Canadian tradition. What is the explanation of this public apathy, this political cowardice, I confess I do not see, unless it lies in the new-world type of democracy. The barnyard fowl that appears among its brethren with a daub of paint is promptly pecked to death. My own undergraduate body is as good a place in which to study the working of this Western type democracy as a barnyard. It seems to me that year by year the frank expression of individual opinion among undergraduates is more and more difficult. Their so-called public opinion is now often the mere physical spirit of the crowd, finding expression in parading mobs, the clamouring "gods," or the "rooting" of the grand stand, that ghastly substitute for the spontaneous British cheer. University politics also amusingly illustrate the extinction of opinion by committee rule. Give a Western tyrant a committee and he will effect all that his Greek prototype did with a body-guard. It will be objected, perhaps, that the treatment of the English pro-Boers and of Kensit contrasts badly with the American tolerance of their anti-Imperialists and our own of Mr. Bourassa. But it is only fair to remember the philanthropic appeal of English ritualism in the great cities, and that the Kruger policy stood for actual oppression, as well as for national insult. Lord Beaconsfield's famous remark, that Liberalism tends towards cosmopolitanism, Conservatism towards Nationalism, goes very deep. The true English instinct stands for defence of others as well as self-defence. And there is little doubt that, with Gladstone in power to-day, the unspeakably horrible revelations by Dr. Dillon, in the April *Contemporary*, of Turkish deviltry in Macedonia, would produce a political upheaval. But, whatever the sins of our kindred, we should take shame to ourselves for our public apathy and cowardice these many years. The wretched recrimination of party at this hour is not public opinion. True opinion begins when we attack abuses by which we do not and will not profit ourselves. Not honesty alone, but public courage and indomitable persistency are the safeguards of society. When a great party-organ, confessing that there is "a discreditable following" attached to both parties, protests that there can be no remedy for this until the best men in both parties unite to shake it off, what is this but to complain that liberty is too high and difficult a thing? The American revival of public courage is something that demands our attention. We have no divine exemption from the awful evils corroding the American commonwealth. At the present rate of growth a generation will establish among us Canadians the very conditions now present in the United States. The "Boss" will have arrived, our own parliaments will have become financial trusts, if we do not show the ancient

English temper that is our heritage. No deeper wounds are dealt to liberty on this continent than those inflicted by the methods of the great companies —and they are great in a very noble sense. But our legislators are the persons immediately responsible to the people, and the only remedy for public evil is the courageous public expression of opinion.

With a third feature in American conceptions of liberty, I am done. There is a more or less general ideal underlying American school training of a piece with their conception of democracy. The child must have an unfettered development. He must expand like a flower and put forth his leaves like a sapling—an ideal sapling, no twig of which is ever bent. He must never be coerced in any material way. Now, I believe we can feel the effect of this ideal in our own city. We have the English individualism without the discipline. Our pioneers, who brought with them instincts engrained by a thousand years of national discipline, have been gathered to their fathers. Many of us feel keenly that our boys are being endangered by this defect in training, and that trouble is coming. Partly this is due to the great predominance of women teachers in the primary schools. I hope I may say this with no mean suggestion of competition, and I pay them the compliment of not attempting to defend or explain. Partly it is due to the influence of American democracy. We lean on the law and the police, not the schoolmaster. Our whole attitude toward the police is un-English. We tyrannize over them in crowds and in the movement of public traffic, but we allow the tables to be turned as individuals. Some seven or eight years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen in Parkdale were playing tennis on a private grounds, when a lad came up and began to use intolerable language. One of the men jumped over the fence and extinguished it by an *a posteriori* method. He was summoned to court and fined five dollars. Now there are cases in which, as Mr. Bumble observed, "the law is an ass." Who served the public better on this occasion, the individual or the magistrate? The boy would now be let off on suspended sentence. A great accession in discipline may be against the spirit of the time, but we make the time, and we shall do well to cry back to our national ideals of liberty.

And now this "good life" for which the State exists—what is it but liberty herself, the fruit of a perfected society, of man *in* the State? Our English kin are too apt to regard civic and political liberty as closed questions, to look askance upon tendencies which make men less content "with the sphere in which it has pleased Providence to place them." But we Westerners are urged on by a divine dissatisfaction towards a liberty which will some day be nothing less than the possibilities of man, his right to make the most of himself. More clearly than the poet in 1832, the English-speaking peoples of this continent hear

> "A motion toiling in the gloom,
> The spirit of the years to come,
> Yearning to mix himself with life."

But we do not realize that the desperate problem of democracy is the creation and expression of opinion.

A HINT OF AUTUMN

BY JEAN BLEWETT

AMONG the vivid green I see
A yellow leaf,
And yonder in the basswood tree
An empty nest swings lonesomely;
The wheat's in sheaf.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

PHOTO BY FAWCETT

THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

By Waldon Fawcett

THE British Embassy is perhaps the most interesting diplomatic establishment at Washington, as it is, from a monetary standpoint, unquestionably the most valuable of the residential properties owned by foreign governments at the capital of the United States. The home of His Majesty's representative at the American seat of government is most advantageously situated at a central point in Connecticut Avenue, the great boulevard which bisects the fashionable quarter of Washington and constitutes at once its principal thoroughfare and favourite promenade. Measured by the standards of the financial world it is a trifle difficult to estimate the exact value of the splendid property, comprising about thirty thousand square feet, over which waves the British flag. The tax assessors have estimated the holding—which is, of course, exempt from taxation—to be worth not less than $183,000, but in reality its value is double that sum.

However, this bit of British soil at the capital of the largest of republics was not always so valuable, and in the selection of the site the representatives of the London foreign office showed remarkable foresight. The ground was purchased at an insignificant figure—not a tithe of what it is worth today—and the residential structure when

BRITISH EMBASSY—THE GRAND STAIRWAY

it was built, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, at the time Sir Edward Thornton was British Minister at Washington, was set down in a barren waste. Gradually, however, the evolution wrought by time made of this little estate a very pivotal point for the accumulation of Washington's fashionable residences.

The British Embassy home is an immense commodious brick structure, which, with its substantial stable, outbuildings and garden, occupies nearly a square. Shade trees flank the building on all sides, and the English ivy forms a green mantle which in summer partially covers the walls. The house stands sufficiently far back from the street to give an air of seclusion to the place, the effect being heightened by the massive iron fence which encloses the grounds. The front door is approached by an asphalt driveway and walks, while another walk leads to a wing-like brick structure jutting from the side of the mansion proper. This is entered through a doorway surmounted by the British coat-of-arms and the inscription "Chancery," and contains the official portion of the ambassadorial domain. However, only a few rooms are given over to the transaction of diplomatic business, the larger portion tion of the house constituting the envoy's private residence.

The British Embassy has been remodelled several times since it was built. In accordance with the custom of the British Government, architects were sent from England to plan and superintend the alterations, and in most instances the bulk of the constructive material necessary, even to door-knobs and hardware sundries, has been imported from the Mother Country. However, the most extensive transformation took place during the year 1902, in order to prepare the Embassy for habitation by the household of the present Ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert. The external appearance of the famous structure was subjected to but slight alteration, but the interior has but slight semblance to its former aspect.

Every one of the fifty odd rooms into which the ambassadorial residence is divided has been renovated or remodelled. During the incumbency of the late Lord Pauncefote as Ambassador, the great drawback of the Embassy was the lack of brightness in many of the rooms, due in part to the shade of the trees which surround the building. Under the new régime the trees have not been disturbed, but the general atmosphere of the mansion has been brightened by recourse to light wall-coverings and hangings, while the ceilings have been painted a cream colour that is in perfect harmony with the general decorative scheme.

SIR MICHAEL HERBERT
British Ambassador at Washington
PHOTO BY CLINEDINST

The rearrangement of the house permits a complete separation of the official and residential functions of the Embassy. The chancellory, which, as has been explained, occupies a wing of the main structure, and the construction of which was begun during the régime of the late Lord Pauncefote, facilitates this. Prior to the erection of this addition visitors to the Embassy were compelled to go along the side of the house to a wing of the building located not far from the kitchen, where they transacted their business with one of the secretaries. The chancellory is now near the building line of the Embassy, and in consequence the distinguished visitor who enters through this portion of the structure feels no impairment of his dignity. The chancellory, it may be added, contains a reception room and three offices, the walls of the latter being well nigh covered with the volumes of a valuable reference library.

Friends who call socially upon Sir Michael or Lady Herbert drive to the front of the Embassy, passing under a *porte cochère*, surmounted by the British coat-of-arms, and over which on state occasions the British flag flies. Passing up a short flight of stone steps and through a massive doorway one enters the magnificent hall, which, from an architectural standpoint, is one of the gems of the Embassy. At the end of the spacious apartment is a wide staircase, down which looks a splendid portrait of the late Queen Victoria valued at $50,000. The hall is without extensive ornamentation. The wainscoting is of marble, and the paper surmounting it is of a rich red tint. The stately staircase is of walnut, which has been enameled white.

Red is the predominating colour of

BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON—THE STUDY

the decorative scheme throughout the entire first floor. In the Ambassador's study, for instance, the wall paper is red, with figures of Greek design in crimson, the effect being rich and dignified. The study, which is to the right of the entrance hall, is directly opposite two large drawing-rooms. Over the massive marble mantels of these rooms are immense mirrors framed in gold. In the rear of the staircase previously mentioned is the dining-room, containing fully eight hundred square feet of floor space, and capable, therefore, of accommodating a dinner party of exceptional size. A particularly notable room is the ball-room on the first floor near the dining-room. This apartment is forty feet in length by twenty feet in width, and the whole ornamentation is in gold, the wall paper being embellished in Greek design. The predominant tone in the drawing-room suite is white, produced by enamel effects and daintily figured paper. The ceiling is cream, and this tone is carried through the dining-room. The national colours of Great Britain have been used to a greater or less extent in the interior decorations throughout the building. On the upper floors of the residence softer tones have been made available, and pink is the predominating colour.

The generous expenditure for the recent alterations also embraced considerable outlays for modernizing the diplomatic residence in every possible way. An electric illuminating plant has been installed, and steam-heating plant, the latter being in duplicate, so that in case one equipment becomes inoperative the other may be immediately commissioned. Careful attention has even been bestowed upon the kitchen, where a range of unusual size has been provided, and upon the stable, where are housed the eight horses possessed by the Ambassador.

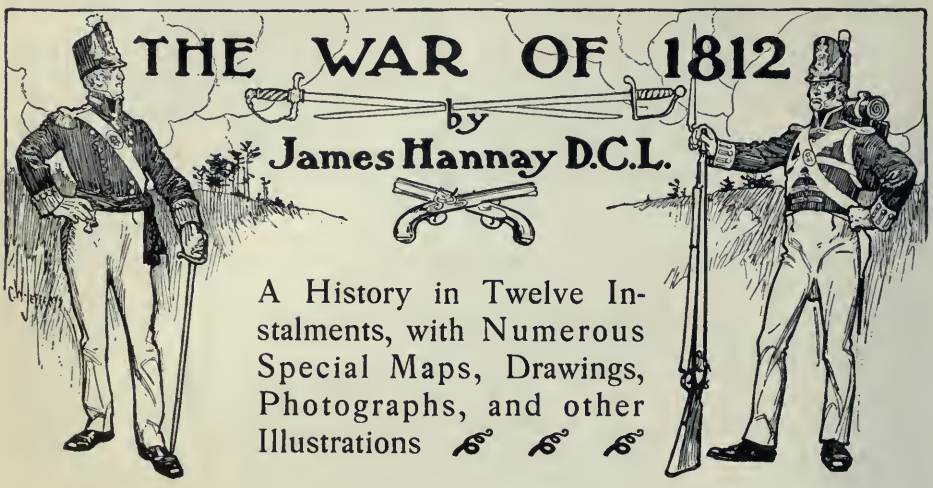
Much of the massive furniture of solid mahogany, and rather heavy design, to which the Pauncefote's were so partial, has been replaced by lighter and more modern housefurnishings,

and the superb collection of valuable Oriental rugs has been greatly augmented. Lady Herbert has also replaced with her own silver much of that which was formerly in use, but there still remains the famous state service, which belongs to the British Government and is more valuable than that at the White House.

The silver service which the British Government has furnished for the use of its representative at Washington on the occasion of formal banquets is valued at fifty thousand dollars. The weight of the precious metal is upward of a thousand pounds, but its chief value lies in the exquisite workmanship which appears in full detail on even the smallest piece. The regal arms of the United Kingdom and beautifully traced flowers, birds and vines set off every article. The centrepiece is a masterpiece of the jeweler's art. It is on the order of a five-branched candelabrum with golden leaves shining among silver flowers and enameled birds. The china and glassware which accompany this silver service are valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. Another priceless treasure of the Embassy is found in the great portrait in oil of the late Queen Victoria, of which mention was made earlier in the article. It is a full-length picture, and not a portrait of the venerated Queen in her declining years, but of a beautiful girl of eighteen in her coronation robes. Almost all the British Embassies and Legations the world over have pictures of the Queen, but it has frequently been asserted that there are few, if any, portraits to compare with the one in Washington.

The British Embassy at Washington must inevitably possess exceptional interest for Canadian readers from the fact that through this diplomatic agency must be transacted practically all international business of deep import between the Dominion and the United States government. This, of course, has some disadvantages, as when, for instance, the interests of Canada and of the Mother Country conflict at Washington; and the plan of establishing at the United States seat of government a Canadian Legation with a resident representative of the Dominion Government has several times been advocated, but has never passed beyond a tentative stage. There would, of course, be precedent for such procedure, for the Canadian Government has long had its own representative at Paris, through whom it deals with the French Government independently of the British Foreign Office or His Majesty's Embassy on the banks of the Seine.

In conclusion, a word should perhaps be said as to the very interesting personality of Sir Michael Herbert, the present British Ambassador at Washington. Mr. Herbert was stationed at Washington as Charge d'Affaires in 1888-89, and as Secretary of the British Legation there from 1892 to 1893, and during this time he formed the intimate personal acquaintance of Theodore Roosevelt—a circumstance that was partially instrumental in securing his assignment to the ambassadorial post at Washington when his old friend was suddenly elevated to the Presidency of the republic. Moreover, Sir Michael, by his marriage with Leila, daughter of Richard T. Wilson, of New York, became closely related to the Vanderbilts, the Ogden Goelets and the Astors, all wealthy families of the greatest social prominence both in the United States and abroad. Ambassador Herbert is fully maintaining in Washington the reputation which he has enjoyed throughout his entire diplomatic career as a most accomplished dinner-giver, and this ability to play the host is of distinct value in Washington, where dinners play a role in politics as well as in social life.


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Instalments, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

TENTH INSTALMENT—"THE HARD-FOUGHT FIELD OF LUNDY'S LANE"

WHEN Brown crossed the Niagara River to invade Canada, he issued a general order in which he instructed his troops that private property was in all cases to be held sacred, and that plundering was prohibited and would be punished with death. This order was wholly disregarded, and from the hour when Brown's army touched the soil of Canada, plundering, incendiarism and other crimes against the laws of civilized warfare, were of daily occurrence. The principal actors in these scenes of misery and distress were the volunteers from New York State, the brothers and relatives of the men who stood on their constitutional rights in the autumn of 1812, and saw their countrymen slaughtered and captured on Queenstown Heights, without trying to save them. On the 12th of July, Brigadier-General Swift with 120 of these volunteers, was sent out from Queenstown towards Fort George to reconnoitre. Advancing close to one of the outposts they came upon a corporal and five men, part of a patrolling party of 32 rank and file from the light company of the 8th, under Major Evans of that regiment. In the attempt to capture these men, a British private shot and mortally wounded General Swift. The British fell back on the rest of the patrol, who had advanced instantly on hearing the fire, and although the volunteers attempted to surround them, the whole party escaped without loss. This affair was made the pretext for reprisals on the part of the volunteers, and as the peaceful inhabitants were less able to defend themselves than the military, the former had to bear the consequences of Yankee revenge for the fall of Swift.

A week after Swift's death, Colonel Stone of the New York Militia, wantonly burned the village of St. David's. For this Stone was dismissed from the service without a trial, but this act, which became the more conspicuous because it was done within three miles of General Brown's camp, was but a type of the conduct of the American volunteers and Militia at this time. Decent officers of the regular service of the United States looked upon the proceedings with great disfavour. Major M'Farland, of the 23rd U.S. Infantry, in a letter dated the 25th of July, writes thus of the St. David's affair, and the conduct of the Militia and Indians: "The Militia and Indians plundered and burnt everything. The whole population is against us; not a foraging party but is fired on, and not unfrequently returns with missing numbers. This state was to

be anticipated. The Indians were sent off some days since, as they were found useless except to plunder. The Militia have burned several private dwelling houses, and on the 19th inst. burnt the village of St. David's, consisting of about 30 or 40 houses. This was done within three miles of camp; and my battalion was sent to cover the retreat as they (the Militia) had been sent to scour the country of some Indians and Rangers, and it was presumed they might be pursued. My God! What a service. I have never witnessed such a scene, and had not the commanding officer of the party, Lieut.-Col. Stone, been disgraced and sent out of the army, I should have handed in my sheep-skin." Here we have the testimony of a respectable American officer as to the disgraceful doings of his own countrymen, and the weight of his evidence is enhanced by the fact that Major M'Farland was killed at Lundy's Lane, while gallantly leading his regiment, on the afternoon of the same day that this very letter was written.

THE MONUMENT AT LUNDY'S LANE
PHOTO BY ENGLISH

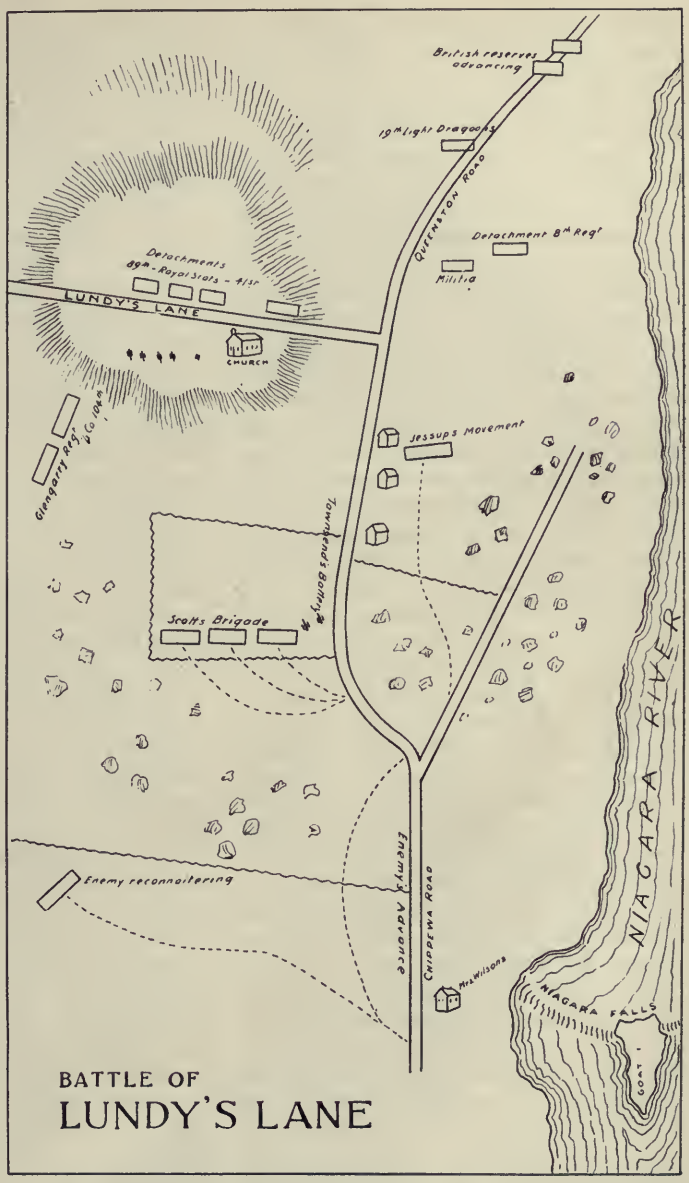
General Brown had been promised the co-operation of Chauncey's fleet on the Niagara frontier as early as the 10th of July, but it did not come. On the 13th he wrote to Chauncey in moving terms, begging him to hasten to his assistance. "All accounts agree," said he, "that the force of the enemy in Kingston is very light. Meet me on the lake shore, north of Fort George, with your fleet, and we will be able, I have no doubt, to settle a plan of operations that will break the power of the enemy in Upper Canada,

and that in the course of a short time. At all events, let me hear from you. I have looked for your fleet with the greatest anxiety, since the 10th. I do not doubt my ability to meet the enemy in the field, and march in any direction over his country, your fleet carrying for me the necessary supplies. We can threaten Forts George and Niagara, and carry Burlington Heights and York; and proceed direct to Kingston and carry that place. For God's sake let me see you. Sir James will not fight. Two of his vessels are now in the Niagara river. If you conclude to meet me at the head of the lake, and that immediately, have the goodness to bring the guns and troops that I have ordered from Sackett's harbour." General Brown was certainly very much to be pitied, for Chauncey, with the timidity of a hare, had the obstinacy of a mule, and an inflated idea of his own importance. There is something grotesque in his reply to Brown's appeal for aid:—"I shall," said he, "afford every assistance in my power to co-operate with the army whenever it can be done without losing sight of the great object for the attainment of which this fleet has been created—the capture or destruction of the enemy's fleet. But that I consider the primary object. We are intended to seek and fight the enemy's fleet, and I shall not be diverted from my efforts to effectuate it by any sinister attempt to render us subordinate to, or an appendage of, the army." This, no doubt, was a fine example of American independence, but it was rather hard on the general who had undertaken to invade Canada.

On the 14th, the day after he wrote to Chauncey, General Brown called a council of his officers. He had heard of Riall's movement to Fifteen Mile Creek, but not of his having been reinforced, and he now put the question to them whether Riall should be attacked or Fort George invested. Brown stated the force under General Riall at 2,050 men, which was almost the exact number, and his own force at 2,700 Regulars and 1,000 volunteers, Militia and Indians. Generals Ripley and Porter, and the engineer officers, M'Ree and Wood, advised an immediate attack on Riall, while General Scott and Adjutant-General Gardner advised the investment of Fort George. The latter advice coincided with Brown's own views, and he resolved to adopt it. On the following day Generals Ripley and Porter, with their brigades, were ordered to reconnoitre Fort George, and on the 20th Brown moved forward the remainder of his army from Queenstown towards that fort. On the following day he learned for the first time that Riall had been reinforced, and retired to Queenstown, which he re-occupied on the 22nd. Brown in all his movements at this time showed a great deal of timidity. On the 23rd he received a letter from General Gaines, who was at Sackett's Harbor, informing him that Chauncey was sick and the American fleet in port, so that no co-operation was to be expected in that quarter. Brown at once ordered a retreat upon Chippewa. He states in his official dispatch that his determination was to disencumber himself of baggage and march directly to Burlington Heights, and that his retirement to Chippewa was to mask this intention and draw from Schlosser a small supply of provisions. On the night of the 24th, General Brown with the bulk of his army encamped on the south bank of the Chippewa; the same night General Riall's advance under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Pearson was pressing on through the darkness towards the Niagara River, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 25th stood on the memorable battlefield which that day was to be consecrated by their valour, Lundy's Lane.

The British advance was composed of the Glengarry Regt., 350 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Battersby, 40 men of the 104th, under Lieut.-Col. Drummond, the incorporated Militia, 300 in number, under Lieut.-Col. Robinson, about 200 sedentary Militia of the County of Lincoln, under Lieut.-Colonel Parry of the 103rd, Major Lisle's

troop of the 19th dragoons, and a detachment of Artillery, with two 24-pounders and a howitzer, and three six-pounders, in all about 980 rank and file. The main body of Riall's army, under Colonel Scott, which he had ordered to follow the advance at three o'clock on the morning of the 25th, was composed of the 103rd Regt., about 500 strong, the remaining men of the two flank companies of the 104th, 50 men of the Royal Scots, 330 of the 8th and 300 sedentary Militia, or about 1,270 rank and file. Had these troops marched at the hour ordered, they would have joined the advanced detachment during the forenoon, and the battle of Lundy's Lane would probably never have been fought. But although under arms at that hour, the order for their march was countermanded, and they did not move until past mid-day, and did not arrive on the field of battle until after nine at night. In the meantime, great deeds had been done on that famous field which overlooks the world's greatest cataract.



Lundy's Lane battlefield is not far from Niagara Falls. The Lane runs from the Queenston Road westward over a slight elevation. This hill was the centre of the battle where 4,600 United States troops attempted in vain to stop the advance of 3,000 British and Canadians.

General Brown in his camp at Chippewa was wholly unaware of the presence of the British advance at Lundy's Lane, only three miles distant, but about noon a courier arrived from Colonel Swift, who commanded a party of New York volunteers at Lewiston, advising him that the British were in considerable force at Queenstown and on the Heights above it, that four of the British fleet had arrived on the preceding night, and were then lying

near Fort Niagara, and that a number of boats were in view moving up the river. Within a few minutes after this intelligence had been received, he was further informed by Capt. Denman, of the Quarter-Master's department, that the British were landing at Lewiston, and that his baggage and stores at Schlosser were in danger of immediate capture. This alarming news led Brown to believe that a raid on the American frontier was contemplated, and he conceived that the best way to divert the British from that object was to re-occupy Queenstown. General Scott was accordingly directed to advance with his brigade and perform that duty, and he left the American camp, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, in profound ignorance of the fact that the advance of Riall's army was but three miles away.

The cause of the sudden appearance of a British force at Lewiston, which had so much alarmed and astonished General Brown, must now be related. General Drummond was at Kingston when the news of the battle of Chippewa arrived there, and he instantly marched to York with the available force of the 2nd battalion of the 89th Regt., about 400 rank and file, leaving orders for De Watteville's Regt. to follow. On the evening of the 24th he embarked at York with his reinforcement, on board four vessels of Sir James Yeo's fleet, and arrived at Fort Niagara at daylight on the 25th. There he learned from Lieut.-Colonel Tucker that General Riall was believed to be moving towards the Falls of Niagara, to support the advance of his division, which he had pushed on to that place the preceding evening. In consequence of this intelligence General Drummond ordered Lieut.-Colonel Morrison, the distinguished officer who won the battle of Chrystler's Farm, to advance to the Falls with the 89th and detachments of the Royal Scots and 8th, drawn from Forts George and Mississaga,* and unite with Riall. At the same time he ordered Lieut.-Colonel Tucker to proceed up the right bank of the Niagara River with 300 of the 41st and about 200 of the Royal Scots, with a body of Indians, supported on the river by a party of seaman under Capt. Dobbs, of the *Charwell*. The object of this movement was to disperse or capture the party of volunteers and some other troops, under Colonel Swift, which were encamped at Lewiston. Some unavoidable delay which occurred in the march of Lieut.-Colonel Tucker's troops gave Swift and his 200 volunteers an opportunity of escaping to Schlosser, from which place they crossed over and joined Brown at Chippewa. The British captured about 900 tents at Lewiston, and a quantity of baggage and provisions belonging to Brown's army, after which they crossed over to Queenstown and joined Morrison's command. Here General Drummond refreshed his troops, and having sent back the 41st, except the light company, and the 100th Regt., to garrison the three forts at the mouth of the river, hastened forward with the 89th Regt., the detachments of the Royal Scots and 8th Regt., and the light company of the 41st, in all less than 850 men, to join General Riall's division at the Falls.

While General Drummond was thus advancing from the north to Niagara, General Scott was moving towards the same point from the south. This officer had with him his own brigade, consisting of the 9th, 11th, 22nd and 25th Regts. of infantry, a troop of regular cavalry, under Capt. Harris, 100 New York volunteer cavalry, under Capt. Pentland, and Towson's Artillery with two field pieces. American authorities place this force at "full 1,200," but Scott had with him at least 1,450 rank and file. His four regiments, which numbered 1,300 men, had lost 250 at Chippewa, 20 days before, but one of them, the 22nd, had been reinforced by 100 men that very day, which would give him an infantry force of at least 1,150, even in the improbable event of none of the other regiments having been re-

* Kirby spells this Mississaugua in his "Annals of Niagara."

inforced, or of none of the slightly wounded having returned to the ranks.

At the house of Mrs. Wilson, opposite the Falls, Scott for the first time learned that the British occupied the ground about Lundy's Lane. Scott at once despatched a mounted aide to General Brown for reinforcements, and pushed forward towards the British front. Brown immediately ordered General Ripley with his brigade and all the artillery to hasten to the support of Scott, and left for the scene of action after giving directions for Porter to follow as speedily as possible with his brigade of volunteers. Scott advanced to Lundy's Lane, under the belief that the British force in front of him must be weak, and he was confirmed in this view when he saw that it had retired from its position. General Riall, who was with the British advance, did not deem it prudent to await an attack with so few troops, for he rightly conjectured that the whole American army was advancing against him, so he very prudently ordered a retreat, a step which would certainly not have been necessary had his main body marched from Twelve Mile Creek at the hour originally designed. Riall directed Colonel Pearson with his advance to retire to Queenstown, and sent similar orders to Colonel Scott, who with the main body of the army was now advancing from Twelve Mile Creek.

When General Drummond reached the vicinity of Lundy's Lane with his detachment he met Colonel Pearson's command in full retreat, and was amazed to learn that the main body of Riall's army, so far from having arrived, had been ordered to retire to Queenstown. He found Riall's position almost in the occupation of the enemy, whose columns were within six hundred yards of the hill, while the surrounding woods were filled with his light troops. Drummond instantly countermanded the orders which had been given for a retreat, and formed his line of battle. At a distance of about half a mile from the Niagara River the road from Chippewa to Queenstown runs in a northerly direction. From this road, and at right angles with it, runs Lundy's Lane going to the westward, The lane passes over an eminence of no great elevation which slopes towards the south. On this hill, to the south of the lane, Drummond placed his guns, two 24-pounders, two 6-pounders and one 5½ inch howitzer. Behind these guns, which formed the centre of his position, and in the rear of the hill, he placed the 89th Regt., the Royal Scots detachment and the light company of the 41st Regt., their left resting on the Queenstown road. On the left of this road the battalion of incorporated Militia and the detachment of the 8th Regt. were placed, the squadron of the 19th Light Dragoons being in the rear on the road. Drummond's right, which formed an obtuse angle with the centre, consisted of the Glengarry Regt. and the half company of the 104th, and was placed in the woods a little advanced, so as to flank any attack from that quarter. Drummond's entire force present in the field, including artillery and cavalry, was less than eighteen hundred rank and file.

The sudden retirement of the British from their position at Lundy's Lane, and their equally sudden reoccupation of it, committed General Scott to an attack which a more prudent commander would have avoided. As he rushed impetuously up the hill he discovered that instead of being deserted it was strongly held by Drummond's little army. Scott's attack was commenced about half-past six o'clock, and was made mainly against the British left on the Queenstown Road. The east and west sides of this road were held respectively by the battalion of the incorporated Militia, and the 89th Regt., and against them Scott placed three of his regiments. His other regiment, the 25th, under Major Jessop, has been sent through the bushes on the extreme British left, so that they might be threatened with a flank attack in that quarter, while Scott was attacking them on the Queenstown road. The smallness of

Drummond's force made it impossible for him to occupy the whole line between Lundy's Lane and the river, and Jessop was thus able, without any serious contest, to establish himself in the space between the extreme left of the British and the river, but at this stage of the battle he attempted nothing more. But on the Queenstown Road the contest was fierce, the 89th and the Militia battalion resisted every effort of the enemy, and Scott's Brigade was driven back with heavy loss. His whole force would have been destroyed had it been possible to advance the British wing against his flank, but the near approach of the enemy's reinforcements rendered such a movement hazardous, and it was not attempted.

Scott had been engaged, according to General Brown's report, "not less than an hour," when he was reinforced by the brigades of Ripley and Porter, and the whole of the artillery. Ripley's four regiments of infantry had sustained hardly any loss at the battle of Chippewa, and now numbered about 1,280 rank and file. They had been joined that very day by the 1st Regt., 250 strong, and were accompanied by Hindman's Corps of Artillery. Ripley's brigade, therefore, numbered 1,630 rank and file. Porter's brigade consisted originally of 600 New York Volunteers and 500 Pennsylvania troops. The mounted men of the New York contingent, 100 in number, had accompanied Scott, but Porter had been joined by 200 additional New York Volunteers under Colonel Swift, and he had under his command 150 Canadian, or traitor volunteers, under the infamous Wilcox. Porter's infantry, therefore, numbered 1,350, and the reserve artillery about 200. The entire strength of the reinforcements under Ripley and Porter, which joined Scott within an hour after the commencement of the battle of Lundy's Lane, would, therefore, be 3,200 men, which, with Scott's original force of 1,450, would make upwards of 4,600 which the Americans brought into the field that day. During the two hours which followed the arrival of Ripley and Porter on the field, the British had to contend against an almost threefold superiority of force, for no reinforcements reached General Drummond until after 9 o'clock.

It was now after sunset and was rapidly growing dark. As General Scott's brigade had suffered severely, Brown withdrew the three regiments of it, which were making a direct attack on each side of the Queenstown Road, and replaced them with the fresh troops of Ripley's brigade. At the same time Porter's brigade of volunteers were advanced on the left to attack the British right. The accession of these fresh combatants naturally put a severe strain upon the British, and the determined attack that was made on the centre of their position weakened their left wing.

This enabled Jessop with his 25th Regt. to force back the troops on the British left, and for a short time obtain possession of the Queenstown Road, during which period General Riall, who had been severely wounded, and was passing to the rear to have his wounds dressed, accidentally rode in amongst a party of the enemy in the darkness, and was taken prisoner with his aide, Capt. Loring. This was the only advantage the momentary occupation of the road gave the enemy, for the Militia battalion and the detachment of the 8th, which had been forced back, formed in the rear of the 89th fronting the road, and so secured the flank. In a few minutes the advanced position of the American right became untenable, and they were driven off the road and back to their own line, with the loss of about one-third of their force.

The British guns, which were in front of the centre of their position, were causing great havoc among the enemy, and General Brown saw readily enough that unless they could be silenced the battle was lost, notwithstanding his great superiority of force. The guns were defended by the light company of the 41st, and 320 men of the Royal Scots, both of which had already suffered severe losses. Gen-

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

The enemy's attack began at 6.30 in the evening. After about an hour, more United States troops arrived and later the British guns were captured. About 9 o'clock the British were reinforced and the guns recaptured. At midnight the United States troops retired leaving their dead and wounded behind them. The British lost 84 killed and over 500 wounded. The enemy left 210 dead on the field, showing he had fought tenaciously.—From an engraving.

eral Brown now ordered Colonel James Miller, of the 21st, to take his regiment and attack, and if possible, capture the British guns on the heights. Detachments of the 17th and 19th U.S. Infantry were assigned to him to aid in the movement, and the first Regt. of U.S. Infantry, under Col. Nicholas, was ordered to advance on the left and make a feigned attack, in order to withdraw the attention of the British from the real object of the movement. The 23rd Regt. of U.S. Infantry was also ordered to support Miller. It will thus be seen that the attack on the British guns, instead of being made by but one regiment, as American writers almost unanimously assert, was made by about 700 men belonging to three separate regiments, and was supported by 700 more, comprising the effective force of two other regiments. The 1st Regt. was now thrown against the right of the British centre, but was received with such a deadly volley by the troops there, and charged so fiercely with the bayonet, that it broke and fled, and was rallied with great difficulty. This repulse, however discreditable to the regiment, served Miller's purpose very well, for it enabled him to creep up in the darkness to within a few feet of the British guns without being discovered. A volley of musketry stretched the gunners on the ground either dead or wounded, and before the British infantry supports could advance all Drummond's artillery was in the hands of the enemy. The 23rd Regt. was now brought up to the support of Miller, and the 1st Regt., which had been rallied, was placed on his left. The British infantry in the centre, now greatly reduced in numbers, made two or three spirited charges to recover the cannon, but the Americans were too strong to be dislodged at that time.

It was now after nine o'clock and very dark, but the reinforcements under Colonel Scott were rapidly approaching. These numbered, as already stated, about 1,270 rank and file, and comprised the 103rd Regt., about 300 sedentary Militia; detachments of the Royal Scots and 104th Regt., the remainder of the 8th Regt., and a few artillerymen with two six-pounders. Unfortunately, owing to the extreme darkness of the night, the 103rd Regt. and the sedentary Militia, under Colonel Hamilton, with the two field-pieces, passed, by mistake, into the centre of the American army, now posted on the hill, and after sustaining a very heavy and destructive fire, fell back in confusion. These troops were rallied by the active exertions of their officers and placed in the second line, as were all the others of Scott's reinforcement, except the company of Royal Scots and the flank companies of the 104th, with which General Drummond prolonged his front line to the right, so as to guard against the danger of being outflanked in that quarter. A determined effort was now made to recover the guns which the enemy had taken, and it was finally successful. The Americans were driven back and the cannon regained, with the exception of one six-pounder, which the Americans had put, by mistake, on one of their own limbers, leaving their gun, which they had thus exchanged for it, on a British limber. The British captured this American six-pounder and also a 5½ inch howitzer, which the American artillerymen had brought up, and so gained one gun.

The battle raged for nearly three hours after the arrival of Colonel Scott's reinforcements, and consisted mainly of vigorous but unsuccessful efforts on the part of the Americans to regain possession of the hill and of the British cannon. All these attempts were defeated by the determined bravery of the infantry who guarded the guns. Finally, about midnight, the Americans gave up the contest and retreated with great precipitation to their camp at Chippewa, leaving all their dead and badly wounded behind, and the victorious British in possession of the hard-fought field of Lundy's Lane.

General Drummond, in his excellent and detailed account of the battle,

dwells with particular emphasis on the conduct of the Canadian Militia. He says: "The zeal, loyalty and bravery with which the Militia of this part of the Province has come forward to co-operate with His Majesty's troops in the expulsion of the enemy, and their conspicuous gallantry in this, and in the action of the 5th inst., claim my warmest thanks." He refers in another place to "the very creditable and excellent defence made by the incorporated Militia battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel Robinson," and certainly the character of its efforts is well attested to by its losses, which amounted to 142 out of about 300 men in the field. The sedentary Militia suffered less severely, but General Drummond describes how they, with the other troops in the centre, "repeatedly, when hard pressed, formed round the colours of the 89th Regt. and invariably repulsed the desperate efforts made against them."

The British losses in the battle of Lundy's Lane amounted to 84 killed, 559 wounded, 193 missing, and 42 taken prisoners, a total of 878. Among the killed were five officers, and 39 officers were wounded, including both generals. The Militia lost heavily in officers, 16 of them being either killed or wounded. The losses of the Americans, according to their official returns, were 171 killed, 572 wounded and 110 missing, a total of 854. This return, however, is incomplete, for it makes no mention of the losses of the 17th and 19th Regts., both of which were in the battle and closely engaged. If they suffered in the same proportion as the two other regiments of Ripley's brigade, we would have to add 183 to the American total of losses to make it complete, which would bring it up to 1,047, and this may be near the truth. At all events, 210 American dead, besides a great many wounded, were found on the field of battle next morning, and between Lundy's Lane and Chippewa were a number of fresh graves in which the bodies had been so slightly covered that the arms and legs were in many instances exposed to view.

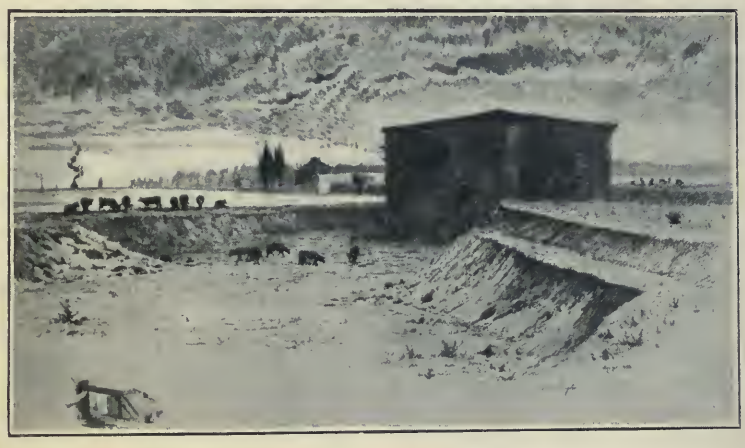
The battle of Lundy's Lane has been claimed as a United States victory, and this claim appears to have been founded on General Brown's official report. Bonaparte remarked of Marmont's account of the battle of Salamanca that it contained "more complicated stuffing than a clock." Brown's report of the battle of Lundy's Lane belongs to the same order of composition, in which the narrator, by vigorous misrepresentation, endeavours to make up for his own lack of success in the field. Brown says:—"While retiring from the field, I saw and felt that the victory was complete on our part, if proper measures were promptly adopted to secure it. The exhaustion of the men was, however, such as made some refreshment necessary. They particularly required water. I myself was extremely sensible of the want of this necessary article. I therefore believed it proper that General Ripley and the troops should return to camp, after bringing off the dead, the wounded and the artillery; and in this I saw no difficulty, as the enemy had entirely ceased to act." General Brown, who was wounded, left the field after giving these orders to Ripley, and when that General returned to camp with his army, he says: "I now sent for him, and, after giving him my reasons for the course I was about to adopt, ordered him to put the troops in the best possible condition; to give them the necessary refreshment; to take with him the pickets and camp guards, and every other description of force, to put himself on the field of battle as the day dawned, and there to meet and beat the enemy if he again appeared. To this order he made no objection, and I relied on its execution. It was not executed."

Unless Brown was in this report deliberately stating what he knew to be false, for the purpose of deceiving his own countrymen, he did not know anything about the battle of Lundy's Lane, in which he professed to command. He was not aware that the reason the British ceased to act was because they had secured their guns

and position, and were content to hold them until the wearied troops had a little rest. The Americans had only marched between two and three miles before the battle, but Drummond's men had marched 14 miles, and the reinforcements under Colonel Scott much farther, having been nine hours on the march, and eighteen under arms when they arrived on the field of battle. Had he inquired more particularly of Ripley he would have learned from that officer that, instead of obeying the orders which Brown says he gave him, he had left all of his dead and most of his wounded on the field, and so far from bringing away the British guns he had left two of his own in the possession of Drummond's army. General Brown, in his despatch, grows quite pathetic over the death of his aide, Captain Spencer; "I shall ever think," says he, "of this young man with pride and regret;" yet he forgets to inform the Secretary of War that this "young man" was left wounded on the field of battle to become a prisoner to the British; and the fact that Spencer did not die until the fifth of August, eleven days after the battle, shows that Brown's report was "cooked" up after that date, to suit the palates of his countrymen.

General Ripley, strange to say, was no more obedient to Brown's order to return to the field and beat the enemy, than he had been to that which required him to bring away his guns and the wounded and dead. On the morning after the battle he destroyed the Chippewa bridge and his works there, threw a large part of his stores, provisions and camp equipage, with a number of tents, into the Niagara river, set fire to Street's Mills and fled with his army to Fort Erie. Indeed, so convinced was Ripley of the impossibility of maintaining himself in Canada, that he refused to remain even in Fort Erie without a specific written order from Brown, and the sequel of the campaign shows that Ripley's judgment was sound. If the Americans had retreated at once to their own shore it would have been no more than a manly admission of defeat, and the world would have been spared the pitiful spectacle of a "victorious" American army, cooped up for weeks after the battle of Lundy's Lane within the walls of a fortress by a weaker force of British regulars, which they were wholly unable to meet in the field.

The Americans, while claiming a victory at Lundy's Lane, have endeavoured to lessen the disgrace of their



FORT MISSISSAUGUA

This Fort was situated at the mouth of the Niagara River, opposite Fort Niagara (U.S.), which can be seen in the distance. Part of this fort is still standing.—From Sangster's "Niagara River and Falls," Vol. II.

defeat by making their own numbers smaller and those of the British larger than the real figures. Brown makes no mention of the numbers on either side, but Lossing says that the British had about 4,500, and the Americans a little less than 2,600. The detailed statements that have already been given render it unnecessary to make any other comment on these figures farther than that they are absolutely false. The Americans brought upwards of 4,600 men into the field, while the British force up to nine o'clock did not exceed eighteen hundred. The total British force brought into the field, first and last, was about 3,000. Lundy's Lane was therefore not only a British victory, but it was a victory won against greatly superior numbers. It was a triumph of which every Canadian has reason to feel proud, for on that memorable day his fathers stood side by side with the bravest of British veterans, and suffered nothing in reputation by the association. The four British regiments which have "Niagara" inscribed on their flags possess no more honourable decoration, although among them is the Royal Scots, who have fought on almost every British field from Blenheim to the present day. That grand old regiment, the first of the British line, fought 500 strong at Chippewa, and there lost 228 men. It stood 370 strong at Lundy's Lane, and there lost 173 of its number. Such were the British regiments that fought at Lundy's Lane, and it is glory enough to say that the Canadian Militia who fought on that field were worthy to stand beside them.

The defeated American army, after its flight from Lundy's Lane, reached Fort Erie on the 27th of July, and sought shelter behind its defences. During the interval of 24 days since its capture by General Brown, the place had been greatly strengthened, and was now capable of sheltering a considerable army. As soon as Ripley got his men into camp he set them all to work industriously digging, and by the 3rd of August, when General Drummond reached Fort Erie, the new defensive works of the place were for the most part complete. Thus General Brown's army of invasion, which he had been for months preparing for an attack on Canada, the same army with which he said in his letter to Chauncey he would be able to march in any direction over this country, was, after a campaign of four weeks, reduced to so miserable a condition that it did not dare to meet the British in the field, but was forced to seek shelter behind the walls of a fort.

General Drummond's advance had been delayed by the rebuilding of the bridge over the Chippewa for the passage of his troops and cannon. He had sent home the whole of his sedentary Militia, whose harvest operations now demanded their attention, and had been joined by De Watteville's Regt. from Kingston and the 41st Regt. from St. George, which was now garrisoned by all that was left of the 89th Regt., except the light company which remained with the army. General Drummond's force, at the time of his arrival in front of Fort Erie, including the embodied Militia, numbered less than 3,200 rank and file. The American forces in Fort Erie, if we assume their own statement of their losses at Lundy's Lane to have been correct, must have numbered almost 3,800 men, but, after making a liberal allowance for error in the American official returns due to the demoralized state of their regiments after the battle, it is clear that the American army which General Ripley took into the fort could not have been less than 3,500 men. These troops were encamped on a plateau of about 15 acres on the shores of the lake, which the new defences of Fort Erie enclosed, and besides these formidable works, they were protected by the three armed schooners *Porcupine*, *Somers* and *Ohio*, which were anchored in front of the fort.

The American batteries at Black Rock, distant only a mile and a half from Fort Erie, were a powerful aid to the defence of the fort with their

flanking fire. Drummond resolved to attempt their capture, and early on the morning of the 3rd of August sent Lieut.-Col. Tucker with six companies of the 41st, the light company of the 89th, and the two flank companies of the 104th Regt., the whole force numbering less than 500 men, to effect that object. This detachment was landed about half a mile below Shogeoquady Creek, but unfortunately the Americans had been informed by deserters of the attempt that was to be made. When the British reached the creek they found the bridge over it removed, and Major Morgan with 250 riflemen and a body of Volunteers and Militia on the opposite bank, covered by a breast-work of logs. The British were met by a heavy fire, and the attempt had to be abandoned, after they had suffered a loss of 25 in killed and wounded. The Americans were so well protected that they had only two killed and eight wounded.

On the 5th Brigadier-General Gaines arrived at Fort Erie and took command of the army there, Ripley again resuming command of his brigade. On the following day Morgan with his riflemen, who had been brought over to the Canadian side of the river, was sent through the woods, between the British lines and the Fort, with orders to so manœuvre as to draw them out of their position to a strong line of American troops posted on the plain below the fort. This little stratagem did not succeed; the British refused to be drawn, and Morgan had to retire after losing nine of his men in a skirmish with the British light troops.

As the presence of the three American armed schooners, which lay on the lake in front of Fort Erie, was a serious impediment to any attack upon that place, Capt. Dobbs of the brig *Charwell*, of Sir James Yeo's fleet, went up from Fort George with a party of seamen and marines for the purpose of attempting their capture. The *Charwell's* seamen carried the Captain's gig on their shoulders from Queenstown to Frenchman's Creek, a distance of eighteen miles, but the British had not even a boat on Lake Erie, and it was necessary to carry the gig and five batteaux from Frenchman's Creek to the lake, at a point several miles to the westward of the fort, a distance of eight miles through the woods. This arduous task was accomplished by the militia under Lieut.-Colonel Nichol, Quartermaster-General of that force, and on the evening of the 11th of August the boats were launched into the lake. Capt. Dobbs, with Lieut. Radcliffe of the *Netley*, with 75 seamen and marines, at once embarked in them, Capt. Dobbs leading one division, consisting of his gig and two of the batteaux, and Lieut. Radcliffe the other, comprising the other three batteaux. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night the boats were discovered a short distance ahead of the *Somers* and hailed. They answered "provision boats," which deceived the officer on deck, as boats with supplies had been in the habit of passing. Before he discovered his mistake the boats drifted across his hawser, cut his cables, and ran him aboard with a volley of musketry, which wounded two of his men, and before the others could get on deck the schooner was captured. In another moment the boats were alongside of the *Ohio*, which was also taken after a more severe struggle, in which Lieut. Radcliffe and one seaman were killed and six seamen and marines wounded. The *Ohio* lost one seaman killed and six wounded, including her commander Lieut. Conkling and Sailing Master M'Cally. The British boats had drifted past the third schooner, the *Porcupine*, before the *Somers* and *Ohio* were secured, and she was not attacked, but neither she nor the shore batteries made any attempt to molest the British as they passed. The two captured schooners were carried into Frenchman's Creek. This affair was one of the boldest enterprises of the war. The *Somers* had a crew of thirty men, and carried a long 24-pounder and a short 32-pounder; the complement and armament of the *Ohio* were similar.

On the day after this gallant capture, Gen. Drummond opened his batteries against Fort Erie. They consisted of one long iron and two short brass 24-pounders, a long 18-pounder, a 25-pound carronade and a 10-inch mortar. These batteries were stationed about 600 yards from the enemy's nearest works, but after a cannonade which lasted two days, very little impression seems to have been made on the American defences, and their losses did not exceed fifty killed and wounded. As the fort was in no sense invested, and could not be so long as the Americans held command of the lake, General Drummond determined to attempt its capture by direct assault.

Fort Erie, when it was taken from the British, was a small work standing about 100 yards from the lake, with two demi-bastions, a ravelin and two block-houses. The Americans erected a strong redoubt between the demi-bastions, and outside of them two large bastions. On the extreme right of their encampment, and close to the lake shore, they built a strong stone-work and connected it with the old fort by continuous earthworks seven feet in height, with a ditch and abattis in front. This stone-work, which was named the Douglass battery, mounted an 18 and a 6-pounder, *en barbette*. On the old fort itself a 24, an 18 and a 12-pounder were mounted. From the left or south side of the old fort, and in a line nearly parallel to the lake shore, strong parapet breastworks were built for a distance of 900 yards, with two ditches and abattis in front. At the southwestern extremity of this line of works, on a natural mound of sand called Snake Hill, a battery 25 feet high was erected and five guns mounted upon it. This was called Towson's Redoubt. Between it and the old fort were two other batteries, each mounting two guns. From Towson's Redoubt to the lake shore was a line of abattis, thus completing the enclosure, which was about 15 acres in extent. As the garrison of Fort Erie had been reinforced by Morgan's riflemen, as well as by a considerable force from Lake Ontario, it must have numbered at least 4,000 men at this time. It certainly showed no small amount of daring to assault a fort with such excellent defences, and so strong a garrison as Fort Erie then possessed. Whether such a measure was altogether prudent, in view of the result, may perhaps be doubted.

General Drummond arranged his assaulting force into three columns; the largest, under Colonel Fischer, consisted of the 8th and De Watteville's Regt., with the light companies of the 89th and 100th regiments and a detachment of artillery, the whole numbering about 1,300 rank and file. The duty of this right column was to attack the enemy's redoubt at Snake Hill and carry the works in its vicinity. The centre column, under Lieut.-Colonel Drummond of the 104th, consisted of the flank companies of that regiment and of the 41st, with a party of seamen and marines, the whole numbering about 200 rank and file. This column was to attack the old fort directly. The left column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott of the 103rd Regt., was composed of that regiment, 500 strong, and the flank companies of the Royal Scots, making altogether 650 rank and file. Its duty was to attack the enemy's right at the Douglass battery.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 15th of August, the British right column advanced to attack Towson's battery on Snake Hill. The troops moved in two columns, the advance consisting of the flank companies of De Watteville's and the 8th, and the light companies of the 89th and 100th, led by Major Evans of the 8th, and the main body composed of the remainder of De Watteville's and the 8th Regt. under the command of Lieut.-Col. Fischer in person. Capt. Powell, of the Glengarry Regt., conducted the column, Sergeant Powell, of the 19th Dragoons, who was familiar with the ground, acting as guide. To prevent any musket from giving the alarm to the enemy, the men had been deprived of their flints, a very

unwise arrangement as it turned out, for the garrison were on the alert, and the men were thus in a manner disarmed, while exposed to a deadly fire. As they advanced impetuously to the attack, they were received with deadly discharges of grape from the guns of Towson's battery, and from the musketry of the enemy's infantry. Yet so sudden and daring was their onset that they almost surrounded the enemy's picket outside the fort, and pursued them so closely that Major Villatte, of De Watteville's Regt., Capt. Powell and Lieutenant Young, of the 8th, with about fifty men of the light companies of these two regiments, entered the abattis with the flying enemy, and got in the rear of Towson's redoubt. Here an entirely unexpected obstacle presented itself, which precluded any hope of success; the scaling ladders were too short to ascend the redoubt, being but 16 feet in length, while the fortress to be scaled was 25 feet high. This checked any further attempt in that quarter, but on the right, in the face of a deadly fire to which the soldiers could not reply, the remainder of the attacking column attempted to scale the abattis between the redoubt and the water. After five charges, which were most gallantly persevered in, they were forced to retire, the abattis being found to be impenetrable. At the same time a part of De Watteville's and the 8th Regt. marching too near the lake, in the darkness, became entangled between the rocks and the water, and being exposed to a very heavy fire, many lives were lost. The right attack had finally to be abandoned, after the column had suffered a loss of 213 in killed, wounded and missing, of which two-thirds fell in De Watteville's Regt.

The attack of the left and centre columns did not take place until the contest with the right column had commenced. Both columns advanced at the same moment, the left column moving along the margin of the water, while the centre column proceeded directly against the old fort, the fire of which was immediately directed against it from its salient bastion. At the same time the guns on the Douglass battery opened on the left column with great vigour, assisted by the musketry of the New York and Pennsylvania Volunteers. The left column was checked by this destructive fusilade, at a distance of about 50 yards from the abattis, but again advanced with redoubled fury. Before they could plant their scaling ladders, however, a discharge of grape from the Douglass battery swept away almost one-third of the column, killing, among others, its gallant leader, Colonel Scott. The attempt on the left was then abandoned.

In the meantime Lieut.-Col. Drummond, of the 104th, despite the tremendous fire with which he was assailed, had persevered in his attack on the fort. Three times his detachment was driven back from the parapets in which they had effected a partial lodgment, but his men were not discouraged. A fourth attempt was made, the parapet was won, and the enemy driven out of the salient bastion. In the desperate struggle which followed for its possession, Lieut.-Col. Drummond was killed, and many other officers wounded, but this did not check the British advance in the slightest degree. To quote the words of an American historian of the war:—"The most obstinate previous parts of the engagement formed no kind of parallel to the violence and desperation of the present conflict. Not all the efforts of Major Hindman and his command, nor Major Trimble's infantry, nor a detachment of riflemen under Capt. Birdsall, who had posted himself in the ravelin opposite the gateway of the fort, could dislodge the determined and intrepid enemy from the bastion, though the deadly effects of their fire prevented their approaches beyond it. It was now in his entire possession." Effort after effort was made to dislodge the British from the bastion, but they all failed. Captain Birdsall, with his rifle regiment, with some infantry, charged them, but he was wounded, and his men driven back. Detachments of the 11th, 19th, and 22nd United States infantry were in-

troduced into the interior of the bastion for the purpose of driving back the undaunted British, but this attempt failed like those that had preceded it. The American artillery, from a demi-bastion of the fort, and the small-arms men kept up an incessant and destructive fire upon the attacking party, and, as it was now daylight, they suffered heavy losses, yet they still held their ground. At this moment the 103rd Regt., which had been turned from the left attack, had advanced to the bastion, in spite of the enfilading fire of the Douglass battery, and was about to rush into it to reinforce the heroic soldiers of the centre column, when a sudden tremor was felt like the first shock of an earthquake. In an instant the bastion was blown up with a terrible explosion, and all that were upon it or near it were killed or wounded. An eye-witness says that, as the bastion blew up, "a jet of flame, mingled with fragments of timber, earth, stone and bodies of men, rose to a height of 100 or 200 feet in the air, and fell in a shower of ruins to a great distance all around." So destructive were the effects of this dreadful explosion that there was no longer any coherent body of troops left in front of the fort to continue the attack, and the wasted remains of the centre and left columns withdrew from the field.

The British official return of the loss in this desperate affair put the number of killed at 57, the wounded at 309, and the missing at 539, a total of 905. It was stated, however, by General Drummond in his dispatch that almost all of these returned as missing might be considered as wounded or killed by the explosion, and left in the hands of the enemy. This was, unfortunately, only too correct a statement of the case. The number of British dead left on the field was 222, while 174 wounded and 186 unwounded prisoners remained in the hands of the enemy. The American loss numbered 17 killed, 56 wounded, and 11 taken prisoners, a total of 84 men.

The unfortunate error which sent the right column to attack Towson's redoubt with scaling ladders that were too short, and without flints for the muskets, made any success in that quarter practically impossible. Yet there is ample consolation to the Canadian reader for the failure of the attack on Fort Erie in the contemplation of the heroism of the centre column, which has never been surpassed since arms were borne by man, and in the thought, that the leader of that column, who died at the head of his men, and a large part of the troops that composed it, were Canadians. Yet as we consider this glorious example of human daring, so honourable to the virtues of man, what are we to think of the American general, Edmund P. Gaines, who in a dispatch written on the day of the assault on Fort Erie, wrote as follows: "They attacked us on each flank, got possession of the salient bastion of old Fort Erie, which was regained at the point of the bayonet with a dreadful slaughter." This man, who prefaces his falsehood with the remark, "my heart is gladdened with gratitude to heaven," knew right well that the bastion was not "regained at the point of the bayonet, but that the gallant men who had won it at the point of the bayonet were destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder which, if not fired by the hand of Gaines himself, was done by his immediate orders. On this point there can be no doubt. Jabez Fisk, a soldier in the American army, who was in Fort Erie at the time, made the following statement, in writing, of what occurred: "Three or four hundred of the enemy had gone into the bastion. At this time an American officer came running up and said: 'General Gaines, the bastion is full. I can blow them all to hell in a minute!' They both passed back through a stone building, and in a short time the bastion and the British were high in the air. General Gaines soon returned, swinging his hat, and shouting: 'Hurrah for Little York!!'" It would be a waste of words after this to make further comments on any statement made by Gaines. Fort Erie was, a few days later, relieved of his presence

in a manner that a believer in the Mikado's theory of making the punishment suit the crime, would have thought very apposite. As he was sitting at his desk, probably indicting another mendacious epistle to the War Secretary, a British shell fell through the roof of his quarters, passed though his writing desk and exploded at his feet, almost killing the "gladdened Gaines," and compelling him to relinquish the command.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE OPAL MONTH

BY VIRNA SHEARD

NOW cometh October,—a nut-brown maid,
Who in robes of crimson and gold arrayed
Hath taken the King's highway!
On the world she smiles—but to me it seems
Her eyes are misty with mid-summer dreams,
Or memories of the May.

Opals agleam in the dusk of her hair
Flash their hearts of fire and colours rare
As she dances gaily by—
Yet she sighs for each empty swinging nest,
And she tenderly holds against her breast
A belated butterfly.

The small crickets sing no more to the stars—
The spiders no more put up silver bars
To entangle silken wings ;
But the quail pipes low in the rusted corn,
And here and there—both at night and at morn—
A lonely robin still sings.

A spice-laden breeze of the south is blent
With perfumed winds from the far Orient
And they weave o'er her a spell,
For nun-like she moves, so still and so sweet—
And while mists like incense curl at her feet,
She lingers her beads to tell.

Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping. It fails ignominiously. Yet it resulted in Hughes discovering that he desires Miss Murney as a personal possession. He proposed, was refused, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next day at luncheon it was known that the Murneys were going immediately to Paris, and that they had never been there before.

"You will like it," said the French Doctor. "It is the ideal play-ground for people of an artistic temperament."

"You will see the dear, delightful art students there," added the widow, "with their wide trousers and their wandering hair."

"You will do more than see them if you go out on the street alone," was the Amazon's contribution. "Ugh! the greasy little beasts!"

"I was never spoken to once on the streets in Paris," said the American wife with the little conscious air of making a remark that was part of a discussion.

"You were always with your husband, I suppose," shot back the Amazon.

"Not always."

"Pouf!" exclaimed the French Doctor. "Ladies who observe the customs of the country are not annoyed in Paris—and great allowance is now being made for the independent habits of American ladies."

"Do the men actually speak to you on the street in Paris?" asked Jessica in amazement.

"Of course they do," said the Amazon, "and they step on your toes and sing 'tra-la-la-la' in your ears."

"Awful!" cried Jessica.

"You must not go out alone," said Herr Werner, "nor look at the men. That is all. Frenchmen do not understand that young ladies ever go out alone."

"In England it is the same," snapped out the French Doctor.

"It is not," countered the Amazon bluntly.

"Do young ladies go unchaperoned there?" he asked mildly.

"No," she said; "but if they do they are not insulted."

"Insulted!" deprecated the Frenchman, extending his hands and tilting his head. "*Les jeunes hommes* are only playful—and as I tell you, they generally respect the peculiarities of Americans now."

"It is a playfulness that is not al-

ways understood, Doctor," observed Herr Werner.

"True!" returned the Doctor. "Not by the races that never play."

"Sh-sh!" whispered Madame.

"Never play," picked up the Amazon. "Englishmen are noted for their devotion to sports."

"But an Englishman does not play at his sports," expostulated the Frenchman. "He works at them—furiously; they are like little sections of war. You go to the Thames and you see Englishmen 'playing' with boats—stripped, panting, fighting for first place; you go to Venice and you will see them robe themselves in gay, holiday costume to play with boats, and float about to music or flutter off down the lagoon like a flock of coloured birds. Is not that so?" turning to the Italian.

"Yes," heartily agreed the Italian. "All southern races are playful—like children," he explained as by way of excuse for the northern English; and then went on to tell of some river fetes he had seen in Siam. When he had finished, the young American husband reverted obliquely to the old topic by saying that he had heard a Californian pronounce "the battle of flowers," at Nice, "an utter fizzle." "Why," he said, "you should just see the floral chariots we get up for our floral parades in California. Nothing to touch them here, I can tell you." He did not reckon in at all, added the American, the bushels of fun the Provençals got out of it.

"That's it," said the Frenchman. "You Anglo-Saxons are a great people; you only take pleasure in excelling—excelling—excelling! We Latins are more simple-minded—or is it more civilized?"—with a bright smile—"we are not always wrestling with each other; we can gather flowers and toss them at one another, and get great gaiety out of it."

"But do you not think, Doctor," asked Herr Werner, "that the tossing of flowers is a child's business when both nature and man are so full of things worth giving one's whole mind to?"

"Do you never relax?"

"Rest is necessary," answered Herr Werner, with a brisk certainty of mien; "but I don't go to the nursery for it."

"You like a beer garden better," returned the Doctor; but it was impossible to take offence in the face of his disarming smile.

The departure to Paris was not made quite so quickly as Herr Werner would have liked; for Herr Vogt was not a bird to take wing in a minute. He had much to arrange for, many boxes to pack for shipment to Dresden, and many precautions to take lest he should find himself in foreign Paris without a proper supply of familiar comforts made only in Germany. The Murneys were ready before him, and Herr Werner could hardly keep the secret that he intended to follow. Indeed, he was tempted to join the party in his impatience to get it off; for was not the clean-cut, unperturbed figure of the menacing Hughes to be seen day after day on the wide promenades of the quay? But, luckily, it did not again mount to the gravel path—and often Herr Werner wondered why.

The lady from Maine had been hurried off to the Tyrol by her alarmed and doubly disgusted husband on the morning after the night escapade.

"I don't want to run into that boatman again," he said. "He'd have me up for breach of contract or lunacy or something of that sort."

"Well, it was an experience," said the lady from Maine ecstatically, as she bent energetically over her dress suit case. "I guess few tourists ever get anything of that sort."

"I should hope not;" was her husband's hearty comment. "If you want to find people who have done that kind of travelling, you'll have to go to the State prison—and it will be fun to hear you crowing over a man who has never 'burgled' outside of the New England States."

"I don't regret it," she protested. "It was so romantic and—and unusual—like a scene out of a story of chivalry, with moated castles and turret

windows and champing steeds and that sort of thing, you know."

"You're thinking of a dime novel," snorted "Sam." "'Maggie, the Midnight Marvel,' but you'll never catch me again—I've had my fill of rescuing distressed females."

"But think of the poor girl, Sam—and of poor, brave Mr. Hughes."

"Think of that boatman eating my groceries and thanking his stars that my keepers got me again before midnight."

Hughes bade them "good-bye" in the secrecy of their own chamber, and promised the lady that she should be told all that might happen after her flight. Her husband said, "All I ask of you is to keep dark what happened before our flight."

"You may be very sure I will," said Mr. Hughes; and they believed him. He might confess a crime but never an absurdity.

The last night before the Murneys were to start for Paris, Herr Werner and Jessica paced their "pension" veranda, revelling in the white shine of the moon on the sleeping lake and the indistinctly outlined mountains.

"What an unreal world it is," said Jessica. "It must have been on moonlight nights that the legends of the supernatural were born."

"Unreal?" questioned Herr Werner. "It is different from the day, but which is the unreal?"

And with this thought in their minds they leaned in silence on the veranda railing, drinking in the soft beauty of the scene — mantled by a shrouding light that covered more than it revealed. And they were each very conscious of the other—an unusual experience. The morning was to bring separation—Jessica thought that it might be final. Herr Werner knew better, but—Paris was another world, and French artists were swift to woo beautiful women. Was Paris a wise choice, after all? Yet, with their long acquaintance and their common love of the beautiful, there had never been the faintest approach to love-making between them. They were like fellow-students of an entrancing art, but an art that was as sexless as the single-minded study of the nude. They took hands without a thrill. They saw the same beauties, and knew that they alone saw them; yet felt them not a whit more beautiful for that fact. Still there was close companionship between them—a companionship which at that moment neither of them had with any one else in the wide world, nor felt it possible to have.

"I wonder," said Herr Werner, "if you will really like Paris as well as this."

"I can't think it possible," replied Jessica.

"I never have," went on Herr Werner. "Paris has an endless variety of beauties, which, however, only seem to tickle my sense of the beautiful. This fills it—and more."

"Yet if one is to do anything one's self," said Jessica, "I suppose that Paris is the place to learn."

"Yes," laughed Herr Werner. "One can marvel at an Alp, but can hardly hope to be one."

"I shall miss you in Paris," said Jessica quite frankly; and then she wondered if she should have said it.

"I shall miss you—very much—when you go," replied Herr Werner in a lower tone, which added to Jessica's doubt as to the propriety of her naive remark.

Then there was silence for a few moments. "Miss Murney," said Herr Werner presently. "Would you like me to come to Paris?"

Jessica felt her mind leap foolishly at the alarm of the question, as she might have started herself at a threat of unlocated danger. Why could she not say—what was the truth—that she would like him to come, but that this liking had no suggestion of loving about it? Yet how could she?—it would be so unmaidenly.

Herr Werner's pulses quickened as he saw her hesitate. Hesitation could mean but one thing—the question had a tender side to her mind; and, while he had hardly intended it to have, he was a man, and the sight of such a

thought in a woman's mind called forth a response from his.

"You need not answer," he said in a minute. "I should not have asked it —but I will come."

"Oh, no!" cried Jessica impulsively. "Not in that way!"

"In what way?"

"It is not like you to put so stupid a question," she tossed at him with some asperity.

Abashed, he stood in silence.

"But if you are coming to Paris—as a friend," she went on with a distinct commonplaceness of manner, "I am sure that I will be less lonely."

So when Herr Werner bade the Murneys and Herr Vogt "Au revoir" at the train next day, three of them knew that he had the address of the "pension" in the Latin Quarter in his pocket-book.

CHAPTER XIX.

On an unusually wide but quiet street winding from "Old Boul Mich" —the "ch" is pronounced soft—diagonally across the district below the Luxembourg Gardens to staid St. Germain, a comfortable Madame and her black-haired, heavy-lidded and artistic daughter managed a "pension" for "permanents." The tourist was very seldom to be found there, one reason being that the "pension" was not known in sight-seeing circles. Occasionally an American art student on a holiday home gave the address to a friend who had been fascinated by his Bohemian tales of the care-free, unconventional life of the Latin Quarter; and the friend on a subsequent tour—possibly with his wife—drove up the empty, blank-walled street in the course of his search for a "pension," but, more frequently than not, all the rooms were taken. He would get a look, however, into a long drawing-room of barbaric furnishing; eastern lounges piled with coloured cushions, a taut-stringed banjo on a tumbled centre table, a shaggy skin before the dull grate fire—if the day were a little chill—well-used pallets and maul-sticks hung about like mementoes, an open piano covered with music, unframed canvases on the walls, some sketches of heads, others impressionist landscapes, one a warm-tinted copy of Mercie's "Venus." If he were lucky, he would also chance upon a glimpse into one of the rooms which might have been to let—the den, perhaps, of an artist who was something of a sybarite; a long mirror hidden by photographs of all sorts and conditions of people from a group of the artist's chums to a half-length picture of his "model," from Rosa Bonheur in her blouse to the latest favourite at the "Folies Bergere"; a rose-wood piano; crossed foils, tied with ribbon; a medley of velvet garments hanging in a corner; an out-door sketching outfit on the bed; and half-finished pictures stuck wherever they would hold. Or it might be the bare room of a student at the Sorbonne, with its shelves of books, its lounge heaped with note-books, books, face down, on the table, lurid posters on the walls, a grate full of crumpled paper, and a variety of hats on the bed.

But, in any case, as he wound around the bicycles in the passage and took his disappointed way downstairs, Ma'am'selle, with her "painty" fingers and her restless, coquettish eye, assuring him with a flattering concern of manner that she was "so very pained that there is not one room," he was confident that he had missed thereby half the enjoyment and real insight into life that Paris might have given him.

This is the place to which Herr Werner had sent the Murneys and Herr Vogt, they having ascertained by telegraph that there were rooms for the party. Herr Werner had been there himself some years before, had duly fallen in love with Ma'am'selle, and then had fallen out again when he perceived that he had no more clue to her methods of thought than he had ability to keep pace with the thought itself. Both the "falling in" and the "falling out" were officially unknown

to Ma'am'selle, who took no notice of such things unless she was told of them, as she usually was when they happened to her fellow countrymen, and sometimes when they didn't.

It was night when the party got to Paris, and the rain was falling. But the streets, as their horse splashed along, seemed walled with bright windows and hung with moony planets, and paved with bars of liquid light. Then their cab rolled out into the dark, and they looked through the windows and saw beneath them, and away between wide parallels of marching lights, the river in which quivered the myriad reflections of a night city.

Then another bright, crowded, light-soaked thoroughfare; and then quiet and black walls and slowly passing street lights. Madame, amply made and with a winning smile, awaited them at the top of the stair, and showed them their room with many a "Voila!" and many a kindly attempt to speak a French slow and simple enough for their comprehension.

It was not until the next evening that they got to know much of their fellows in the "pension." The afternoon had turned a little chilly toward the close; and when the two ladies came in from a walk in the Luxembourg Gardens, they found a glow of fire in the drawing-room grate, and a babble of swift French playing about it. They threw off their wraps in their room, and then took Madame's invitation to come in to the fire. Ma'am'selle was there, and introduced them to the rest, at which they got a number of bows in the dim light, and a composite sense of many foreign names. One young fellow came promptly out of the group, however, and shook hands with them as if he liked it.

"Americans?" he asked. "So am I. Awfully glad to see you. Have a sort of family feeling toward all Americans who are not too snobbish to live in the Latin Quarter."

"Are there many living here—in this Quarter?" asked Jessica.

"Quite a few—and a rare good sort."

"We were brought here by my daughter's singing teacher," explained Mrs. Murney, not quite sure enough yet that it was the Murray Hill thing to do, to take the responsibility of it.

"It's the right place—you'll like it," the young man assured them. "I've been here for three years. My name's Huntingdon—Horace D. Huntingdon, of Cleveland, Ohio. I guess you didn't catch it from Ma'am'selle. She calls me 'Hoot-eeng-tong'"; and he laughed cheerily.

"Did you catch ours?" asked Jessica.

"Oh, yes. I've been here long enough to know what a Parisian means when he says: 'Moor-nay.' What part of the States are you from?"

The two ladies looked at each other, and then Mrs. Murney said:

"Well, our last home was New York."

"But our real home," broke in Jessica impulsively, impatient of the mild deception and prouder, in her new spirit, of the mountains than of the city, "is the White Mountains."

"Jupiter! I know them. A painter's paradise!"

"Lovely!" agreed Jessica.

"But we shall probably live after this in New York," said Mrs. Murney, firmly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Huntingdon, as if noting the fact; and then—"Come over to the fire, and we'll make them talk English."

A young Frenchman sprang up as they approached, giving Jessica his chair and making room with a swift movement for another for Mrs. Murney. Flat on the rug before the fire lay a short, boyish chap with his hands under his head. The glow of the coals showed his face to be dusky, and covered with the short silken scattered hairs of the youth who has never shaved. His eyes were closed, but his lips bubbled intermittently with a popular air that ran like a subdued accompaniment to the chatter. At his head sat on the rug, with striking uprightness, a girl whose age it would have been difficult to guess. About her neck lay a

loose scarf, knotted in front; and her dark, greenish-coloured dress seemed to hang from her shoulders like drapery, though it was caught in at the waist. Her eyes sparkled perpetually as the talk played round her, and a picturesque figure she made in the uncertain light with her olive-pale skin and her smooth, low-sweeping hair. Hardly less picturesque was Ma'am'selle, sitting opposite her, while in the shadow at her back stood a man who seemed to inhabit his clothes imperfectly, so large and voluminous did they look. You saw the man himself when you looked at his feet which in shining little boots seemed a pin-point pedestal for his swelling figure; then his trousers widened out impossibly and spread away to meet the capacious skirts of his coat in the latitude of his hips; finally, you began to detect the man again at the shoulders, and then quite re-discovered him at his thin, clean-shaven face, crowned with black, loose hair. Another man, olive tinted, with goatee and horizontal waxed moustache, dressed in correct black for the street, sat at the piano, reading music and occasionally striking a few notes. The young man who had given Jessica his seat wore a short velvet coat and an enormous black tie; and with a shudder she saw that one of his finger nails was long and white.

Huntingdon's demand for English checked the conversation for just a moment, then the girl on the rug said in rather a staccato manner:—

"Perhaps Mees Moor-nay will give us her opinion. Can one serve two masters? Can one be an artist and be anything else?"

"I should hope so," said Jessica, doubtfully.

"*Mais non*," cried her questioner. "It is not to hope. It is a thing to know. If you love art, can you love a husband?"

"I vote 'yes'" said Huntingdon, relieving the new-comer of a difficult question.

An impatient discharge of French followed from the gentleman in the wide trousers.

"M. Bilot says that I don't love art —that I only love success," Mr. Huntingdon translated to Jessica.

"Well, shouldn't you want to succeed in your painting?" asked Mrs. Murney, with a view to comforting the assailed young man.

"Sure!" he responded cheerfully.

"Then —you — never —will," pronounced the pale oracle from the rug, shaking a serious face at him. "*Jamais! Jamais!* You must think only of your art, never of success, never even of what the masters will say. You must think only of doing the perfect thing, *par-faite-ment!*—always! always!"

Ma'am'selle remonstrated in French at some length, Jessica gathering that she quoted her own example to the contrary; and, curiously enough, neither the girl on the rug nor the man behind her answered a word, but listened in flattering silence. Later, Jessica learned that this was the way in which the "pension" usually received Ma'am'selle's statement, no matter of what character. Ma'am'selle was too near the larder to be disputed.

"But you don't think that marriage interferes with art?" Huntingdon now asked the young lady on the rug.

"For a woman," she said, "it is death to art. A man may save his art if he keeps his wife entirely secondary."

"I have known," said the man behind her, "a good artist to lose his sense of proportion because his wife had a bad figure. He grew to think it good, poor fool."

The young man in a velvet coat shone suddenly into a sweet smile.

"Then it is good," he said, "to marry one's 'model,' *n'est ce pas?*"

Mrs. Murney picked nervously at her dress. She was not quite certain that this was conversation to be listened to. Just then Herr Vogt arrived, however, and his introduction jarred the conversation into another channel.

CHAPTER XX.

To Jessica, the free, unregulated talk of this "pension"—what she could understand of it—was a revelation. There was nothing in the breast of man

—or outside of it—that these astonishing folk would not discuss with the utmost frankness and unconcern. They seemed not to know that there were certain things never to be spoken of in a mixed company; though with a quick appreciation of her shy withdrawal from the conversation when it approached forbidden ground, and of her mother's fixed lips and averted eyes, they had a habit of slipping into French at such times, when the two Americans could presume that they were merely dissecting their neighbours' characters. Another odd thing was that they did not think of reckoning three Americans in the party, though Huntingdon was never tired of proclaiming his nationality. Conversationally he had become acclimated in his three years; and Cleveland, Ohio, would have been amazed at some of the opinions that fell from his lips. But quite the most curious thing of all was the entire absence of any of the results to be expected from so much license in discussion. There was no vulgarity of tone; on the contrary, a delightful and artistic refinement. Where nothing of human interest was to be avoided, there was no sense of a difference in moral quality between this subject and that. There was not a covert glance nor a snicker in the whole conversation. Jessica sometimes felt, when her flaming face was the first signal at the table that something had been said which should not have been, as if she were the one of vulgar mind who read a meaning into the talk that was not there. But then she knew that, whatever else had happened, she had not done this; for the meaning which she had perceived was the meaning on which the conversation swung.

There were phases of the talk into which Herr Vogt did not go, sitting silent; but into most of it he plunged with the eagerness of a man who finds himself unexpectedly at home. These people, one and all, talked of art as the one reality; and art meant the expression of the soul, whether in music, or on canvas, or in clay, or with the pen. There were differences in the degree of their devotion. "Ma'am'selle" did much copying at the Louvre, and thought it possible to care for other things. M. Bilot had his own studio and painted what was within him without reference to anything else in the pressing world. It was on record that he had refused to paint a portrait once at a fancy price, because he was working on an inspiration of his own representing the Christ when the first doubt stirred in his mind respecting the sincerity of the Pharisees —though at the time he was living on the *plat du jour* of a neighbouring wine-shop, and was four months behind in his studio rent. M'lle Eglantine was a kindred devotee; and it was rumoured that she had, more than once, when hard pinched, earned money as a "model." But Herr Vogt naturally found most in common with the moustached man of the piano, M. Albert Laforest, who had his physical wants supplied by a small regular income, but who really existed on music. Of nights, these two would take turn about at the piano, playing and singing mostly things of their own composition, while the others sat in motionless silence, even breathing, as it were, under their breath. Then Jessica would sing, and the inner circle of the free masonry of art was open to her, though she knew so little of the jargon, and still carried so many of the shackles of conventionality. Later in the year, M. Bilot painted a picture of the party grouped about the drawing-room in attitudes of tense quiet while Jessica sang; and it was hung for weeks in a window on the Rue Laffitte.

Of course, the purpose of Jessica's presence in Paris was steadily pursued. She took daily lessons now from Herr Vogt; and they all three climbed to the gallery of the Opera House again and again to hear the best singers of whom Paris boasts—if the polite Parisian appreciation of the good in art or music can be represented by so assertive a verb. Herr Vogt was at great pains to preserve his incognito, for he

had a lively fear of Hughes in his mind—a fear he might have, had he known that young man's movements, freely dismissed. Herr Werner had come, and now lived near them; and he, too, found the atmosphere of the Murney's "pension" fairly to his liking —but "Ma'am'selle" seemed at times to resent his worship of the new star. He appeared slow of thought and speech in that hair-trigger company; but when they came to know him, they waited patiently for the unfolding of his thought, for they found it well worth while. There seemed, however, to be one subtle difference between his and their point of view. Together, for instance, they could revel in picturing the gathering of glittering knights and gaily-dressed ladies for a mediæval tournament—an exercise he was fond of introducing into their talk—but the others dwelt only on the pageant, the streaming colours, the picturesque dress, the old-time manners and customs. To him these were but the fitting trappings of the magnificent manliness, the ever-tested courage of the jousters, and the high spirit of the women who kept their favours for the brave and not for the merely entertaining—for the knight rather than for the minstrel, to say nothing of the "fool."

Jessica in this stood with Herr Werner. "It seems to me," she said to him one day, "that these people would paint a knight's armour while you would understand his very spirit"—a saying she was to recall before many moons.

Early in their stay Herr Vogt had to face a serious question. Would he let his other pupils go for a time, and stay to direct the marvellous Miss Murney's career in Paris; or would he leave her to a French teacher and go back to Dresden? He liked neither alternative, and was about deciding to try and carry the Murneys back to Dresden, defying "Herr Hughes" to destroy the effect of all these weeks of "living her music," when, through the instrumentality of M. Laforest, Jessica received a flattering invitation to sing at a great function a little in the future. She accepted at once, for this was what they had come for; and Herr Vogt doubted his ability to persuade her to give up the chance. So he waited; and Mrs. Murney carried Jessica off to "shop" for a suitable gown for the occasion, and dragged her hither and thither in jostling stores and charging streets, until she was well-nigh worn down to the spiritless level of those first dreary days at Lucerne. This might, indeed, easily have happened if it had not been for the deep draught of the truly artistic spirit which was pressed to her lips nightly at the "pension." But, as it was, she sang still with the soul of her; and Herr Vogt awaited his triumph, for now that Jessica was to sing in public, he could abandon his irksome hiding. As for Herr Werner, he read the loud advertisements and thought of the indefatigable Hughes —but there was much hope in him, for Hughes had appeared to give up the contest even in Lucerne. He did not mention this to Herr Vogt, however—it was as well not to be too sure.

Finally the great night came, and the whole "pension" marched over to the cheapest seats in the house to hear their familiar divinity. But, although they gave her a lonely spatter of applause when she came out, the rest of the audience received her in silence. She was a newcomer and an American; and America was a land of cheap finish and easy supremacy. At her first notes there was a slight stir, and then a deeper silence. The compliment of close attention was being paid in italics, and when she finished a storm of applause broke over the house, which did not abate until she had come back twice to bow and then a third time to sing. The judgment of the audience approved her like the snap of a spring. At her second and only other appearance she was received as an old favourite, and, at the close, the musical coterie in the audience mobbed the stage waiting-room to see and praise her. Here Herr Vogt was discovered and re-discovered, and flooded with congratulations on having found this marvel, and brought her, with

rare sapiency in a German, to Paris; and they were both invited here, there and everywhere, and one serious engagement for a month ahead "booked" before they escaped to their cab. The next day some of the papers, which had heard of the event promptly, had much about "the new American singer," and other papers kept publishing it as fresh news for the remainder of the week. Jessica was "discovered" nearly every day by a new journal, which apparently imagined that no person had heard of her until one of their musical contributors got time to send in an elaborate and signed "appreciation."

It was then that Mrs. Murney began talking of London. London was the place from which to dazzle New York. These French people were all very kind and appreciative, but look at their papers! They'd never get Jessica's picture in. From London every success would be cabled to the illustrated Sunday journals. Herr Werner took new alarm at this talk of London. London spelled Hughes.

But Hughes was on a ship bound for the west coast of Africa, where he had a brother captaining a handful of British "Tommies" who were keeping the flag floating and the natives up to the mark at one of the outposts of Empire. He could see nothing in Europe but a lost Jessica, and he longed to mix his life with the primal currents of being. He should have been a soldier, b'Jove, he told himself, and had his duty to do.

Herr Vogt had a final struggle with himself as to the future, and decided to leave Dresden definitely for the winter and to ally himself with Jessica's soaring fortunes.

TO BE CONTINUED

BENEATH THE DOG'S FANG

A STORY OF THE JACOBITES

By Montague Glass and Hubert McBean Johnston

IT was after Culloden and the little army of Charles Edward was well nigh dispersed. Like a man who bows his head in his cloak to the swirling of a winter blast, it had staggered blindly hither and thither under the buffets of the Red Coats, until the more prudent had dropped out one by one.

Of these were Dr. Dundonald, Alexander his son, Stewart of Ardath and the latter's man, Alan Ross. The Doctor, leaving his daughter to the care of his maiden sister, had relinquished his practice to follow the fortunes of Charlie, and now when the hope of the Stuart succession was shattered, he was in a pass to justify himself. Stewart of Ardath was adamant in despair; his man cared naught for anything in God's earth but Stewart. The four of them were skirting the Ribble to the Irish Sea, where they thought to find some Jacobite fisherfolk either at Lytham or Bispham-and-Poultom, and so by water to France and safety.

It was a mute and haggard company that straggled by the river side. Alan Ross had no English and was of necessity silent, for the Doctor, a man of parts and breeding, disdained the Gaelic, speaking English with a lowland accent and French as a Parisian. He used the latter between Stewart of

Ardath and himself, and English to his son. Indeed, Alexander was ignorant alike of Gaelic and French, and when he did speak, which was seldom, his voice was so choked with the thought of his sister and the lost cause, that he made little sound enough.

By day they slept under hay-ricks and hedges, and by night they slunk along the country roads, cringing at the shadows, and of a mind to run at the crackling of a bough. To the cordiality of the belated yokels, they gave no answer, but left them staring in the middle of the highway.

The Doctor strode ahead of the others. A May moon, just rising above the coppice, danced a black shadow in front of him as he walked. Alan was telling his beads, and Stewart made shift to whistle "Tullochgorum" with lips like parchment and a lump in his throat he could not down. As they reached a bend in the road a horseman lurched over the crest of the rise, and with none too steady a seat, drew up at the little group with a drunken flourish.

"I give you good evening, gentlemen," cried he.

The Doctor bowed.

"What a night for riding," continued the rider; "and I would be at it myself but this is Kitridge's mount, and what with his wine and his company, it was beyond me to refuse the nag, for to be candid, friends," he leered confidentially, "my legs are not as straight as my head."

"Sir, in your parish, we—" commenced the Doctor, for he had by this time perceived the stranger's cloth.

"This is not my parish," interrupted the other. "I am the Vicar of Ware, under God and King George, as prosperous and peaceful as any."

"Then as you still have far to journey and the hour is late, we bid you good evening and a pleasant ride." The Doctor made as if to pass him.

"God's wounds, sir," broke in the man of the cloth, "'tis bare one o'clock, and when a man is out after midnight, in a manner of speech, he is up betimes. Moreover, I come from such talk of war and the spitting of Jacobites and other rogues as lends not to sleep, so I am in no hurry."

"Indeed you say," said the Doctor, pricking up his ears at the words wars and Jacobites.

"'Twas young Kitridge himself. He stays with Sir John to-night, quartering a troop of the Ninth in his father's stables. They scour the countryside to-morrow—I wish 'em luck. For my part they can drive 'em like rabbits. The damned traitors!"

Stewart of Ardath glowered ominously at the stranger. The Doctor was for dragging them all away.

"Papists and rascals all!" hiccuped the Vicar. "A filthy crew, and as for their foul leader, Charles Edward—"

Stewart of Ardath swept aside the Doctor's restraining hand, and with a bound was at the Whig's throat. The sudden onslaught staggered alike both horse and rider. The brute wheeled in the road, its burden shrieking with rage and fright, and swifter than thought was gone.

Stewart, fury and indignation shaking his huge frame, picked himself up from the dust of the road and nobody spoke for a while.

"Man, you've undone us," at last said the Doctor.

Stewart groaned with the misery of it all. His king flouted, his friends endangered, and he himself bruised and shaken, the outcome seemed dark indeed.

"They will be for setting the Red Coats on us," he said huskily; "we must separate without delay. 'Tis I that have brought this on you, Dundonald, and I must be the one to suffer. Get you and Alexander over the fields to Preston. Alan and I will shift for ourselves."

The Doctor clapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Stewart man? This is no time to speak of parting. We must stand or fall together. It looks bad for us, and all the more reason why we should stick to one another." He turned with a brisk air to the rest. "Come, Alan man; come Alexander;

we must be stirring. Lytham must see us ere sunrise."

Stewart maintained his plan to separate, but Dundonald was firm against it, and eventually prevailed.

They turned into a path by the river and hastened on in silence. By this it had clouded over and a strong tide setting to the sea, kept the river apace with them as they walked. And so they trudged through the long night, a soft drizzle falling the while. At last the first glimmering of dawn disclosed the Ribble widening to its estuary. They trod firm, white shingle now. Hardened by the receding tide, it crunched under their heels.

By this it was seven. A sea fog rose with the morning, and closed in on three sides as they skirted the high cliffs of crumbling sandstone common to this coast. Red buttresses of rock, furrowed and seared, supported the perpendicular of the cliffs, while here and there the eyrie of a gull or fish hawk jutted from mid-height. The tops of these buttresses looming up in the curling of the fog, presented so forbidding an aspect as, with the damp and gloom of the day, took the heart out of Dundonald and his son. Homebodies and unused to the hardships of outdoor life, they were at the breaking point of endurance. Stewart and his man Ross were seasoned by the stress of many a Highland storm, and beyond the memory of their defeat, were not unduly depressed in body or mind.

Alan was crooning a Gaelic air without tune, and his thoughts were after the deer-stalking and salmon. Without wife or child, it was all one to him if Stewart was by and unharmed. His beard crushed on his breast and neck by the salt breeze, and his grey eyes peering through his thick brows, gave him the appearance of a sagacious terrier.

The four of them pushed manfully forward for Lytham, hungered and weary, but resolute withal. The sea boomed on the shoal afar out, and the sound re-echoed from the cliffs. Now and then a bird cried overhead, flitting in an out of the fog, and dropping to the sand almost at their feet. They tramped on and still there was no break in the rocky wall which shut in the land. The noise of the waters increased, and soon the shallow waves snapped hissing at their shoes. Stewart and Ross muttered Gaelic monosyllables to each other. Alan stopped and eyed the red jutting of the cliff, fingering its gnarled surface, and estimating the chance of a foothold in case of an emergency.

"Hasten, Alan man," cried the Doctor; "there must be an opening."

The fog narrowed on them as they hurried. They were in single file by this and almost grazing the base of the cliff. The water was over their ankles, and rising rapidly. As the waves retreated, Dundonald stumbled once or twice and clung to his son for support. Soon it swirled about their knees, almost sweeping Dundonald away. At the next abutment they stopped.

"We must make shift to get above the water somehow," said the Doctor. "'Tis all seamed and creviced along here, and there's a hole yonder that we might crawl into and be safe."

He pointed as he spoke to an orifice in the face of the rock which was barely an inch above the high-water mark as indicated by the green deposits on the cliff. It was a chance, at any rate, and they might fare worse by proceeding.

Stewart, looking well to his foothold that he might not slip, and gripping finger purchase as best he could, scaled the face of the rock first. The climb was not great, but the slimy sea-weed was far from being of assistance, and it was with a throb of exultation that he finally dragged his knees over the ledge. Unwinding his tartan, he lowered one end to the little group who waited anxiously below, and soon all were safe. Alan Ross was last up, and none too soon either, for ere he braced himself for the pull, the icy water was lapping well above his thighs.

Their perch was an oval opening, some six feet high, in the narrow wall

of sandstone and extended through from side to side. Not more than three feet across, they were obliged to lie prone on their breasts with heads and feet projecting. Dundonald, wilted with fatigue, hung over the coping like a wet clout and was sustained from falling only by reason of his cramped position. By dint of much squirming Alan produced a flask of good Highland whisky, and pressing it to the Doctor's lips, revived him exceedingly.

With that fortitude which had accompanied them throughout, the four men made no sound of complaint and awaited patiently the receding of the water. It was now about at its height and eddied and splashed beneath their very noses, covering them with spray and adding materially to the discomforts of the situation.

Suddenly a sound other than the deep booming of the sea on the rocks smote upon their hearing and all leaned forward that they might listen the better. Again it came, this time louder than before.

"Dids't hear it, Alan?" cried Stewart. "A cry for help, was it not?"

"Ay," responded the other, bending out over the ledge and peering into the mist.

Again the cry pierced the thunder of the surf and anon a red speck bobbed up and down in the white of the sea-foam.

"B'r' Lady," cried Stewart of Ardath; "'tis a trooper. Chased the game and caught himself, eh?"

Alan Ross would have advocated letting him fight for himself as best he might, but the Doctor would have none of it and insisted that all effort be made to do what was possible to save him. Indeed, however, there would have been but slight chance of the little party on the rock being able to give assistance had not the tide lent its aid and swept its burden in toward the angle of the buttress, where it was caught in the eddy of a retreating wave and whirled not a foot beneath Stewart.

He reached down with his long, sinewy arms and grasped it by the wide lapels of the coat; then one prodigious heave and its sodden weight was on top of them.

"He's alive still," cried the Doctor, who had been feeling a clammy wrist; "quick, Alick boy, the whisky."

They struggled to make room. The water was running in streams from the man's mouth and soon he gasped and was violently ill. Stewart bore him, as it were, on his shoulders, his long arms encircling the burden and keeping him from slipping into the spume. The Doctor squirmed until he rested on his back and then with the help of Alan, turned the half-drowned soldier and endeavoured to force the liquor through his tightly clenched teeth. He spilled the half of it, but a few drops penetrated and with a tremor and a groan, the man came to life.

Raising himself on his elbow, he stared stupidly around.

"Where am I?" he questioned at last, and then suddenly his eye fell on the little group surrounding him. The instinct of the soldier came back. Detail by detail, he compared their appearance with the description given by the Whig clergyman.

Stewart of Ardath, noting the scrutiny and guessing its import, glared back a threat from beneath his beetle brows.

"Jacobites, I take it!" rasped out the satisfied Whig, "and if I am not mistaken, the fugitives for whom I seek. In the name of the King, I declare you all my prisoners."

The Doctor and Stewart glanced at one another. The look of the former was one of inquiry, while he of Ardath threw back a suggestion which Dundonald at once comprehended.

"No, no," he said hastily in French; "there must be no violence. At a pinch we may tie him and leave him for his comrades to find when the tide falls, but first let us see what words will do."

Stewart made no reply. Turning to Alan, he muttered something in Gaelic and surrendered the leadership to the Doctor's diplomacy.

Dundonald glanced at the stranger.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "but in self-defence we must ask for the whistle at your neck. We care not to meet your friends, though we doubt but little they are amiable gentlemen and graceful companions."

The soldier hesitated for half an instant.

"And if I elect to refuse?" said he surlily.

The Doctor nodded to Alan. In a twinkling the Scot had the silver bauble.

"You see," said he quietly, "we would have to adopt measures to which we would prefer not to resort."

"I warn you, have a care," cried the soldier angrily. "I am Captain Kitridge."

"And I," replied the Doctor suavely, "am called Dundonald—by profession a medical man. I am glad to make your acquaintance. I have heard of you before, though we have never been fortunate enough to meet. This tiresome difficulty in which you and I have been unlucky enough to choose opposite sides has prevented any hospitalities between us."

The Captain, angered at this banter, glared at the Doctor.

"And now," pursued Dundonald, "that we have met, I am going to impose upon your acquaintanceship to the extent of asking your signature to a free passport for myself and party to France. I trust you will not refuse it."

"And in case I do refuse?"

"I take you for a gentleman of discretion," answered Dundonald confidently. "The water is deep here at high tide and a man accidentally drowned is dead, you know, with none the wiser."

Involuntarily the soldier shuddered.

"Besides," the Doctor ingratiated, "it is such a little thing we want—a bare five-minutes' work."

"Man, man, you don't know what you ask. It is dishonour for me to do this thing."

"And death if you don't!"

Death stared him in the face, and brave man that he was, Kitridge could not look it in the eye. On the battlefield it would have been different; drowning was not a soldier's end. Who would know why he had died? To what cause would he perish? And anyway, what were the lives of four rebels to the King in comparison to his?

"Give me the paper," he cried hoarsely. "I'll sign it."

"Now tie him," commanded the Doctor when this was done. "He has served our purpose."

In three hours more, the tide had fallen considerably. Cramped and weary from their long wait, they dropped, one by one, into the water.

It reached only to their knees and they plunged bravely through it.

"We must hasten," said Stewart of Ardath; "soon his men will be di covering him."

. . . . . .

Late that night, as the moon rose high overhead, a Whig captain sat in the midst of a grim-faced company and described his adventure with the Jacobites—and, it may be mentioned, to the no small glory of himself.

On the other side of the English Channel, a small fishing-smack, containing four persons, was fast approaching the protecting shores of France.

KINGDOM'S "BREAK-IN-TWO"

By J. W. Fuller, author of "Izolda"

UPON the counter which separated the operator's room from the outer passage of the telegraph office, in the small suburban station at the west end of the extensive yards of an important eastern railway centre, a brawny trainman lounged, and from the window looked out upon a narrow platform—rain swept and quite deserted—alongside which ran several tracks. These shone brightly beneath the station lights for a few yards, then vanished into the blackness of the night beyond—a blackness relieved here and there by variously coloured lights which, to the practiced eye, conveyed clear vision of the great yard with its network of steel, accurately placing each track and siding, and proclaiming the setting of its switch. On the further track, over an ashpit, a locomotive stood, with air-pump throbbing and exhaust blowing, as though the iron monster, all alert with life, chafed at the delay, impatient to be off. Beneath, a grimy roustabout, with long-handled iron rake, was industriously hauling forth the accumulation of clinkers from the firebox, the lurid glow from which threw an unnatural light upon the immediate surroundings, while it intensified the darkness beyond.

"How is she, Joe?" inquired the trainman, withdrawing from the window.

"She hasn't reached 'The Bend' yet," replied the young fellow, who sat listening to the click of the instruments which, in sharp, crisp accents, poured into his trained ears their story of life and action.

"Slippery rail bothering her some, I guess," commented the other, "I hope she don't tie me up here for half the night."

"Jack Kingdom with '94,' eh!" he continued after a pause, as a huge mogul engine, hauling a heavy freight, pulled slowly by and finally came to a standstill with a rattling and jarring of couplers, which travelled along the entire length of the train as the slack ran home.

Presently the outer door opened, and the conductor—a rather small man with sharp features, a firm mouth and clear grey eyes—entered and proceeded to 'book' his train, the water running from his oilskin cap and coat in little rivulets to the floor.

"Anything for me?" he inquired briskly.

"Six 'manifest' cars," returned the operator, handing him a bundle of waybills, "and here's your orders."

"Phew! I s'pose I can drop some?"

"I always drop just as many as I pick up," volunteered the big fellow on the counter.

The other glanced up, but without replying turned to examine the papers in his hands.

"Where are they?" he inquired after a brief pause.

"Right here in the Spring siding."

Just then a brakeman, lantern in hand, stepped inside. Kingdom turned to him with:

"Six 'manifests' in Spring siding to go on. Cut out the four 'o.c.s.' next the engine; he can drop them into the Long siding as he goes up to the chutes," and placing the bills carefully in his pocketbook, he picked up his lantern and turned to follow his brakeman out.

"Heard from the boy lately, Jack?" queried his confrere, from the counter.

He hesitated a moment with his hand on the doorknob, then answered hurriedly:

"Not since the fight," and passed out quickly.

"He ain't leaving as many as he takes on after all," commented Conductor Cummings as the door slammed. "Jack always did like lots of

cars—'lots of cars and no tramps' suits Jack Kingdom every time."

"What about the boy?" inquired the operator. "I thought he had a row with Jack and left home years ago."

"So he did. This is a younger one who turned soldier and went to South Africa. Jack thinks a pile o' him—so he did of the other before they had the scrap. Got that order for me yet?"

"Just calling now—I guess this'll be you."

Out in the darkness and rain, Conductor Kingdom was busy going over his train preparatory to starting upon another stage of the long journey he must accomplish before daylight, his keen eye taking note of the draw-gear and door fastenings of each car as he passed along.

"Here, climb out of that!" he suddenly shouted, turning the rays of his lantern full between two cars and disclosing a miserable figure huddled upon the buffers and grasping the brake-mast.

With a curse the detected tramp slipped to the ground and slunk away in the darkness upon the opposite side of the train.

"Guess that chap didn't know he'd struck Jack Kingdom's train, eh!" remarked the brakeman with a grin.

"He knows now that I don't furnish cushioned buffers for his benefit anyhow," was the dry retort, and Kingdom passed on.

A little farther along, and nearer the engine, his lantern shone upon some object in the corner of a coal car; but he turned it quickly in another quarter.

"Poor wretch!" he muttered, darting an inquiring glance in the direction of the brakeman, whose attention was for the moment occupied elsewhere.

"How Bill would whistle if he knew his 'Con' had purposely missed that fellow!" he continued, "somehow I don't seem to have the heart to rout him out. I s'pose even a 'hobo' may be honestly in hard luck sometimes—for all I know Jim may be roughing it somewhere in just that fashion. I can't get that boy out of my mind to-night—thought Tom Cummings meant him when he asked me about young Bob just now—wonder if I was too hard on the lad? Perhaps I was, though I never thought so before—guess I wasn't. Good mind to go back yet and rout that chap out."

He did not put this afterthought into practice, however, but went on with his examination, and having reached the forward end, delivered the engineman his orders.

In a few minutes the long train pulled out of the yard, and Conductor Kingdom swung himself up the steps of his caboose as it passed. For the next two or three hours his time was fully occupied looking after his train, now out on top of the cars, again dropping or picking up one at a way station; but through it all there were constantly revolving in his brain thoughts of the boy whom he had banished from his home nearly a dozen years before, and whose name had scarcely been mentioned in the family circle since.

That the boy's mother had grieved and prematurely aged, he knew; but since her first impassioned pleadings for the pardon of the youthful offender, no word of reproach against her husband had passed her lips. She was one of those uncomplaining women who suffer none the less keenly because they endure in silence; and not a day passed without her earnest prayer ascending for a reconciliation between the stern father and the erring son.

Though fondly attached to each other, the two had had several violent passages; for the boy—always high-spirited—rebelled against the correction of the father; and the final rupture had come over a trivial enough matter. The son's pride was injured that his simple denial of a fault was not accepted, while the father held him as wanting in respect for his parental authority; though now, as memory lingered over the incident, he recalled with what quiet dignity the lad had maintained his side of the controversy; and he had always secretly admired him for his sturdy words in parting—"Good-bye,

father, I'm not anxious to leave; but I'll not come back to the old home until you ask me to!" And bravely he had kept his word. Of course he could not humble himself to send for the boy; and thus matters had stood during all these years.

About four o'clock the train made its last stop, where Kingdom received orders to run straight through to the division terminus, still some thirty miles distant; and having seen that everything was in proper shape, he descended into the caboose and stepped to his desk to check over his bills and enter up his "consist." As he worked, however, his thoughts kept busy, and with a strange persistency reverted again and again to the lad who had so disappointed him.

To escape the unpleasant memories he tried to turn the channel of his thoughts upon his second son—his father's pride, who had gone to do battle for the Empire upon the South African veldt—and presently, in imagination, he looked upon a gruesome scene.

In a bare, open space, at the base of a ridge of frowning, rocky hills, several khaki-clad figures lay prone in the dust beneath the pitiless sun. Their limbs were drawn in various attitudes, but all were alike motionless. The only sign of life in that dreary waste was in a score of sinister-looking birds, who hovered in the air above, wheeling and circling in gradually descending spirals. How the spectator longed to shout and drive them from their prospective revolting feast! Lower and lower they dropped. But now there is a movement in one of the hitherto motionless figures—a jerking and twitching of the limbs, faint at first, but growing stronger, until at length the body rolled half over. The carrion birds mounted to a more respectful distance, while Jack Kingdom looked upon the upturned face of his son—not the sturdy Bob, who had sailed with the last contingent, but the wayward Jim, with whom his thoughts had of late been so busy!

So vivid was the scene, the conductor was ready to shriek out in agony, and he stood at his desk trembling and wondering what it could mean.

To his intense relief, at that moment the cupola window opened and shut, and someone shuffled down.

"Everything O.K. Bill?" he inquired, not daring to turn his face lest it tell tales.

Receiving no reply he repeated the question, but yet there was no response, and, turning, he was amazed to confront, not, as he expected, his rear brakeman, but a tall, unkempt, tattered figure, proclaiming unmistakably a member of the genus tramp.

"Well, I'll be ——!" ejaculated the conductor in unfeigned astonishment.

For a tramp to ride on his train was bad enough, but for one to walk boldly into the caboose and stand there calmly facing him, was such unheard of impudence that his usual self-possession entirely forsook him, and he stood for several moments staring blankly.

"Well, what are you after?" he inquired at length.

"It's pretty damp outside, so I thought I'd like to take a turn under cover," the fellow replied coolly, edging toward the stove, but keeping a wary eye on Kingdom.

"Don't you know it's against the rules to carry tramps?" interrogated the conductor sternly.

"Yes, but I thought it wouldn't be any more a breach of rules to ride in the caboose than on a coal car," was the retort.

Kingdom swore beneath his breath. This was his reward for a momentary softening. The fellow knew he had seen him in his corner and had taken courage to beard him in this fashion. He rather admired his audacity, he confessed to himself. Stepping up into the cupola, he looked out; both brakemen were out on the train, and as they were approaching a small station, with another a short distance farther on, there was little likelihood of either coming in for some time—not that the conductor was looking for assistance. He would have thought nothing of tackling an intruder twice the size of this

fellow, but he was strongly tempted to allow him to remain to get warmed up and had no mind for his crew to become witnesses of the lapse.

He stepped back into the body of the caboose.

"You may sit there for a few minutes, and then you'll have to git," he conceded none too graciously; and his unwelcome guest perched himself upon the edge of the long seat running along the side of the car.

His coat collar was turned up, his hat pulled well forward, and with a two weeks' growth of beard, his features were well concealed.

"What's your name?" Kingdom inquired.

"John Cameron."

"That's a lie," was the polite rejoinder, "but I like you all the better for not wanting to disgrace a respectable name."

"Where d'you come from? How is it a sturdy young fellow like you is on the tramp?" the conductor next demanded.

"I was in an English regiment in South Africa for over a year, and was laid out in a skirmish our fellows got the worst of—was left for dead, but by the help of some blacks who happened along, pulled through and made my way to Cape Town—concluded I'd had enough of fighting, so worked my passage to England and then back to Canada. Not waiting to get properly discharged left me short of cash, and that's how I'm 'on my uppers.'"

"A likely yarn!" was his auditor's comment; but in spite of his gruff speech Kingdom was softened.

"Hungry?" he asked, and not waiting for an answer, passed a generous portion of his own lunch to the half-famished intruder, who ate it ravenously.

"When you've finished that, step out on the rear platform. We'll be slowing up a bit soon; then you can drop off and hoof it. Here's a quarter for you; but don't let Jack Kingdom catch you on his train again."

At that moment, a long-drawn, far-distant whistle from the direction the train was travelling caught the conductor's keen ear; and with an exclamation he bounded into the cupola. It was a single track and he had orders to run straight through; therefore, an engine in the locality that whistle sounded from meant trouble ahead. In an instant, all the horrors of a head-on collision flashed through his brain.

Throwing wide the sash, he climbed out upon the roof, where he was almost swept from his feet by the force of the driving wind and rain. The sharp, long-drawn blasts of a whistle could be plainly heard coming from about a mile ahead, while forward, about two-thirds the length of the train, a lantern was being violently swung in a circle. Kingdom took in the situation at once—his train had parted, and the forward and lighter portion had outrun the rear.

Turning angrily to the tramp, who had followed him, he shouted:

"Curse you! You've been monkeying with the operating handle of that coal car!"

"No, I didn't!" came the indignant response; and even in that moment of excitement, his accuser remembered that it was with just such an emphatic denial his bitter quarrel with the wayward Jim had commenced. Had he misjudged the boy?—and was he misjudging this fellow now?

While his thoughts were busy he was taking prompt measures to meet the danger. The whistling in response to the rear brakesman's signals indicated that the engineman was aware of the break; and with the exercise of proper care the matter might be remedied without serious results.

Descending into the caboose, he seized the handle of the conductor's valve, and applied the air brake; then ran rapidly along the top of the cars to where the brakeman was continuing his signals to the distant engine.

"All right, Bill; I'll watch him! You get your fusees and drop off the rear. I've put on the brakes, and I think they'll hold her, though it is a stiffish grade. I can feel them gripping now!"

The brakeman hurried off to be in readiness to protect the rear of the train when it should come to a stop, while the conductor continued the signals with his lantern.

Kingdom soon began to feel uneasy, and to wish that he had not been in such a hurry to drop a flagman; for the train was not answering to the brakes as he could desire. They were on a steep grade, and the string of heavily-laden cars was not easily controlled. He must try the effect of the hand-brake; and rushing to the purchase wheel of the forward car, he wound up the chain as tightly as possible; then passed to the next car and to the next.

While hurrying from wheel to wheel, he became conscious that another figure was vigorously seconding his efforts, and reflected grimly that even a 'hobo' had his uses. But despite their utmost exertions, there was no slackening in the speed of the runaway cars; indeed, it had perceptibly increased, and now they were tearing down the steep descent known as the "Turtle Back" at an alarming rate. The cars lurched from side to side, and seemed each instant about to jump the track; but fortunately they held to the rails.

The conductor was now momentarily expecting to overtake and crash into the forward portion of the train; but the engineman being familiar with the locality, knew the danger, and contrived to keep well in advance.

When the hand-brakes had been tightly applied upon every car, Kingdom started to go over them again. He knew it to be useless, but any exertion was preferable to passively awaiting the catastrophe he dreaded. He managed to pull up the first two or three a couple of cogs on the ratchet; but, on attempting the fourth, the dog slipped and the full impetus of the released wheel catching him unawares, and aided by a sudden lurch of the train, swung him off his feet and over the edge of the roof.

A quick catch at the hand-hold saved him from falling to certain death, but he struck heavily against the side of the car, cruelly bruising his body and limbs, and all but wrenching him from his hold.

Too exhausted and bruised to pull himself up to the roof again, he hung, swinging backward and forward like a pendulum, and striking and rebounding from the siding at every lurch, while the cars continued their mad career down the steep grade. He clung to the iron rod tenaciously, though he knew this could not last for long; and he grimly wondered how many more such blows he could sustain ere unconsciousness would result, and his nerveless fingers release their hold.

In that terrible moment his thoughts again reverted to his wayward son, and he keenly regretted that he could now have no opportunity to send him a message of forgiveness. Did he know that the boy would return home to comfort his mother in her widowhood, he felt he could die content.

For two or three minutes, which seemed hours, the plucky conductor hung thus; then he felt the cold iron begin to slip through his impotent fingers—another lurch and he must surely loose his hold! It was coming now—crash! he went against the side of the car, and the rod seemed jerked from his grasp. Now for the fatal drop! He could feel his boots scraping the siding as he went down—in another instant all would be over!

Suddenly his descent was arrested. Someone on the end ladder had reached an arm around the corner of the car and gripped him about the waist! For a moment or two he hung in mid-air. Would the venturesome rescuer have strength to haul him up, or must his brave attempt prove futile? To climb the ladder with his dead weight was an almost superhuman task! The suspense was terrible. Soon, however, he felt himself drawn slowly upward. He could hear the deep breathing of his rescuer, telling of the frightful strain under which he laboured; but he persevered, and in another minute the half-unconscious

conductor lay stretched upon the roof of the car.

For a brief space Kingdom lay indifferent to his surroundings; then, as his brain cleared, he raised himself upon his elbow and looked about him. He felt bruised from head to foot; but though movement was painful, anxiety as to the outcome of the perilous position of his train overcame all other considerations.

Three or four car lengths ahead, a figure was signalling with a lantern—signals which were being answered with another lantern, as well as by blasts from the engine whistle about a third of a mile beyond. They had reached the bottom of the "Turtle Back" without coming to grief, and on the comparative level the terrific speed of the unpiloted cars was appreciably abated. He could feel the wheels skidding under him, and knew that at last the brakes were securing control. Now was the time to reunite the parted sections; and Kingdom groaned aloud as he realized his utter inability to grapple with the task.

But even as he bemoaned his helplessness, his keen eye detected by the signals that an understanding had been arrived at, and that shortly the attempt would be made.

Vaguely he wondered how the rear brakeman had managed to overtake the runaway cars he had dropped off to protect, until suddenly it dawned upon him that it was not his brakeman who had taken charge of his train, but the tramp. Doubtless it was he who had also hauled him up from his perilous predicament but a few minutes ago. The fellow must surely be an old trainman! At any rate, he had somehow become possessed of a knowledge of signalling—perhaps in hanging about railway yards.

In agonized suspense he followed the arrangements for coupling up. The signalling lanterns were approaching nearer and nearer together, indicating that the engineman was cautiously feeling his way back to where the rear portion had come to a stand—he noted that the break had not occurred at the coal car! At length, after some manœuvring, the desired end was attained, and the mental vision of shivered timbers, piled-up wreckage and scattered merchandise, which for the past half-hour Kingdom had had constantly before him dissolved. Taking leisure to examine his own hurts, he was relieved to find that although severely bruised, there was no evidence of broken bones, and he contrived to crawl down into the caboose.

An hour later No. 94 pulled into the terminal, after the most exciting run in Conductor Kingdom's experience.

As the train drew into the yard the conductor noticed a figure drop from the front steps of the caboose and move off into the shadows.

"Hello, you there! Come back!" he shouted, hobbling out to the platform.

"Well; what d'you want?" enquired his acquaintance of the night, shuffling back.

"I want you to help me get up to my house."

"No you don't!" came the quick response, "any of these fellows can do that, and I must be moving on!"

"But I want you, *Jim!*" returned Kingdom persuasively, "I'm asking you to come back home, my boy; and your mother's waiting for you. I mean that my train won't be the only 'break-in-two' recoupled this morning." And he reached out a hand, which met his son's in a hearty grasp.

Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

IN the kingdom which Phillip governed twenty-three centuries ago with the wisdom of a statesman, and from which his son Alexander went forth to subdue the world—within a few hours' journey of the cradle of European civilization, the birthplace of refinement, philosophy and science—within the jurisdiction of the very city from which Constantine proclaimed the authority of the Christian religion, and from which Justinian promulgated his laws, 350 battalions of Turkish soldiers are at the moment extirpating a population. Let no one call this a war. It is nothing more or less than the species of devastation carried out by Zingis Khan when, as Gibbon tells us, "from the Caspian to the Indus they ruined a tract of many hundred miles which was adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, and that five centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years." This Zingis was an ancestor of the present masters of Constantinople, and we are witnesses that they have lost nothing in the intervening centuries of the power and will to turn a fair and smiling land into a wilderness by the simple process of murdering all its inhabitants, men, women and children, attended with every circumstance of brutality and fiendish deviltry.

Hindi Punch THUS PICTURES BOY BULL TRYING TO SHOO OFF THE GERMAN AND RUSSIAN BIRDS WHO ARE FEASTING ON HIS PERSIAN TRADE. "OFF! OFF!" HE CRIES.

As we entered the twentieth century we indulged in a great deal of smug self-gratulation at the vast advances we had made in the "wonderful century" which had just taken its place as a part of the past. But during the whole of that era the Christian powers of Europe allowed a degenerate mob of semi-savages to occupy some of the fairest parts of Europe and to disgrace humanity every few years by premeditated

massacres of terrible proportions, accompanied by every species of atrocity of which the vicious Tartar is capable. There was a time when the Turks' strength gave him immunity from interference or correction. That time has long since passed away. He himself recognizes the power of the Christian peoples to turn him out of Europe bag and baggage, but he also recognizes that their mutual jealousies prevents that concert of action that would be necessary to accomplish this much-to-be-desired result. When the cynicism that characterises the civilized powers at the present moment is observed there is a feeling that Governments can be classed with corporations which have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned. It is no slander of the Eastern and middle nations of Europe to say that each of them has its account in the deterioration of Turkish rule and is taking a cool interest in the grand assize of outrage and murder, and calculating when the moment will be ripe to step in and get the largest possible haul of the possessions of the murderer when the day for executing justice upon him arrives.

NEXT!—Chicago *Journal*

The greatest fear that Russia and Austria have is that between the Provinces which the Turk has cursed for five hundred years, a stable union might be effected, and civilized Government established on the ruins of Turkish rule. There is not much likelihood of such a thing, and there will be still less likelihood of it the longer the Turk is left to alternately misgovern and devastate the regions over which his baneful sway is exercised. The curious spectacle is therefore presented of the three Emperors expressing their extreme displeasure with the Bulgarian population for precipitating the present struggle. Not alone have they expressed their displeasure; they have passed their opinion that it would be quite the proper thing for the Turk to administer exemplary punishment to a people who are so thoughtless as to disturb the high game of those whom God has set up in authority over more than half the inhabitants of Europe.

The Turk is taking them at their word, and a horde of soldiers in which the villainous Bashi-Bazouks and the blood-thirsty and bigoted Albanians are prominent, both in deeds and numbers, have been turned loose on Macedonia, and scenes from which the mind turns in horror are now being enacted with the guilty knowledge of the three Christian Emperors. It may be said

THE EMANCIPATION OF LABOUR—New York *Herald*

that other powers should not be expected, at enormous cost, to act as the police of Europe. There can be no doubt, however, that the moment the Porte recognized that the powers were united and in earnest it would not need combined armies to bring him to his senses. A naval demonstration at the Golden Horn would probably be sufficient for all purposes.

Meanwhile Russia has troubles elsewhere. It is impossible to withhold admiration from the little brown people who, wholly unabashed by the might of the power opposed to them, have firmly and steadily withstood his attempts to make his position in the East dominant and impregnable. Events seem to indicate that Russian officials were playing a game of bluff, and, in the technical language of that game, Japan "called the bluff." This is well illustrated by what happened the other day in Korea. At Yongampho the Russians upheld their right to a large timber concession, which it was said the Korean court had granted to a Russian company. Japan simply held that it would recognize no such concessions on the part of the Korean authorities. The Russians insisted and choppers and other employees went into the woods to work. Japan, however, put the whole matter to the issue by seizing the first Russian vessel which attempted to carry away lumber. It was a virtual act of war on her part and a self-respecting power which had played the game up to that point would have seen it through. This Russia was not prepared to do and now the news reaches us that the two powers are negotiating. It is not at all likely that Japan will suffer in the negotiations. She knows exactly what she wants and she appears determined to get it. Her influence in China is steadily growing and in the nature of things must grow more rapidly than that of Russia. The spoken language of the Chinese and Japanese is not the same, but the written language is identical. This gives them a tremendous advantage in China over other peoples. A university has recently been founded in Pekin, of which the professors are all Japanese. Chinese youths are attending the mili-

tary colleges in Yeddo. Japanese officers are instructing Chinese soldiers and helping to organize the army on the Japanese model. They are doing the same work in Korea and it is said to be impossible to distinguish a Korean soldier from a Japanese soldier. Russia herself aims at strengthening her forces by enlisting Chinese, but it will take her a long time to possess the same ease of intercourse with and knowledge of the people of the flowery land that the Japanese possess by right of birth and race. The Japanisation of China is said to be assuming large proportions, and if it succeeds, Russia will at length encounter a formidable obstacle in her eastward march.

Russia's unwillingness to take up the gage thrown down by Japan may be due to her great Minister's determination to preserve peace at all costs. Peace is necessary to the fruition of his plans. He needs so much money to finance his various railway schemes, and to meet the annual losses they entail, that even a war with Japan is to be avoided at all costs. Moreover, the movement to start Russia off as an industrial nation is at a very critical period of its progress. It has early reached the stage of discontent, riotous strikes, over-production and consequent want of employment. Peace is, in fact, an indispensable condition of the realization of M. de Witte's plans. The rest of the world can wish him well with all its heart. A statesman who believes that the greatness and glory of his country can best be subserved by industry and peace is rare enough to be a treasure. Just what position M. de Witte occupies in the regard of the Czar at the present moment is a matter on which there are two opinions. He has just been made President of the Council of Ministers. At first this was hailed as a signal that he had triumphed over the reactionary and military elements among the Czar's advisers. It is now stated, however, that the apparent promotion is merely a euphemistic means of dethroning him. His plans for an industrial revolution in Russia, the transmutation of the peasant into a factory hand, have utterly failed, and his railway projects have so burdened the exchequer that Russia is financially helpless in face of some of the most dangerous foreign complications that she has ever faced. If it is true, however, that the great Minister is under a cloud, it can only be a temporary eclipse. The building of Trans-Siberian and other pioneer railway enterprises may be as great a financial burden as a big war, but the after-effects are different. Time will be on M. de Witte's side.

It is a curious thing that the most redoubted opponent Russia has encountered in her far-Eastern policy has been a gentleman upon whom, we may be sure, she had not reckoned when she entered upon it. This is Mr. John Hay, the United States Secretary of State. Mr. Hay, most inconveniently for Russia, insists on the keeping of promises, and as these promises, if kept, would largely nullify any advantages flowing from the occupation of Manchuria, the great Bear sulks mightily. Mr. Hay's quiet but firm diplomacy is attracting the admiration of European masters of the craft. The London *Spectator* recently devoted an editorial in eulogy of Mr. Hay, and those who have watched his career will heartily agree with its estimate of the man. He has made his country a factor in world-politics and a factor making for honesty and integrity. In considering where Mr. Hay obtained his insight to great affairs, the *Spectator* recalls that Mr. Hay served his apprenticeship under the eye of Abraham Lincoln.

Time was when eulogy of an American statesman in an English newspaper would have blasted his career. Fortunately that time has passed.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

GOOD SPEECH

Think not, because thine inmost heart means well,
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech: sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.
Even as they thought, so let thy speech be fair.

—*Lampman.*

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NOT long ago an exceedingly silly article appeared in the New York *Sun* in which the writer protested in an agony of indignation against the iniquity of designating as *English* the language spoken by him and his countrymen. Backed by arguments to prove that the Americans and the English are two different peoples, differentiated in thought, word and custom, he boldly advanced his contention that the language of his compatriots should be known henceforward for what it is—the American Language.

It is not my present intention to enter into any discussion of this question, nor does it seem to be worth while to mention the few trifling reasons that do exist why the language *proper* should continue to bear the name of the race that made it. The language *improper* as spoken in more than one corner of this continent may, indeed, better be called by any name than by that borne by the language which Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and a countless shining host have triply crowned with beauty, grace and dignity. If the New York *Sun's* ultra-patriotic correspondent is desirous of having all the world know that the language which has incorporated into it such musical words and chaste expressions as "daffy," "dippy," "snooty," "the whole push," "hustle," "on the gink," "not so worse," and numerous others which will readily occur to the readers of George Ade and other United States litterateurs of his ilk, is not English but pure American, shall we say him nay or question its claim to the title?

My present purpose, however, is not to dwell upon the eccentricities of the few who speak English and would call it American, but of the less worthy many who speak a curious hybrid dialect and are fain to call it English.

There is a delightful little book by Henry Alford, late Dean of Canterbury, which should be in the hands of every English-speaking person. It is entitled "A Plea for the Queen's English," and in his preface the author likens the Queen's English to the Queen's highway which, once a mere track over an unenclosed country, has, by very slow degrees, been levelled, hardened and widened into the broad, smooth highway over which we to-day travel in ease and comfort.

"In the course of centuries our English tongue has been ever adapted more and more to our continually increasing wants. It has never been found too rough, too unsubstantial, too limited for the requirements of English thought. It has become for us, in our days, a level, firm, broad highway, over which all thought and all speech can travel smoothly and safely. Along it the lawyer and the parliamentary agent propel their heavy waggons, clogged with a thousand pieces of cumbrous, antiquated machinery,

....Along it the poet and novelist drive their airy tandems, dependent for their success upon the dust which they raise, and through which their varnished equipages glitter. On the same road divines, licensed and unlicensed, ply once a week or more, with omnibus or carrier's cart, promising to carry their passengers into another land than that over which the road itself extends, just as the coaches out of London used to astonish our boyish eyes by the 'Havre de Grace' and 'Paris' inscribed on them. And over this same Queen's highway plods ever the great, busy crowd of foot-passengers—the talkers of the market, of society, of the family. Words, words, words; good and bad, loud and soft, long and short, millions in the hour, innumerable in the day, unimaginable in the year: what then in life? What in the history of a nation? What in that of the world? And not one of these is ever forgotten .... What a history, it has been well said, is this earth's atmosphere, seeing that all words spoken, from Adam's first till now, are still vibrating on its sensitive and unresting medium."

Surely this is a solemn thought which may well be taken to heart by every Canadian, particularly since there is a tendency amongst us to become careless of speech, forgetting that our language is a trust to be kept inviolate and handed down to our children pure and undefiled. There is no language more beautiful than ours, none more fascinating in its history. Indeed, I could hold forth upon this subject until *Woman's Sphere* overflowed its space-confines and filled the MAGAZINE from cover to cover. Even then the half would not be told. However, in looking again through Dean Alford's preface, I find that he has in a few words summed up the whole matter so admirably, that I shall content myself with quoting him:

"The language of a people is no trifle. The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slip-shod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is light-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness, we may be sure, cannot be long maintained. That nation must be (and it has ever been so in history) not far from rapid decline and from being degraded from its former glory. Every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history."

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The editor of *Woman's Sphere* has great pleasure in drawing the attention of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE'S readers to the Canadian League for Civic Improvement, which was formed in Toronto last February.

The object of the League is to unite and secure the co-operation of all men and women, and all organizations that are interested in the promotion of outdoor art, public beauty, or town, village, or rural improvement. This is a comprehensive programme, and affords an opportunity for every person in a community to do something towards its accomplishment.

Amongst the civic improvements suggested for workers in cities, towns and villages are better streets, more tree planting, well-kept boulevards, more and better kept parks and play grounds, improvement of public buildings, schoolhouses and churches, and more general use of vines, ivy or climbers, more artistic grounds around all of these buildings, and a more general planting of flowers and shrubs therein. The erection of statues, fountains, public gymnasiums and rest rooms, cemetery improvement, improvement of railway station grounds, planting of trees and flowers about factories, the improvement of vacant lots, lanes and alleys, a greater attention to public sanitation, a perfect sewage system, improved facilities for the disposition of garbage, and many others equally important. To quote from a paper on the League written by Major George Pattullo, of Woodstock, who is Hon. Field Secretary of this most worthy organization:—"With good roads to drive, wheel, or walk over; with the highways tree-lined, the landscapes improved by replanting, the church and school properties which we pass beautified by well-kept lawns, shrubs and trees, vines and flowers; and with the national flag floating from a flag-pole at every schoolhouse, how much more pleasant it would be to travel in the country, and how much more proud we would have a right to be of our native land!" It is with the utmost heartiness that we wish all power to the Canadian League for Civic Improvement; for Faith, we need it!

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According to a successful woman insurance agent of Chicago, more and more insurance is being taken out by women every year:

"They are now considered good risks, whereas formerly a woman had to pay an extra premium to secure insurance. About six years ago that hindrance was removed, and now nearly all of the life insurance companies accept them on the same basis as men. One of the old conservative companies just yielded the point a few weeks ago, but still makes an exception to married women, as several of the other companies do. The mortality among women is no greater than among men, and their liability to accident is not so great. As for the class of women who take out insurance, I suppose that trained nurses and women physicians have a larger percentage than have other professions. After that come the teachers in schools, then dressmakers, milliners, cashiers, clerks in department stores, and others, but very few stenographers. It is a singular thing that we always find it difficult to convince a stenographer of the value of life insurance. Professional women are more apt to insure than others, and insurance has recently become very popular among actresses. As a rule, actresses do not save their money, and do not have anything left after their popularity has passed. We insure a good many women in private life also. It is becoming quite common, and very soon as many women as men will take out policies upon their lives, particularly those who have others dependent upon them. Mrs. Leland Stanford, it is said, carries a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than a million dollars."

A capital thing for the woman who travels, or is in the habit of going about by herself, is the International Registry Company, which has offices in Toronto, New York, Montreal, Paris and many other cities. One is insured in this company for a purely nominal sum and receives with his or her policy an identification card, upon which are inscribed the name of the holder, the name of the relative to be notified in case of accident to the holder and the company's guarantee that it will be responsible for necessary expenses in case of financial difficulty, or will care for the person of the holder in illness, or for his or her body in case of death.

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In England they are still wrestling with the domestic service question. One distraught old lady is treading a thorny path trying to keep contented and happy the elegant dames of the household who now possess her dwelling-place. These ladies have to be addressed as Dame So-and-So, and demand much respect and consideration, and since each one will do only the things in which she has been trained, and not too many of these, it takes three dames and a big boy to accomplish what was admirably done by a cook, a housemaid and a small boy, in the happy days forever gone, before "Home Helpers" realized that they *were* a Problem—with a capital P.

One reads with interest the following paragraph clipped from a current periodical:—

Lady Aberdeen is not the only "advanced lady" who holds unusual ideas about domestic service. The Countess of Carlisle is in the same boat, says an English paper. They both conceive it to be their duty to dine with their household servants once a week. Lady Mary Murray, Lady Carlisle's daughter, has her maids into the drawing-room for five o'clock tea every Thursday. They declare the custom of eating with the servants was once common in the North, which is true enough. But the practice was a lingering trace of feudal times, and has died a natural death along with other things obsolete and unsuited to the modernities. All the friends of Lady Aberdeen and Lady Carlisle have heard over and over again the advantages and delights which appear from their point of view. One rather wonders what the servants truly think about it. It is difficult to believe that they really enjoy sitting at table with their employers. A school treat or a rent dinner may be well enough, for these things only occur once a year; but every Thursday!

●

A lady who writes as one with authority gives the following comprehensive description of the "agreeable girl." *Agreeable* seems rather too mild an adjective for such a girl; *perfect* would describe her more accurately, and she is certainly an excellent ideal to place before maids and matrons everywhere:—

"She is sometimes rich, but seldom handsome; yet we all like to meet her in this work-a-day world of ours.

"She meets one cordially, does not rush up hysterically and, catching at one's hand or dress, blind one with her effusive enquiries,

for she is in the highest and best sense well-bred.

"She is always well-dressed, not conspicuously, for that savours of vulgarity, but her dress is always in harmony with the time and place. Soiled gloves and skirts with a fringe of braid that should have been renewed are never seen.

"She never speaks of the last sensational divorce case to the woman who has been unfortunate in her domestic relations.

"If one is ill and my lady calls, no disagreeable subject is introduced that will jar on the sensitive nerves. She is not necessarily brilliant, indeed, seldom is; yet she always holds her own in society, not by storming at its doors, but by her keen sense of the fitness of things. She understands the art of listening to others.

"My lady always takes pleasure in introducing people with like interests, not in keeping them apart that she may monopolize each in turn; for to see others happy adds to her enjoyment.

"She meets newcomers in the church or home half-way, and does not forget faces when she meets them two days later. Her appointments are always kept promptly. If she finds it quite impossible, however, to meet an engagement, she writes a note at once and explains, thereby saving others much discomfort and inconvenience.

"She never addresses her men acquaintances by their first name; that familiarity is reserved for him who has a deeper claim than mere acquaintance.

"She is well versed on the current topics of the day, and does not blunder through a conversation with statements of which she knows nothing.

"She does not inform an artist what the standard works of art are. He is supposed to know. She minds her own business, leaving others to look after theirs."

One might perhaps add three or four additional "She does" or "She does not's" to this list, but doubtless the average girl will find those already cited as much as she can comfortably live up to.

A WOMAN'S BUILDING

By Emily Cummings

IN the days of our grandmothers, nay, in the days of our mothers, the desirability of devoting a large building at an Annual Industrial Exhibition to the work and interests of women and children would hardly have appealed to the wise judgment of any Board of Directors. Therefore the fact that this was actually done at the Dominion Exhibition which has lately closed in Toronto may be taken as a recognition on the part of the large body of representative men who compose the Board of Directors of the advancement made by women in many directions during these latter years.

The steps that led to this happy consummation may be briefly told. For many years the space devoted to women's work in the second gallery under the roof of the Main Building was manifestly inadequate and undesirable, nor did it even satisfy the women most interested to be told that the place was chosen for them "because it was nearest the angels!" Many protests were made, but lack of space elsewhere made any fresh location impossible. It was felt also by many women that a small committee of ladies would be helpful in connection with the Woman's Department. The Toronto Local Council of Women therefore petitioned the Board of Directors in 1902 to appoint such a committee, and also to provide a building solely devoted to the special interests of women and children as soon as more buildings were erected in Exhibition Park.

To both requests the Directors acquiesced, and asked the Local Council of Women to nominate a committee of five from the members of the Federated Societies of which the council is composed, their appointment, of course, resting with the Board of Directors. As will be remembered the new "Manufacturers Building" was not completed in time for use last year, so that the work of the committee was carried on then in the old gallery under great disadvantages, and many of their plans had of necessity to be held in abeyance. This year owing to the strikes, the fine, spacious, airy building was assigned to them too late to secure the large loan exhibition

which had been contemplated, and to secure the co-operation of various associations of women which had been part of the original plans. In undertaking gratuitously what they rightly knew would mean much work and great responsibility the committee were actuated solely by their realization of the educational value of the Industrial Exhibition to thousands of women who visit it, especially to those who in their homes in the country places have few opportunities of coming into personal touch with the newer interests that are matters of every day life to their sisters in the larger centres. To very many of them, kindergartens, schools of household science and manual training are but vague terms seen in papers and magazines, and it was felt by the committee that to arouse an interest in this "Newer Education" might mean very much good hereafter to the lives of scores of little ones.

The Directors were therefore asked to have part of the building made into a "Demonstration Hall," and it was equipped in three sections: Kindergarten, cooking and manual training. Classes from the public schools and their teachers were seen at work in turn each day, morning and afternoon, in the three departments. The large number of persons of both sexes and of all ages who witnessed these demonstrations and the real interest aroused, as evinced by the questions asked of those in charge, proved that the expectations of the committee were more than realized.

For example, those whose impressions of manual training had been that it was intended merely to turn the boys into carpenters, soon found out as they questioned the boys themselves concerning their work, how very much more there was in it—how lessons in accuracy, in patience, in perseverance, had not to be impressed upon the boy by the teacher, for he found out for himself by doing, their value and importance to his work, and in so learning he was gaining what would be of inestimable value to him in whatever walk of life he might afterwards pursue.

In the same way, in watching the classes in cookery, where each little girl in her spotless apron did her individual share of the work, many women in the audience realized that the instruction which was also given in the composition and food values of the articles used was likely to be of more lasting benefit to the girl's family than had she been merely taught in her own home how to cook a tasty dish.

The tiny little kindergarten children were always delightfully natural, and went through their little songs, occupations and games as happily as if they had been alone in their own schoolroom. That they were unconsciously learning lessons of form and colour, for example, when playing soldiers with their tiny cubes, was an unexpected discovery to many of the spectators. Later each afternoon this hall was used for a series of meetings, when papers or addresses were given on such subjects as: "The Home Beautiful," "How to Apportion the Family Income," "The Teaching of Art to School Children," "Bookbinding," "Home Handicrafts," and "Child Saving," while on other afternoons interesting programmes were arranged by the Women's Historical Society, the W.C.T.U., the Household Economic Association, the Humane Society and the Women's Institutes, thus bringing a wide variety of important interests to the attention of the visitors.

In the other portion of the building, a careful revision of the prize list produced good results in eliminating many articles of little real value, now only made for exhibition purposes, and by the addition of newer classes of work. The spacious cases in which the work was shown to advantage added greatly to the general good effect, and most of the work, from the finest laces and embroideries to carpets and loaves of bread, showed skilled workmanship.

The Loan Exhibition provided object lessons to workers as to the excellence attained by the habitant women of Quebec in their beautiful homespuns, and by the Doukhobor women in their exquisite drawn work and embroideries.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE new transcontinental road will cost much money directly and much indirectly. At the close of last session it was announced that no more railway bonuses would be given, but that assistance would be rendered to a new railway to the West. This session bonuses are to be given freely in addition to assistance to this new transcontinental road. This is a reversion to the old order of things which most people believed had gone forever.

BONUSES REVIVED.

The Canadian Northern Railway has received a bond guarantee of some eight or nine millions. That was the first breach of promise. If that were the last, most people would overlook it. Now comes the announcement that the country is prosperous and can easily grant more bonuses. There are to be other breaches of the promise, breaches which will be condoned by both sides of the House.

The country is prosperous. There is no doubt of that, but the reasonable conclusion would be that this prosperity would remove the necessity of bonuses. If bonuses are to be granted because the country is prosperous, then they may be expected to increase in size and number as the years go by. Surely the absurdity of this would have revealed itself to such shrewd and able men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Fielding.

The real reason for this revival of subsidies is due, no doubt, to compromises which were rendered necessary by the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme. The Canadian Northern people have considerable influence in both parties and they demand subsidies as the price of their acquiescence in the Grand Trunk's magnificent bargain. The same may be said of the Canadian Pacific people, the Trans-Canada crowd, and the Quebec Bridge promoters. In order to smooth down the opposition to the Government's bargain with one set of financiers, all the other sets must get a share of the plunder.

The weakness of the politicians on both sides of the House, and the selfishness of our financiers was never more strikingly exhibited. The country is prosperous, the revenue is increasing, trade is doubling, profits are growing, therefore increase the bounties on steel production, on silver-lead refining, on binder twine manufacturing, on bridge construction, and on railway building. Truly, prosperity hath its dangers as well as stagnation. In Great Britain prosperity and an expanding revenue means a reduction of taxation; in Canada they mean an increase in the levies and a more generous giving to him that hath.

One of the wildest passions in the human breast is due to an uncurbed desire to win, the desire to have the world think us cleverer than we really are. It is said that there are many golf-players in the United States who cannot be trusted to tally their own scores. In

THE DESIRE TO WIN.

Canada there is less trouble of this kind, and the general belief is that the Canadian is fonder of sport for the sport's sake than United Statesers. We are not quite so keen. Still there are plenty of examples in Canada of men being overcome by the desire to win. The other day, a competitor at the Dominion Rifle Association Matches at Ottawa was convicted of an attempt to bribe two of the register-keepers in order that he might have a higher score. Rifle-shooting is a keen sport, but the man who cannot resist such temptations should realize that rifle-shooting is forbidden ground for him. A lover of whist, who has played in many Ontario tournaments, is authority for the statement that whist-players have their weaknesses, and that the desire to win often leads them to over-step the line which divides honourable conduct from dishonourable.

In no kind of sport has the desire to win led to such extravagances as in lacrosse. The town that has a lacrosse team will resort to all sorts of schemes to beat its rivals. It will bonus players to induce them to settle in that town during the lacrosse season. It will try to break up opposing teams by all means, fair or foul. The consequence is that lacrosse has declined in popularity to an alarming extent. In Toronto, where a good match would once be attended by thousands, a contest will now attract only a few hundreds. Even professional baseball re-

THE JUBILEE PRESENTS AT TORONTO

The First Dominion Exhibition, which was held in Toronto last month, was quite a success. Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents, selected and sent by King Edward to the St. Louis Exposition, were displayed and proved a great attraction. This picture will give some idea of the cases and caskets exhibited, and the manner in which they were displayed. They were viewed by about half a million people.

ceives the preference, because there is less sham and less hypocrisy.

In business, too, this uncurbed desire to win sometimes leads to dishonourable conduct. A firm of manufacturers who have been selling a certain machine which had acquired a reputation for reliability undertook to increase their profits by substituting iron for steel in a certain portion of the machine. The extra profit could be only temporary since, in business as in sport, the public cannot be deceived for any great length of time. Canadian manufacturers are doing well, but they will learn that while petty dishonesties may be covered up or overlooked for a time, they are destructive in the end.

Similarly in politics, the uncurbed desire to win has led to petty briberies which, while legitimate in a legal sense, are not honourable. A Canadian politician hates to see his party out of office. The speeches of Members of Parliament, of Provincial Legislators, of stump-speakers abound with insincerity and special pleading. The administration of the revenue, of the license laws, of justice even, is made to serve party ends. Even the ballot-box has not been held sacred. The railways give free tickets; the Governments grant senatorships, judgeships, registrarships, and other public offices for party purposes; public contractors are required to give up part of their profits for party purposes; all because of this insane desire to win. Even newspapers will bolster up dishonest politicians because they belong to the particular party to which the newspaper gives allegiance.

The churches in their methods are not above criticism. They heap honours on dishonest men who will give freely of their unfairly won spoils. They will tolerate looseness in high places, and money-making schemes which are not conducive to nobility of character. A Roman Catholic picnic without its guessing competition at so much per guess would be an oddity. An Anglican or Presbyterian or Methodist church which would refuse a missionary donation from the liquor traffic which it condemns would be an anomaly.

Perfection is not to be expected, and honest emulation is not to be condemned. Canada, however, must curb this desire to win, lest the resulting extravagances undermine the foundations of our national life.

UNIVERSITY TURMOIL

There is much University turmoil in Canada. The small university, crowded to the wall by the expensive demands of modern scientific education is considering its position. In Nova Scotia, King's College hesitates about joining Dalhousie. In Ontario, Trinity is being held back from Federation by a fighting minority, and the position of Queen's is causing the Presbyterian Church some anxious hours. In Great Britain there are fourteen universities for a population of forty millions; in Canada, there are fourteen for six millions. There is no doubt that we have too many universities and none that are thoroughly efficient. When the struggle is over—and it will yet cause much heart-burning—there will be five great Canadian Universities: Dalhousie for the Maritime Provinces; Laval (Roman Catholic) and McGill (Protestant) for Quebec; The University of Toronto for Ontario; and the University of Manitoba for the West. British Columbia may ultimately have a fair University, but it will be some years yet.

Perhaps the change is a sad one, but it appears inevitable. The great cost of the modern equipment in pyschology, physics, chemistry and other branches is the prime cause. The larger university attracts the better professors and the better students, and gives them more of a standing in the community. But there are other reasons which are more general.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

A RATHER clever young man writes sarcastically about Hall Caine in the September *Bookman* (U.S.). He intimates that Mr. Caine schedules his novels and states that on August 1st, 1904, Mr. Caine will deliver to the world a novel on Iceland, "a novel of great primitive passion, strong, deep, fresh, true." This and more he says of Mr. Caine, because he has announced that his present trip to Iceland will probably furnish him with material for his next novel.

But why should not an author announce his plans in advance and issue a schedule of his forthcoming books? The lawyer, the politician, the millionaire, the philanthropist and the artist have something to say when the reporter calls, and why not the novelist?

All these men make their plans, exhibit "splendid executive ability, promptitude and push," and why not Mr. Caine and the other bookwriters? And why should he not turn to unexplored fields and set out to gather his material at first hand instead of collecting it from books of travel and guide-books?

In the Dominion Exhibition of art, shown recently in Toronto, there were some pictures of the Rockies which indicated by their extravagant colouring that they had been manufactured in Toronto studios and not "on the spot." Would it not have been better for the artists to "do" the Rockies and bring back studies which were more true to nature? Surely, Paul Kane's hundred Indian heads would not have brought $10,000 if the painter had not tramped across the prairie to "do" the Indian. Art is not less art because the artist attempts to be accurate instead of fanciful.

Jack London, the California author, broke out of the University of California in the middle of his freshman year and went over the Chilcoot Pass with the first of the Klondike rush in 1897. There he gathered material for articles and books, the latest of which claims attention this month. Is this Klondike book less an artistic product because Mr. London actually "did" the Klondike?

"The Call of the Wild" * is the story of Buck, a cross between a St. Bernard and a shepherd dog. He was stolen from a comfortable kennel in Southern California, shipped to Seattle, beaten into submission, sent to Dyea, broken into harness, and made to draw the Canadian mails to Dawson. Perrault and François, the Frenchman and the Halfbreed, assisted by other dogs born and bred to the harness, taught him the game, and he played it well.

"Day after day, for days unending, Buck toiled in the traces. Always, they broke camp in the dark, and the first gray of dawn found them hitting the trail with fresh miles reeled off behind them. And always they pitched camp after dark, eating their bit of fish, and crawling to sleep into the snow. Buck was ravenous. The pound and a half of sun-dried salmon, which was his ration for each day, seemed to go nowhere. He never had enough, and suffered from perpetual hunger pangs. Yet the other dogs, because they weighed less and were born to the life,

* The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

received a pound only of the fish and managed to keep in good condition. . . . .

"This first theft marked Buck as fit to survive in the hostile Northland environment. It marked his adaptability, his capacity to adjust himself to changing conditions, the lack of which would have meant swift and terrible death. It marked, further, the decay or going to pieces of his moral nature, a vain thing and a handicap in the ruthless struggle for existence. It was all well enough in the Southland, under the law of love and fellowship, to respect private property and personal feelings ; but in the Northland, under the law of club and fang, whoso took such things into account was a fool, and in so far as he observed them he would fail to prosper."

The author magnificently traces the development of Buck's new-born cunning, and his ultimate desire for the leadership held by Fitz, the Spitzbergen. But they pulled into Dawson with the great fight between Fitz and Buck still to come. After a week's rest they started back. The fight to the death came one day as they broke away to chase a rabbit, and Fitz short-cutted to a victory which Buck had decided was his. The description of that fight is worthy of all praise.

In less than five months these dogs travelled twenty-five hundred miles, during the last eighteen hundred of which they had only five days' rest.

E. R. Young had told something about the huskies, but his story is amateurish lyric as compared with this strong, vivid, masterly drama by Mr. Loudon.

WASTED ENERGY

There is no doubt that many novels are but depressing examples of wasted energy. Nothing more brilliantly indicative of this has recently been given to fate than "The Master of Millions,"* by George C. Lorimer. The advertisement says: "The author has written this story after years spent in collecting material and out of a life crowded with experience." Exactly; therein lies the fault. It is one long, magnificent jumble, running into five hundred and eighty-eight large pages. Imagine any man trying to disrobe the pretenses and hypocrisy of modern life, in the world of business, religion and fashion, in one volume! It is a ridiculous attempt, and a ridiculous result. The characters are too numerous to be counted. The stage is crowded with them, and the dresses are not sufficiently distinctive to allow the onlooker to keep tally of them. There are some stirring scenes, some splendid situations, some excellent

W. ALBERT HICKMAN

The Canadian author, whose novel "The Sacrifice of the Shannon," has attracted much attention in both Canada and the United States.

PHOTO BY ROWLEY, TORONTO

*Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

EMPEROR WILHELM'S BOOK-PLATE

moralizing, but there is no simplicity in plot or action. One almost weeps over the failure, because one cannot fail to be impressed with the sincerity and high-mindedness of the ambitious author.

The tragedies of life in Scotland, in London, in South Africa, in Australia, are all drawn upon to render tribute to this "drama of modern civilization." Adventure, romance, love, hate, crime, moral debasement, nobility—all the vices and virtues in the calendar are drawn upon to supply motives for the numerous characters and the multitudinous bits of conduct or action. Perhaps its vastness is the quality which the author desired to attain. If so he has gained his desire. The reviewer admits that he is overwhelmed.

NEW BRUNSWICK HISTORY

The abominable text-book on Canadian History in use in most of the Provinces is rapidly being discarded by teachers. It is a collection of facts and dates crudely woven together, and quite unattractive. Other books are required to take its place, and this is, no doubt, the explanation of Gage's Provincial Histories. The Manitoba volume has already been noticed. The New Brunswick* volume, by G. U. Hay, is to hand.

Mr. Hay's volume is well planned and his language is, in the main, simple and natural. He tells a story as every historian should. The early Indian life, the explorations of Cartier, de Monts and Champlain, the later Indian history, the migrations of the Acadians, and the coming of the Loyalists bring the history down to the present century. The growing settlements, the boundary disputes and Confederation are the chief subjects requiring discussion in the later history of the Province. The chapter on Confederation is illuminative of New Brunswick's peculiar position in that movement.

But while the language is simple and natural, the style is not deserving of great praise. Apparently Mr. Hay never learned "to parse;" or having learned it, he afterwards found it unworthy of much consideration. For example take the following sentences: "To Rev. W. O. Raymond and James Vroom, Esq., he is indebted for assistance in reading proofs; and to the courtesy of many ladies and gentlemen who have loaned photographs for illustrations." The expression "indebted to the courtesy" is hardly allowable. "The number of loyalists . . . was nearly 12,000 persons." The last word is unnecessary, to say the least. "The foundations of our prosperity and political institutions" is another double phrase which is not indicative of good taste on the part of the writer. "During the following years all were kept busy in building homes and providing for their wants, in which the British Government freely aided, not only in lands and building material, but also in money." This is a splendid conglomeration of ideas and construction. "Books were very few" is not

*A History of New Brunswick, by G. U. Hay. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co. Cloth, 176 pp. Illustrated.

an elegant expression. "The lot of the early missionaries . . . . was not exposed to such dangers" is rather peculiar.

It seems strange that our authors, educationists, and professors of English are not able to exhibit a more polished diction. Perhaps the crudeness is partly due to the desire of the publishers to keep the educated man poor by stinting that remuneration which alone would enable our writers to exercise greater thoroughness.

NOTES

The September *Bookseller and Stationer* says: "Sales of books during August have not been particularly encouraging." Bravo! The public is at last awakening to the fact that the publishers have been buncoing them. The stampede is over once more. The public will now buy more warily.

There is a new Canadian edition of "Earth's Enigmas"* on the market. It has two commendable features. There are three new stories, "The House at Stony Lonesome," "The Hill of Chastisement," and "On the Tantramar Dyke." The second feature is the pictures by Charles Livingston Bull, whose work is already familiar to Canadians in "The Kindred of the Wild." Professor Roberts' poetic temperament has prevented his yielding to the commercialism of modern fiction and his stories are always dainty and refined. Some day his style will be studied in the universities—when Canada has lost the self-consciousness which seems to be a drag on all young peoples face to face with an older civilization than their own. Whether he is dealing with the problems of life, transcribing a dream, or depicting the "scenes from that simple life of Canadian backwoods and tide-country with which my earlier years made me familiar," he maintains his ideals in plot and language.

* Earth's Enigmas, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel is called "The Proud Prince," and it will be issued here shortly. Mr. McCarthy will contribute a short story to the Christmas CANADIAN MAGAZINE. He is making almost as much headway in fiction as his father has done in descriptive history.

Horace Lester Hale, a London (Ont.,) journalist who died recently, wrote a few worthy poems. A friend of his, Hubert McBean Johnston, who contributes to this number of the MAGAZINE, has collected the best of these and published them under the simple title "Verses." The poems vary much in style and theme, but certainly a new Canadian poet has come —and gone.

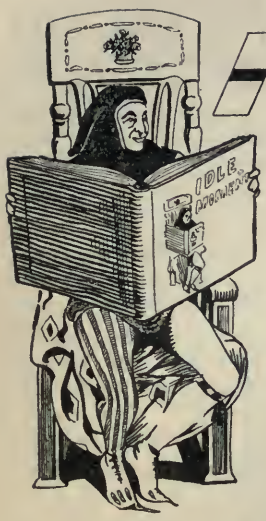
Another student of the University of Toronto has distinguished himself in science. W. R. Carr's paper "On the Laws Governing Electric Discharges in Gases at Low Pressure" has been published among the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

"The Saint of The Dragon's Dale" by William Stearns Davis is an excellent addition to Macmillan's series of "Little Novels."

"Toronto As it Was and Is" is as concise and entertaining an account of the history of Toronto as has yet been written. The author, William T. James, has carefully passed over the unimportant and placed emphasis on the dramatic and epoch-making events.

The Ontario Government's "Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1903," is a bulky and valuable volume.

Norman Duncan, whose stories of the sturdy fisher folk of the north, contributed to various magazines, will be brought out this fall by McClure, Phillips & Co., under the title of "The Way of the Sea," has departed upon another trip to the Labrador coast. This will make his fifth season there. He went on the hospital ship "Strathcona," as the guest of Dr. Grenfell. Mr. Duncan is off in search of material for a novel of the north coast people.



IDLE MOMENTS

"THE MOTHER OF WALES"

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his little "Book of North Wales," tells many excellent stories. Amongst these is an anecdote of Catherine of Berain, known as Mam Cymru, the Mother of Wales, because she founded so many families. "She was first married to John Salusbury, of Lleweni, and by him became the mother of Sir John Salusbury, who was born with two thumbs to each hand and was noted for his prodigious strength. At the funeral of her husband, Sir Richard Clough gave her his arm. Outside the churchyard stood Maurice Wynn, of Gwydir, awaiting a decent opportunity of proposing to her. As she issued from the gate he did this. 'Very sorry,' replied Catherine, 'but I have just accepted Sir Richard Clough. Should I survive him, I will marry you.' She was as good as her word and married yet a fourth before she died in 1591."

■

LORD CURZON'S INDUSTRY

A friend of Lord Curzon writes to the *Westminster Gazette*:—"In your London letter (of Aug. 5) you refer to Mr. Ian Malcolm's testimony to the indefatigable industry of the Viceroy. This quality has been characteristic of his whole life. He was considerably my junior, but I saw much of him during his last two years at Oxford. His failure to secure a 'First in Greats' was a bitter disappointment to him, and he went almost at once on a tour through Egypt to Damascus and Baalbec. I was one day surprised to get a letter from him, addressed from somewhere on the Nile, enclosing the earlier pages of an essay he was engaged in writing for 'the Lothian Prize.' They were inscribed on the most irregular scraps of paper and had been penned or pencilled on 'dahabiyehs' on the Nile, in camping-out tents, and on camel back, and they were followed by the remainder of an equally patchwork description. He asked me to verify a few quotations, giving all the references, and to have it copied or printed (I forget which), and sent in under the customary motto. George Curzon—as he then was—swore me to secrecy, as he did not want it to be known that he had competed and failed, as he expected to do. As a matter of fact, he won the prize. The subject was 'Justinian,' and I asked him afterwards how he managed to put his essay together under such unfavourable conditions. He told me that he had spent a month at the British Museum making notes and had taken out with him a small portable library. Few University prizes, I imagine, have been won in such cir cumstances."

■

THE NASTY FOREIGNER

"THIS," says the leading citizen, pausing before a large tree inclosed in a fancy iron railing, "is one of our little town's most treasured landmarks."

"Indeed?" asks the foreign visitor.

"Was it planted by one of your Presidents—or is it where your mobs lynch their victims?"—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

■

THE ENVIABLE ANCIENTS

There was a time when I was bent
On nobly duplicating
The deeds of heroes eminent
Who had a classic rating.

But what's the use of being fired
With good and great ambitions?
For glory such as I desired
We lack the right conditions.

Columbus now might sail the sea
Only to die unnoted;
No continents remain to be
Discovered and promoted.

No tyrant of the ancient style
Could be a modern hero;
The walking delegate would smile
At amateurs like Nero.

Saint George, to-day, would wholly lack
A chance to do his duty;
No burglar-dragon, now, would crack
A woman's club for booty.

Henry the Eighth once led the van
In marrying full quota;
But he would be an also-ran
Divorcé in Dakota.

No jaunt like that Ulysses took
Would set our poets spouting;
The trippers toured by Thomas Cook
Would laugh at such an outing.

Mohammed's lucky to have made
His fame secure already;
For nowadays he'd lose his trade
To Mary Baker Eddy.

Like Alexander, I could stand
And snivel—just as he did;
No other worlds are handy, and
No conquerors are needed.

—*F. R. Bachelder, in Life*

■

THE LATE CARICATURIST

Such little store of hatred as Phil May had was reserved for side and snobbery, says the *Free Lance*. Once he had made a sketch on the back of a menu-card as a souvenir for the hostess and a guest sent him across the table a written request for a duplicate, accompanied with a ten-pound note. May at once sketched a replica of the hasty effort on the back of the banknote and returned it with his compliments. Could anything be finer? He granted the request and accepted the appraisement of value without lowering himself by accepting payment.

■

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE

"In time," says Professor H. Marion, of the United States Naval Academy, "talking-machine disks will take the place of text-books. Paper-backed novels will disappear, and, instead of reading printed books, the litterateur will only have to put a disk in his machine and have the novel read to him in the living voice of the creator."

At evening, when the lamps are lit,
Our home is one of peace;
About the phonographs we sit
And all our troubles cease.
The whirling disk at mother's ear
Is telling how to cook,
And father's trying hard to hear
"The Great Campaign of Crook."

The baby turns on Mother Goose;
The older sister sighs
When Lady Clare, with no excuse,
Through one whole chapter cries.
The boys are hearing pirate scenes,
Of skull and bones and dirk;
The younger girls have magazines
That warble fancy work.

The medley comes: "Set on the stove
And simmer half a day—
The enemy's in yonder grove—
His name is Dapple Gray—
Alas! My lover loves me not!
Embroider this in green—
Now rake their sides with solid shot!
With silk floss in between."

And "Mary had a little lamb—
Peel with a kitchen knife—
The guiding star of Amsterdam—
I come, my own, my life!
Wherever Crook took the command—
The lamb was sure to go"—
Our home life is serene and grand;
The disks have made it so.

—*Chicago Tribune*

■

SCOTCH

Seeing a Scotch boy fall into the water at a seaside resort, a man jumped in, brought him safely to shore and

BEGGAR—"Spare a copper, lidy, to 'elp a poor man out of work. I'm a timber merchant by profession."
LADY—"What kind of a timber merchant?"
BEGGAR—"Well—I—um—sell matches, lidy!"—*Punch*

took him to his father, who had been standing apparently anxiously awaiting them. The father looked at the son for a few moments. Then an expression of displeasure passed over his countenance. "Whaur's his bunnet?" he demanded of the rescuer.

■

A NOTABLE RETORT

It is not often that family quarrels produce so witty a retort as the following, says the *Tatler*: Two related families quarrelled, but the daughter of one being about to marry, the mother of the other thought it a good opportunity to make things up and so sent her a pretty wedding-present. The other side, however, was implacable and the present was returned. Thereupon the donor of the latter wrote to the bride-elect: "If you are foolish enough to prefer a family jar to a silver powder-box so much the worse for you, and I pity you."

■

SELECTED

Driving at rather more than regulation speed in an English country lane, a motorist overtook a man and a dog. The man jumped to one side, the dog was killed. Instantly the motorist stopped, leapt from his car, pressed three sovereigns into the man's hand and fled. The man gazed after him and then at the money. "He's very kind," he said softly to himself; "but I wonder to whom the poor dog belonged."

Two inebriated Paisley weavers, approaching each other from opposite directions, met at the Cross and stood glaring at each other.

First Weaver: "Are you Jimmy Macfarlane?"

Second Weaver (making grimaces): "No, I'm no' Jimmy Macfarlane."

First Weaver (hitting out at Second Weaver's face), "Weel, tak' that fer bein' sae like 'im!" (Tableau!)

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

EARLY CURLING

IN early days, curling in Canada took place on the ice of the rivers and lakes. The Clubs were not strong enough or rich enough to afford enclosed structures such as are found almost everywhere to-day. The bracing air must have meant much for the curlers of those days as compared with the "rink air" of to-day. In other words, it must have been a more healthful game.

The first Montreal club was formed in 1807, the first Quebec City club in 1821, and the first Ontario club at Fergus, in 1834. By 1850 the clubs were numerous in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. No accurate history of these clubs has yet been written and it is difficult to say just when the curling "building" began to displace the outdoor curling.

The records of the Caledonia club of Toronto show that it was formed in December, 1872, and acquired a building lot in 1873. For a time the Club enjoyed itself regularly on Toronto Bay.

The accompanying picture perpetuates a match played about this time

A CURLING MATCH IN 1872, ON THE RIVER DON, TORONTO, BETWEEN THE RED JACKET RINK OF THE TORONTOS AND THE CALEDONIANS

TWO ENGINES IN COLLISION SHOWING THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION CAUSED
PHOTO BY N. T. GREENWOOD

between the Red Jackets and the Caledonians on the Don River which flows through Toronto and empties into the Bay. The brooms and stones are more modern than the costumes of the players, but the spirit of the sport is exhibited in all its enthusiasm.

The Red Jacket Rink was a small organization of enthusiasts which made a tour of Ontario with the object of popularizing the sport. It was famous for several years.

*

RAILWAY COLLISIONS

When two engines, each weighing fifty tons or more, collide at full speed, the destruction is terrible. Any person who has not actually seen the result of such a collision can have little idea of what it means. The accompanying photograph of a recent collision in Ontario is not the worst example that might be given. This was only a moderate impact. Yet it will be noticed that the two engines are interlocked in a most "strenuous" manner, their smoke chambers and "forward works" being almost entirely destroyed. The cylinders are touching each other.

Any reader who desires to understand the danger an engineer runs, even in a moderate collision, has only to imagine—slowly—what would have happened to him if he had been in the cab which for a fraction of a second filled the space occupied in the picture by the two men to the right of the photograph. If that does not give him enough realistic ideas, let him look further into the picture to where the cab and the tender of the farther engine are locked in a murderous embrace and imagine the fate of the man caught there.

Single-track railways will soon be condemned by society generally. Under modern conditions of speed and traffic, they are nothing short of murderous in busy districts.

ONE has to be very much alive these days to keep posted on Canadian progress. Here are some recent additions:

EXPORTS OF BUTTER.

1900-1901	$3,295,063
1901-1902	5,600,541
1902-1903	6,954,618

EXPORTS OF CHEESE.

1900-1901	$20,696,951
1901-1902	19,686,291
1902-1903	24,712,943

EXPORTS OF BACONS AND HAMS.

1900-1901	$11,778,446
1901-1902	12,403,793
1902-1903	15,906,334

More than 95 per cent. of these exports went to Great Britain. Moral: No business-man should advocate any fiscal policy which will hamper the farmer, for on him depends the prosperity of the country.

A visiting British manufacturer raised a novel question when discussing the advisability of a preferential tariff on wheat. "If we in England give you a preference on your wheat, will you let the farmer have the full benefit of it, or will you use it as an excuse to raise the tariff so that the Canadian manufacturer may increase his prices?" He said that his experience told him that the manufacturers usually managed to get the lion's share of any profit that was available. He feared that the preference even if granted by Great Britain would not do the Canadian farmer much good. The transportation companies by raising freight rates, the elevator companies by raising elevating and storage rates, the wheat broker by increasing his profits, and the manufacturer by increasing his prices, might easily eat up the whole preference. One could not avoid thinking that here was a man who knew something of the ways of wily traders. He is a successful manufacturer in Sheffield and has had nearly a half century of valuable experience. Besides it was apparent that he had gone through life with his eyes hard open.

Could the Government guarantee that the preference would reach the farmer? It could only do so by having a Government railway which could carry the wheat at present rates if it were necessary to do so. This means that the Intercolonial should be extended to the Georgian Bay, at least. This sounds like an argument in favour of Mr. Blair's stand on the transportation question. If it is, so much the better for Mr. Blair's position. The writer desires to say, however, that he never talked with Mr. Blair in his life, and that the Sheffield manufacturer had not then heard of Mr. Blair and his stand. Those who believe that the Intercolonial should be extended to the Georgian Bay cannot be expected to change that belief because Mr. Blair and Mr. Borden happen to become converted to the idea.

The Dominion Exhibition at Toronto has popularized the phrase "Made

in Canada." The placard, which is reproduced here, was everywhere.

The following remarks from the Toronto *News* are worthy of study by business men:

"The processes of manufacture carried on in the various buildings are the strong attractions on the industrial side of the Fair. These form living, active exhibits, compared with which the most artistically arranged display of inert matter is uninteresting. The eye of the Exposition visitor, accustomed to tasteful edifices of manufactured goods, is surfeited with colour and form as shown in the trophies of the factory. The attention is but momentarily arrested by the finest display the artist can prepare. In the process building it is different. There things are being done that few have any knowledge of, and the whirr of the machinery draws the attention to a simple method of manufacture that the observer finds interesting because it is informing. The making of elastic hosiery with a machine that has not been improved in one hundred years retains the interest of a throng that could not be induced to examine the completed article for an instant. Men and women watch the whole process of boot making, who would pass unnoticed the finest display of footwear that could be got together. The great rugs that attract the eye by the beauty of design and colouring, when seen in the loom have a different interest for the housewife. And so it is through the wide range of mechanical activity that forms so valuable a feature of this year's Exposition.

"The idea of demonstration is carried beyond mechanics, and finds expression in educational classes for boys and girls, the former with their tools in manual training, and the latter with their flour and food ingredients in domestic science. This form of experimental teaching is viewed by multitudes of housekeepers, who probably know as well as the lecturer how the work should be done. But they ling at the class, held by the movement; t the doing of the thing. The same ap plies to the demonstrations in the dairy building, where the commodious thea tre is fairly well filled at [illegible] hours when the work is go[illegible]on.

"The human mind responds quickly to every suggestion of motion. It exhilarates in proportion to its rapidity, until it reaches a point beyond safety when it terrifies. That is the law underlying the pleasure that is experienced in watching the myriad processes of manufacture, the swiftly revolving machinery and the marvellous accuracy of performance."

REPRODUCTION OF A CARD PREPARED BY THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION TO BE AFFIXED TO CANADIAN EXHIBITS AT THE DOMINION EXHIBITION RECENTLY HELD IN TORONTO

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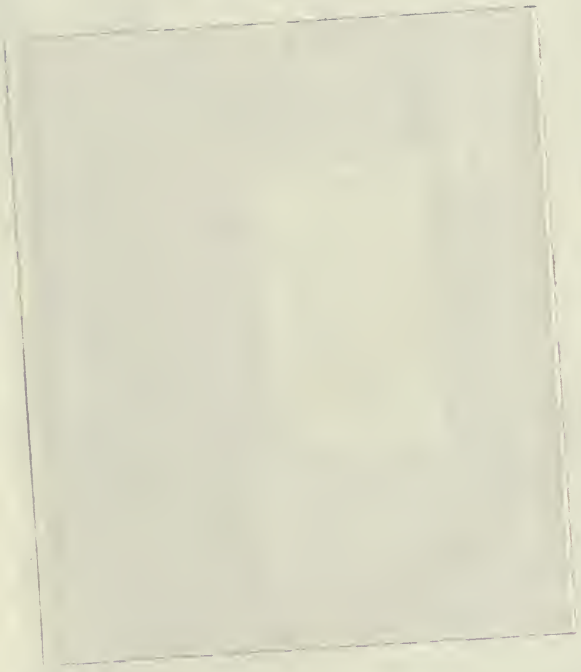
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